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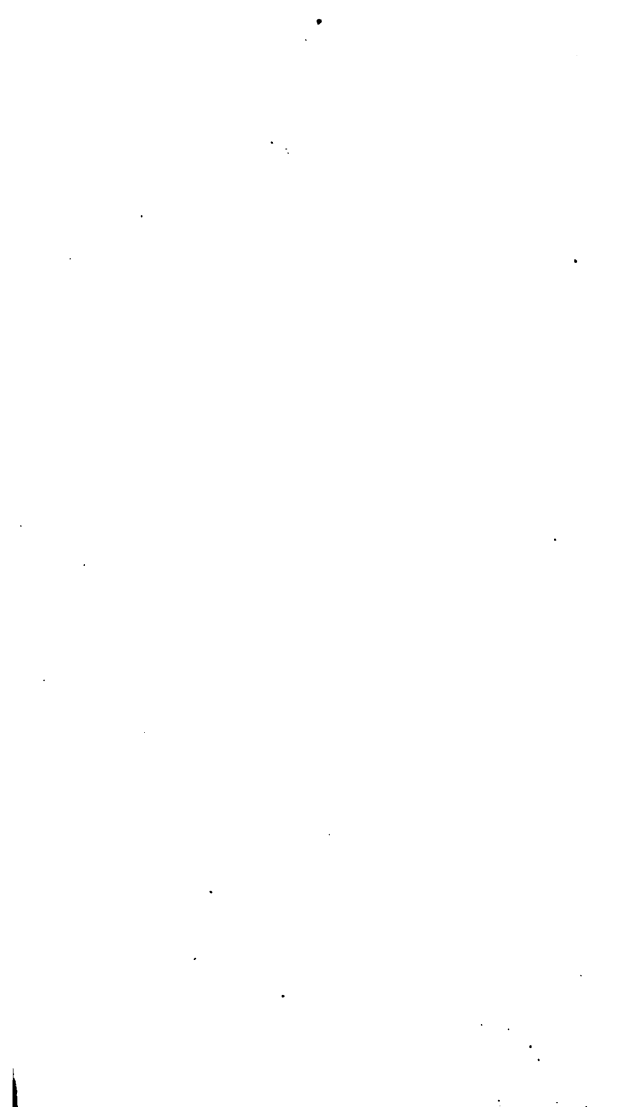
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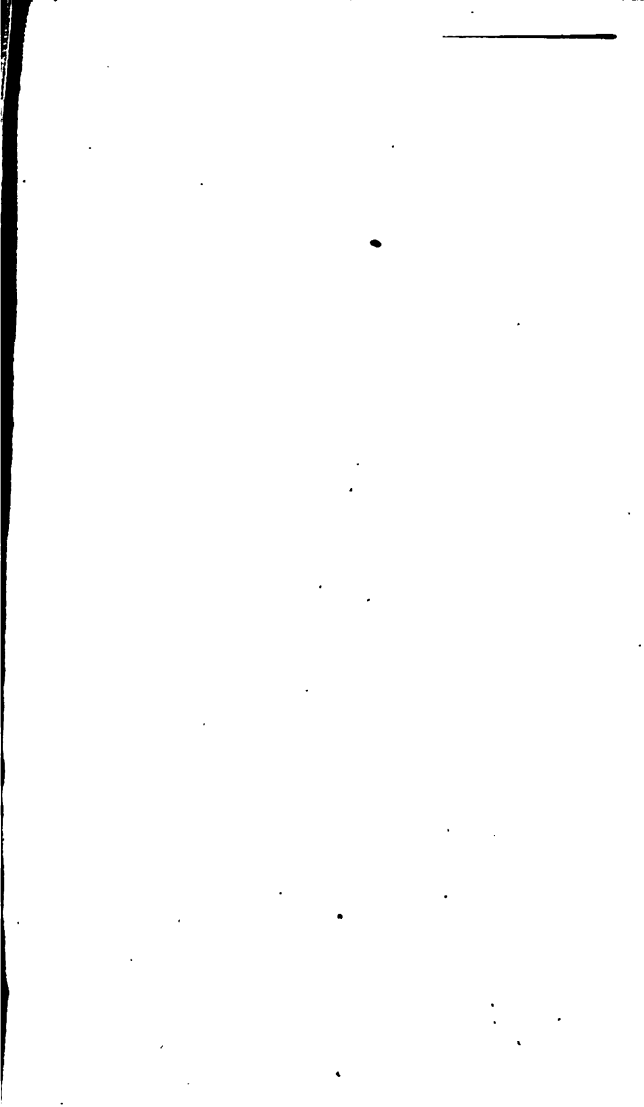
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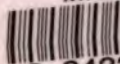
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P R E F A C E.

The CHILDREN'S FRIEND has long been out of print in this country and England. It is full time that an improved edition was given to the public, that the children of this generation may enjoy what has so often delighted their fathers and mothers. Imitators of its beauties have been multiplied without number, but none in the long list have in any degree equalled their pattern, the inimitable Berquin. We take up his writings, preserved with sacred care from our earliest years, with the veneration due to an old friend, over whose tales we have wept a thousand times, and expect to weep a thousand times to come. All his scenes abound with touching liveliness and pathos, while they throw a charm over every admonition to virtue, which divests it of all austerity and renders it enticing. There is a naiveté in most French writers which, like other traits

of national character, renders them pleasing even when delivering the most salutary instruction. They never lose their gaiety. It abounds in every tale in the *Children's Friend*, pathetic, serious, preceptive, grave, or reproofing, thus conveying wisdom to the child in a playful style suited to youthful taste.

In many instances in the old edition the translation had been hurried, and sometimes too literally rendered. These few faults we have endeavoured to correct, as well as to moderate many warm exclamations, that were somewhat unsuitable for the young readers of these volumes. We have likewise added some illustrations on wood, done by Anderson of New-York.

Boston, November 1, 1833.

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

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THE

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

THE LITTLE BROTHER.

FANNY rose one morning very early, intending to go and gather some flowers, in the garden, and to make a nosegay of them to carry to her mamma, who was then in bed. As she was just preparing to go down stairs, Mr. Glassford, her father, entered her chamber, smiling, and took her up in his arms, saying, 'Good morning, my dear Fanny ! come along with me directly : I am going to show you something which you will be certainly very glad to see.' Fanny eagerly asked, 'What is it, Papa ?' 'God hath given you a little brother last night,' answered he. 'A little brother ? Ah ! where is he ? Let me see him ! Pray carry me to him directly !' Her father opened the door of the chamber in which her mother lay. There was beside the bed a strange woman whom Fanny had never before seen in the house, and who was wrapping up the new-born infant in its swathes. Fanny asked a thousand questions, to which her father answered as well as he was able ; and thought he had satisfied her

curiosity in every thing, when she said to him, 'Papa, who is that old woman? how she binds my little brother up! Are not you afraid she will hurt him?'

Mr. G. Oh, no; never fear. It is an honest woman, that I sent for, to take care of him.

Fanny. But he belongs to mamma. Has she seen him yet?

Mrs. G. (*drawing back the curtains of her bed.*) Yes, Fanny, I have seen him. Tell me, are not you glad to see him?

Fanny. Oh, indeed I am, mamma. You have given me a very pretty young companion? what a cunning little face he has! and all red, as if he had just been running. Papa, will you let him play with me?

Mr. G. That is not possible, my dear, he cannot stand upon his little legs. You see how weak they are.

Fanny. Oh dear! the little legs! I see it will be a long time before we shall run about together.

Mr. G. All in good time. He must first learn to walk; and then you will soon be able to play and jump both of you in the garden.

Fanny. Shall we? Oh my poor little fellow; I must give you something to make you fond of me. Hold; I have a little picture in my pocket. There, take that. What is the matter, papa? the little monkey will not have it. He holds his little fists shut.

Mr. G. He does not know how to use them yet. We must wait a few months.

Fanny. Is that the case? aha! my little man, I will give you all my play-things. Well! are you glad of that? answer me. He seems to smile. Call me Fanny! What, won't you speak?

Mr. G. He will not be able to speak these two years. But, Fanny, take care that you do not disturb your mamma with too much talk.

Fanny. Ah! papa, look there, his face is quite changed; see, he cries; certainly it is because he is hungry. Be quiet then, my little man, and I will go get you something nice.

Mr. G. Do not trouble yourself, my dear, about his victuals. He has no teeth yet. How should he be able to eat?

Fanny. Cannot he eat? What will he live upon then? Must he die?

Mrs. G. No, my child. God has given me milk in my breast for the nourishment of your little brother. He is very weak as yet; but after some time you shall see how he will tumble about on the floor like a little lamb.

Fanny. How I long to see that! But only look what a pretty tiny head! I dare not touch it.

Mr. G. You may touch it; but very gently.

Fanny. Oh! quite gently. Oh dear! how soft it is! it is like a ball of cotton.

Mr. G. Every little child has such a head as your brother.

Fanny. If he was to fall, he would break it all to pieces.

Mrs. G. Certainly. But we will take good care to hold him, so that he shall not fall.

Mr. G. Do you know, Fanny; that five years ago you were as little as he?

F. As little as he! O, papa, you are joking.

Mr. G. No, my dear; nothing is more true.

Fanny. Yet I do not remember it.

Mr. G. That I believe. Do you remember when I had this carpet put on the floor?

Fanny. Why it has always been as it is now.

Mr. G. Not at all. I had this carpet laid down at the very time when you were as little as your brother.

Fanny. Indeed? then I never took notice of it.

Mr. G. Little babies never take notice of what passes where they are. When your brother shall be as old as you, ask him if he remembers that you tried this day to make him learn to pronounce your name. You will then see if he recollects it.

Fanny. What, and did I suck at mamma's breast too?

Mr. G. Certainly. If you knew all the pains that she has taken for you! In the first place you were so weak that you could scarce take any nourishment. We were afraid every moment that you would die before our faces. Your mother used to say, my poor infant! if she should fall into a fit! and, believe me, she took infinite pains to get you to suck a few drops of milk.

Fanny. Ah, dear mamma! it was you then taught me to feed myself?

Mr. G. Yes, my child. Then after your mother had succeeded in making you take to the breast of yourself, you grew fat and good humoured. Such were her cares for near two years, every day, and every hour of the day. Sometimes, when your mother was fallen asleep merely through fatigue, you would disturb her rest by your cries. Then would she be obliged to rise and run to your cradle. My dear Fanny, would she say, while she endeavoured to quiet you, surely you must be thirsty, and then she would take you to her breast.

Fanny. And was my head at that time as soft as my brother's?

Mr. G. Just the same, my dear.

F. What, mine! that is so hard at present! O dear, I must have broken it a thousand times.

Mr. G. Ah! child; we took so much care of you. Your mother for a time renounced every pleasure, and kept from all company, on purpose not to lose you a moment from her sight. As often as business, that was absolutely indispensable, obliged her to go out, she was in continual apprehension for you. My dear Grace, she would say to your nurse, I give Fanny into your care, to look to her as if she were your own child; and she was continually making the good woman presents, to induce her to take more particular care of you.

Fanny. Ah! my dear good mamma!—

But was there ever a time, papa, when I could not run ? I that can run so well now. See ; in three or four steps I am across the room. Who was it that taught me this ?

Mr. G. Your mother and I. We put a bandage of velvet well stuffed about your head, that, if you happened to fall, you might not hurt yourself. We then held you by leading-strings to assist your first attempts in walking, and every day we went into the garden upon the grass-plot, where, placing ourselves opposite to each other, at a little distance, we sat you down betwixt us, standing all alone, and held out our arms to invite you to come sometimes to one, and sometimes to the other. Your slightest stumble would make our blood run cold. It was by often repeating these trials that we taught you to walk.

Fanny. I could never have thought that I gave you so much trouble. Was it you too that taught me to speak ?

Mr. G. Yes ; for that again you are indebted to us. I used to take you upon my knee, and repeat to you the words papa and mamma, until you were able to lisp them to me again. Every word that you can speak this day we taught you in the same manner. I dare say you can recollect that it was we also who showed you how to read.

Fanny. Oh ! I remember that perfectly. You had me placed every day at dinner between you ; and at the dessert, a plate of raisins was set upon the table, and some small squares mar-

ked with the letters. Whenever I was so lucky as to name them perfectly, you always gave me some raisins. Oh ! it was a very pretty play.

Mr. G. If we had not taken all these pains with you, if we had left you to yourself, what would have become of you ?

Fanny. I should have been dead a long time ago. Ah, dear good papa and mamma !

Mr. G. And yet you sometimes vex your papa ; you are sometimes disobedient to mamma.

Fanny. I will never be so any more, as long as I live. I did not know how much you had done for me.

Mr. G. Take notice of the attention that we shall pay to your little brother, and then say to yourself, ‘ I too have given my parents the same trouble.’

This conversation made a lively impression upon Fanny ; and when she saw all the tenderness which her mother testified for her little brother ; all the anxiety that she felt for his health ; the patience which she exerted in endeavouring to make him take his nourishment ; how much she was afflicted whenever she heard him cry ; with what tender solicitude her father relieved her of some part of her fatigues, and how both one and the other took infinite pains in teaching the infant to walk and speak ; she would say in her own mind, My dear parents have taken the same trouble with me. This reflection inspired her with so much affection and gratitude towards them, that she ever after

faithfully observed the promise she had made, never voluntarily to cause them the slightest uneasiness.

THE FOUR SEASONS.

Ah ! if it would always continue to be winter ! said young Florio, upon his return from sliding, and while he amused himself in the garden with making men of snow.

Mr. Gardiner, his father, hearing these words, said to him, My dear, you will do me a pleasure to write down that wish on my tablets. Florio complied, and wrote, while his hand trembled with cold.

The winter passed away, and spring succeeded. Florio was walking along with his father beside a border in the garden, where the hyacinth, auricula and narcissus were in perfect bloom : He felt the most lively pleasure in breathing their perfume, and admiring their fresh and vivid colours. These are the productions of spring, said Mr. Gardiner to him. They are beautiful, but of very short duration, Oh ! replied Florio, that it were always spring !

Be so good as to write that wish in my tablets. Florio obeyed, while his heart beat with joy.

The spring very soon made room for summer. Florio, one fine day, went out to take a walk with his parents and some of his young ac-

quaintance to a neighbouring village. Their walk afforded them a prospect sometimes of green corn-fields, waving smoothly like a calm sea lightly agitated by the breeze; and sometimes of meadows enamelled with a thousand flowers. On every side they beheld young lambs at play, and the high-spirited colts and fillies sporting round their dams. They eat cherries, strawberries, and other fruits of the season, and passed the whole day in amusing themselves in the fields. Do not you think, Florio, said Mr. Gardiner, as they were returning to town, that the summer too has its pleasures? Oh! replied he, I wish it would last all the year; and at the request of his father he wrote down this wish too on his tablets.

At length the autumn arrived. All the family went to spend a day in the country at harvest-time. The weather was not quite so hot as in summer; the air was mild, and the sky clear, the gardens and orchards were loaded with fruits. The round plump melons from their rich beds diffused a delicious odour; and the branches of the pear-trees bent under the weight of the finest pears. This was a day of feasting for Florio, who loved nothing so much as grapes, melons and peaches; and he had the additional pleasure of gathering them himself. This fine season, said his father to him, will soon pass away. Winter is advancing towards us very fast, to deprive us of the autumn. Ah! answered Florio, I wish it would

stop short in its approach, and autumn never leave us.

Mr. G. Should you be glad of that, Florio?

Florio. Oh! very glad, papa, I promise you.

Mr. G. (*taking out his tablets,*) But cast your eye a little on what is written here. Read it out.

Florio. (*reads*) 'Ah! if it would always continue to be winter!'

Mr. G. Now let us look a few leaves farther.

Florio. (*reads.*) 'Oh that it were always spring!'

Mr. G. And on the next leaf what do we find?

Florio. (*reads.*) 'I wish that the summer would last all the year.'

Mr. G. Do you recollect whose hand this is?

Florio. It is mine.

Mr. G. And what was your wish but just now.

Florio. That the winter would stop short in its approach, and autumn never leave us.

Mr. G. This is something peculiar. In the winter, you desired that it might be always winter; in the spring, that it might always be spring; in summer, that that season would always continue; and now, in autumn, you wish that it may always be autumn. Do you reflect what conclusion may be drawn from all this?

Florio. That all the seasons of the year are good.

Mr. G. Yes, my son, they are all blest with plenteous increase, and variety of pleasures : and God knows much better how to govern the system of nature than we, limited beings as we are. If it had depended only on you last winter, we should never have had any more spring, nor summer, nor autumn. You would have covered the earth with eternal snows, and never felt any other pleasure than that of sliding, or making snow-men. Of how many other enjoyments would you have been deprived by such a disposition of things ! we are happy that it is not in our power to regulate the course of nature. Every thing would be lost which was intended for our happiness, if our own rash vows were heard.

THE SNOW.

AFTER many deceitful promises of its return, Spring at length arrived. A gentle breeze warmed the air. The snow was seen to melt, the fields to resume their verdure, and the flowers to bud forth. The singing of birds was heard on every side. Little Louisa was already gone out to the country with her father. She had heard the first songs of the blackbird and the linnet, and she had gathered some of the earliest violets. But the weather changed once more. There rose suddenly a violent

north-wind, which whistled through the groves, and covered the roads with snow. Little Louisa went to bed that night shivering with cold, and blessed God for having given her so comfortable a shelter from the inclemency of the air. Ah! what a sight! when she arose the next morning, every thing was perfectly white. There had fallen during the night so great a quantity of snow, that it was knee-deep in the roads. This made Louisa quite dull. The little birds appeared still more so. The ground being every where covered to a great depth, they were not able to find the least grain or worm to appease their hunger. All the feathered inhabitants of the grove took refuge in the towns and villages, to seek the relief of man. Numerous flights of sparrows, linnets, chaffinches and larks, alighted in the streets and court-yards of houses, and scraped with their claws and bills into every heap of rubbish, to find, if possible, some nourishment. There came nearly fifty of ~~these~~ guests into the yard of the house where Louisa was. She saw them, and returned, quite afflicted, into her father's chamber.

What is the matter, my dear? said he.

Ah! papa, answered she, there they are, all in the yard. The poor little birds that sung so cheerfully only two days ago. They seem to be quite starved with cold, and to ask for something to eat. Will you let me give them a little corn?

With the greatest pleasure, said her father.

The barn was on the other side of the way: thither she ran, accompanied by her governess, to get a few handfuls of corn and hemp-seed, and came immediately back to scatter it in the yard. The little birds approached, fluttering about her in great numbers, and picking up every grain. Louisa amused herself in looking at them, and was quite delighted with the sight. She went to ask her papa and mamma to come and view them also, and to partake of her satisfaction. But these handfuls of grain were soon picked up. The birds then flew up to the house-top, and seemed to eye Louisa wistfully, as if they would have said, 'Hast thou nothing more to give us?' Louisa understood their language. She flies to seek more grain. In crossing the way she met a little boy, who had not a heart so compassionate as her's. He was carrying in his hand a cage full of birds, and was shaking it so carelessly, that the poor little creatures were thrown every moment with their heads against the wires. This sight ~~gave~~ Louisa pain.

What are you going to do with those birds? said she to the little boy. I do not know yet, answered he. I am trying to sell them, and if nobody will buy them, I shall feast my cat upon them at home. Your cat! replied Louisa: your cat! Oh! what an ill-natured boy.

As to that, they would not be the first which she has munched alive. So dangling his cage as before, he was setting off at a great pace,

when Louisa called him back, and asked how much he would have for his birds? I will sell them, said he, three for a penny, and there are eighteen of them. Well then, said Louisa, they are mine. So bidding the little boy to follow her, she ran to her papa, and asked his permission to purchase those birds. Her father granted it with pleasure, and even gave his daughter an empty room for the reception of her little guests.

Jack (that was the name of the ill-natured boy) went away well satisfied with his bargain, and told all his companions that he knew a little miss who would buy birds. In a few hours there came so many little country boys to Louisa's door, that one would have thought it the entrance to a market. They all crowded round her, climbing upon each other, holding up their cages with both hands, each hoping to obtain the preference for his birds.

Louisa purchased all that were brought to her, and had them carried into the chamber where the other birds were. Night came. It was a long time since Louisa had gone to bed so well pleased in her mind. Am not I very happy, said she to herself, in being able to save the lives of so many innocent creatures, and to give them food? When summer comes, I will go into the fields and groves, and all my little guests will sing their sweetest songs to thank me for the care that I have taken of them. With this reflection she went to sleep, and dreamed that she was in a

grove of trees of the finest verdure, which were all covered with birds, chirping as they fluttered from bough to bough, or engaged in feeding their young ones. The happy Louisa smiled in her sleep.

She rose very early to go and feed her little friends in the aviary, and in the yard : but she was not now so happy as she had been the day before. She knew how much money she had put into her purse, and that there could not remain much of it by this time. If this snowy weather should last a few days longer, said she, what will become of the other birds? The wicked little boys will give them, alive as they are, to their cats ! and for want of a small sum of money, I shall not be able to save them. Full of these sorrowful ideas, she draws her purse out slowly, in order to count her little treasure once more ; but how great is her astonishment to feel her purse heavy ! She opens it and finds it full of pieces of coin, of every sort, up to the very strings. She runs immediately to her father, and relates the incident to him with transports of pleasure and surprise. Her father took her to his bosom, and kissed her.

My dear child, said he, you have never made me so happy as in this moment. Continue to relieve the little creatures that you see in distress, and in proportion as your purse is diminished, you shall find it filled again. What joyful news for Louisa ! she ran immediately to her aviary, with her apron full of hemp-seed and corn. All the birds came fluttering round her, and looked with eager eyes for their breakfast.

After feeding them, she next went down into the yard; and bestowed a plentiful meal upon the famished birds that were there. She saw herself now engaged in the support of almost an hundred dependants. This afforded her such a pleasure! Her dolls and playthings never had given her half so much. In the afternoon, as she put her hand into the bag of hemp-seed, she found a note with these words: *The inhabitants of the air fly towards thee, O Lord! and thou givest them their food; thou openest thy hand, and fillest all things living with plenteousness.*

Her father had followed her. She turned to him, and said, I am now therefore like God. The inhabitants of the air fly towards me, and when I open my hand, I fill them with plenteousness. Yes, my dear, said her father, every time that you do good to any creature, you are like God. When grown up, you shall assist your fellow-creatures as you now do the birds, and you shall then resemble God much more. What happiness, for a mortal to be able to act like God!

During a week, Louisa continued to extend her bounty, and feed every thing that was hungry about her. At length the snow melted, the fields resumed their verdure, and the birds, which before had not dared to quit the neighbourhood of the houses, now turned their flight to the grove. But those that had been put into the aviary remained there confined: They saw the sun, flew up against the window, pecked at the glass but in vain; their prison was too strong for them. Louisa could not as yet im-

agine what made them so uneasy. One day as she was carrying their food, her father entered. She was happy to see that he was desirous of being witness to her pleasure.

My dear Louisa, said he, why do these birds seem so uneasy? I should imagine that they want something. May not they, perhaps, have left in the fields companions whom they would now be glad to see again? You are right, papa; they seem to be dull ever since the return of the fine weather. I will open the window, and let them fly away. I think you would not do amiss, replied her father. You will diffuse joy through all the country. These little prisoners will go to find their friends once more, and will fly to meet them, as you do to meet me when I have been absent some time from home.

Before he had finished speaking, the windows were all thrown up; the birds perceived it, and in two minutes there did not remain a single one in the room. Some of them were seen to skim along the ground; others to soar into the air; some to perch upon the neighbouring trees, and others to fly backwards and forwards before the windows with chirpings of joy. Louisa went every day to walk in the fields. She saw and heard numbers of birds on every side. At one time a lark would rise up before her feet, and sing its spritely strain while it mounted to the clouds. At another time, a linnet, perched upon the highest branches of a tree, chirped forth its song. And whenever she observed any one distinguish itself by the sweetness of its music,

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you this privilege for to-morrow only : it shall continue until you come of yourselves, and request me to assume my authority again.

Cam. At that rate we shall be our own masters a long while.

Mr. O. Well, I shall be glad to see you able to conduct yourselves ; so prepare to become great folks to-morrow.

The next day came. The two children, instead of rising at seven o'clock as usual, lay in bed till near nine. Too much sleep makes us heavy and listless. This was the case with Camillus and Julia. They awoke at length uncalled, and got up in an ill humour. However, they pleased themselves a little with the agreeable idea of acting in whatever manner they liked the whole day. Come, what shall we do first ? said Camillus to his sister, after they had dressed themselves and breakfasted.

Julia. Why, we'll go and play.

Cam. At what ?

Julia. Let us build houses with cards.

Cam. Oh, that is very dull amusement. I am not for that.

Julia. Will you play at blind-man's buff ?

Cam. What, only two of us ?

Julia. Well, at draughts, or at fox and geese ?

Cam. You know I cannot bear those games that oblige one to sit still.

Julia. Well, then mention some to your own liking.

Cam. Then we'll play at riding on a stick.

Louisa would say, There is one of my little guests : one may know by its voice that it has been well fed last winter.

THE CHILDREN WHO WOULD BE THEIR OWN MASTERS.

Camillus. Ah, papa, how I should wish to be big ! to be as big as you !

Mr. Orpin. And why should you wish so, my dear ?

Cam. Because then I should not be under anybody's command, and might do whatever came into my head.

Mr. O. I suppose, then, you would do wonders.

Cam. That I should, I promise you.

Mr. O. And do you wish also, Julia, to be free to do whatever you please ?

Julia. Yes, indeed, papa.

Cam. O, if Julia and I were our own masters !

Mr. O. Well, children, I can give you that satisfaction. After to-morrow morning you shall have the liberty of conducting yourselves entirely according to your own fancy.

Cam. Ah, you are jesting, papa.

Mr. O. No, I speak quite seriously. To-morrow, neither your mother nor I, nor in short anybody in the house, shall oppose your inclinations.

Cam. What pleasure shall we not feel to have our necks out of the yoke !

Mr. O. That is not all. I do not intend to give

know you owe me a dozen already. You should pay me those first.

Cam. Yes, I owed them to you yesterday ; but I do not owe any thing to-day.

Julia. And pray how did you come to be quit ?

Cam. Nobody has a right to ask any thing of those who are their own masters.

Julia. Very well ! I shall tell my papa of your cheating.

Cam. Bur papa has no power over me now.

Julia. If that be the case I won't play.

Cam. Then you may do as you like.

They go away pouting again to the farther end of the room from each other. Camillus began to whistle, Julia to sing. Camillus tied knots on his whip, and cracked it : Julia dressed her doll, and began a conversation with it. Camillus grumbled, and Julia sighed. The clock struck again. They had another hour left to play in. Camillus, in a pet, threw his whip out of the window : Julia tossed her doll into a corner. They looked at each other, not knowing what to say. At length Julia breaks silence : 'Come, Camillus, I will be your horse.'

Cam. There now, that is right ! I have a long string for the bridle. See here. Put it in your mouth.

Julia. No, not in my mouth. Tie it round my waist, or fasten it to my arm.

Cam. How you talk ! did you ever see horses have the bit any where but between their teeth ?

Julia. But I am not a real horse.

Cam. Well, but you should do just the same as if you were.

Julia. I do not see any occasion for that.

Cam. I suppose you think that you know more about it than I do, who am all the day in the stable. Come, take it the right way.

Julia. You have been trailing it about in the dirt all the week. No, I'll never put it in my mouth.

Cam. Then I won't have it any where else. I would rather not play at all.

Julia. Just as you like !

A third fit of pouting, more sullen and peevish than before. Camillus goes for his whip : Julia takes up her doll. But the whip refuses to crack : the doll's dressing goes all wrong. Camillus sighs, Julia weeps. This interval brought on dinner-hour ; and Mr. Orpin came to ask them, if they chose to have it served up. But what is the matter with you ? said he, seeing them quite dull. Nothing, papa, answered the children, and, wiping their eyes, followed their father into the dining-room.

The dinner this day consisted of a number of dishes, and a bottle of wine was opened for each of the children. My dear children, said Mr. Orpin, if I had still my former authority over you, I would forbid you to taste all those dishes, and particularly to drink wine. At least I would desire you to be very sparing of them, because I know how dangerous wine and high-seasoned food are to children. But you are now your own masters, and may eat and drink whatever you fancy. The children did not wait to be told this twice. The one swallowed

great bits of meat without bread ; the other took sauce in whole spoonfuls : and they drank full bumpers of wine, without remembering to mix water with it.

My dear, whispered Mrs. Orpin to her husband, they will make themselves sick. I fear they will, my dear, answered Mr. Orpin ; but I would rather that they should learn for once, at their own expense, how much one may suffer from ignorance, than by a premature attention deprive them of the fruits of so important a lesson. Mrs. Orpin saw her husband's intention, and therefore suffered our thoughtless little couple to indulge their greediness.

The cloth was now removed. The children had stuffed as long as they were able, and their little heads began to be heated. Come with me, Julia, cried Camillus, and took his sister with him into the garden. Mr. Orpin thought proper to follow them unobserved. There was a little pond in the garden, and at the edge of the pond a small boat. Camillus had a mind to go into it. Julia stopped him. You know, said she, that we must not go there. Must not ? answered Camillus. Do you forget that we are our own masters ? Oh, that is true, said Julia : so, giving her hand to her brother, they both went into the boat. Mr. Orpin drew nearer to them, but did not choose to discover himself yet. He knew that the pond was not deep. Even if they fall in, said he to himself, I shall not have much trouble in getting them out. The two children wished to disengage the boat from the bank,

when Louisa called him back, and asked how much he would have for his birds? I will sell them, said he, three for a penny, and there are eighteen of them. Well then, said Louisa, they are mine. So bidding the little boy to follow her, she ran to her papa, and asked his permission to purchase those birds. Her father granted it with pleasure, and even gave his daughter an empty room for the reception of her little guests.

Jack (that was the name of the ill-natured boy) went away well satisfied with his bargain, and told all his companions that he knew a little miss who would buy birds. In a few hours there came so many little country boys to Louisa's door, that one would have thought it the entrance to a market. They all crowded round her, climbing upon each other, holding up their cages with both hands, each hoping to obtain the preference for his birds.

Louisa purchased all that were brought to her, and had them carried into the chamber where the other birds were. Night came. It was a long time since Louisa had gone to bed so well pleased in her mind. Am not I very happy, said she to herself, in being able to save the lives of so many innocent creatures, and to give them food? When summer comes, I will go into the fields and groves, and all my little guests will sing their sweetest songs to thank me for the care that I have taken of them. With this reflection she went to sleep, and dreamed that she was in a

grove of trees of the finest verdure, which were all covered with birds, chirping as they fluttered from bough to bough, or engaged in feeding their young ones. The happy Louisa smiled in her sleep.

She rose very early to go and feed her little friends in the aviary, and in the yard : but she was not now so happy as she had been the day before. She knew how much money she had put into her purse, and that there could not remain much of it by this time. If this snowy weather should last a few days longer, said she, what will become of the other birds? The wicked little boys will give them, alive as they are, to their cats ! and for want of a small sum of money, I shall not be able to save them. Full of these sorrowful ideas, she draws her purse out slowly, in order to count her little treasure once more ; but how great is her astonishment to feel her purse heavy ! She opens it and finds it full of pieces of coin, of every sort, up to the very strings. She runs immediately to her father, and relates the incident to him with transports of pleasure and surprise. Her father took her to his bosom, and kissed her.

My dear child, said he, you have never made me so happy as in this moment. Continue to relieve the little creatures that you see in distress, and in proportion as your purse is diminished, you shall find it filled again. What joyful news for Louisa ! she ran immediately to her aviary, with her apron full of hemp-seed and corn. All the birds came fluttering round her, and looked with eager eyes for their breakfast.

After feeding them, she next went down into the yard; and bestowed a plentiful meal upon the famished birds that were there. She saw herself now engaged in the support of almost an hundred dependants. This afforded her such a pleasure! Her dolls and playthings never had given her half so much. In the afternoon, as she put her hand into the bag of hemp-seed, she found a note with these words: *The inhabitants of the air fly towards thee, O Lord! and thou givest them their food; thou openist thy hand, and fillest all things living with plenteousness.*

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Before he had finished speaking, the windows were all thrown up; the birds perceived it, and in two minutes there did not remain a single one in the room. Some of them were seen to skim along the ground; others to soar into the air; some to perch upon the neighbouring trees, and others to fly backwards and forwards before the windows with chirpings of joy. Louisa went every day to walk in the fields. She saw and heard numbers of birds on every side. At one time a lark would rise up before her feet, and sing its spritely strain while it mounted to the clouds. At another time, a linnet, perched upon the highest branches of a tree, chirped forth its song. And whenever she observed any one distinguish itself by the sweetness of its music,

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Julia. Let us build houses with cards.

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Julia. Will you play at blind-man's buff ?

Cam. What, only two of us ?

Julia. Well, at draughts, or at fox and geese ?

Cam. You know I cannot bear those games that oblige one to sit still.

Julia. Well, then mention some to your own liking.

Cam. Then we'll play at riding on a stick.

Julia. Ay, that is a pretty play for a little girl ?

Cam. We'll play then, if you like, at horses. You shall be the horse, and I will be the coachman.

Julia. Oh, yes ! to lash me with your whip, as you did t'other day. I have not forgot that.

Cam. I never do it willingly : but the thing is, you won't gallop.

Julia. Ay, but that hurts me : so I won't play at any such game.

Cam. You won't ? won't you ? Well, let us play at hounds and hare. I will be the huntsman, and you shall be the hare. Come, make ready ; I shall set off.

Julia. Pshaw, I'll have none of your hunting. You do nothing but tread upon my heels and punch me in the sides.

Cam. Well, since you do not choose any of my games, I'll never play with you again. Do you hear that ?

Julia. Nor I with you. Do you hear that too ?

At these words they quitted the middle of the room, where they were standing, and retired each into a corner, and there remained a considerable time, without looking at, or speaking to each other. They were still in a pout, when the clock struck ten. The forenoon would soon pass over ; therefore Camillus at length approaching his sister, said, 'I must do every thing that you like. Well then, I will play at draughts with you for twelve chestnuts a game.'

Julia. I have no chestnuts ; and besides, you

know you owe me a dozen already. You should pay me those first.

Cam. Yes, I owed them to you yesterday ; but I do not owe any thing to-day.

Julia. And pray how did you come to be quit ?

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The dinner this day consisted of a number of dishes, and a bottle of wine was opened for each of the children. My dear children, said Mr. Orpin, if I had still my former authority over you, I would forbid you to taste all those dishes, and particularly to drink wine. At least I would desire you to be very sparing of them, because I know how dangerous wine and high-seasoned food are to children. But you are now your own masters, and may eat and drink whatever your fancy. The children did not wait to be told this twice. The one swallowed

great bits of meat without bread ; the other took sauce in whole spoonfuls : and they drank full bumpers of wine, without remembering to mix water with it.

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The cloth was now removed. The children had stuffed as long as they were able, and their little heads began to be heated. Come with me, Julia, cried Camillus, and took his sister with him into the garden. Mr. Orpin thought proper to follow them unobserved. There was a little pond in the garden, and at the edge of the pond a small boat. Camillus had a mind to go into it. Julia stopped him. You know, said she, that we must not go there. Must not ? answered Camillus. Do you forget that we are our own masters ? Oh, that is true, said Julia : so, giving her hand to her brother, they both went into the boat. Mr. Orpin drew nearer to them, but did not choose to discover himself yet. He knew that the pond was not deep. Even if they fall in, said he to himself, I shall not have much trouble in getting them out. The two children wished to disengage the boat from the bank,

and push it out towards the middle of the pond ; but they were not able to untie the knots of the rope which held it fast. Since we cannot sail, said the giddy Camillus, we may at least balance ourselves. So, striding across the boat, he began to press it down, first on one side, then on the other. Their heads being a little dizzy, it was not long before their legs failed them. They laid hold of each other to support themselves, and fell both *plump* upon the side of the boat, and thence into the water.

Mr. Orpin flew from the place where he had been hid. He threw himself into the water, seized his rash children one in each hand, and brought them back into the house, half dead with terror. They felt themselves violently sick, while they were undressed and rubbed with cloths. At length they were put each in a warm bed : they fell alternately into a stupor and convulsions : they complained of a dreadful head-ache and pains in the bowels, were seized with frequent fainting fits, and in the intervals with shudderings, sickness of the stomach, and difficulty of breathing. In this deplorable condition they passed the rest of the day : they sobbed and wept till at length they fell asleep through weariness.

Early the next morning their father entered their chamber, and asked how they had passed the night. Very ill, answered both, in a feeble voice : we could not lie easy in bed, and still feel a sickness in the head and stomach. Poor children, how I pity you ! But, added he a moment after, what will you

do with your liberty to-day? You remember that you enjoy it still.

Oh, no, no, answered both eagerly.

And why, my little friends? You said, the other day, that it was so disagreeable to be subject to the direction of others.

We have been well punished for our folly, replied Camillus. And shall take warning for a long time, added Julia.

Mr. O. You will not be your own masters, then, any longer.

Cam. No, no, papa: we would rather be told by you what to do.

Julia. It will be much better for us both.

Mr. O. Think well of what you say; for, if I resume my authority, I inform you beforehand, that my very first orders will be disagreeable to you.

Cam. No matter, papa; we are ready to do whatever you shall think proper.

Mr. O. Well, I have here a yellow powder, called rhubarb. It has an unpleasing taste, but is excellent for those who have hurt their stomachs by excess. Since you consent to follow my orders, I command you instantly to take this powder. Let me see you obey!

Cam. Oh, yes, yes, papa.

Julia. I would take it, though it were as bitter as soot.

Mr. Orpin gave them the medicine, and the children, without making, as formerly, any grimaces, endeavoured to excel each other in taking it with a cheerful countenance. This remedy happily had its

effect, and they both recovered very soon. After this, whenever their parents wished to punish them, they would only say, We shall let you be your own masters ! and the children felt more terror, than if told, they should be put in prison.

THE BUSHES.

ONE fine evening in the month of May, Mr. Ogilby was sitting with Algernon, his son, upon the side of a small hill, whence he pointed out to him the beauties of nature, as they lay before him. The setting sun, in taking his last adieu, seemed to have clothed every thing in a robe of purple. They were roused from this pleasing meditation by the cheerful song of a shepherd, who was driving back his bleating flock from a neighbouring field. On each side of the road there grew up thorn-bushes, which no sheep approached without leaving upon them some part of her fleece. Little Algernon grew quite angry at those robbers. Do you see, papa, cried he, those bushes, how they rob the sheep of their wool ? Why did God make those illnatured brambles ? or why do not all men join with one accord to destroy them ? If the poor sheep come back this same way again, they will leave the rest of their clothing upon them. But, no ; I will rise to-morrow at day break, and come with my bill-hook, and snip-snap, cut all those briars down to the ground. You shall come with me, papa, and

bring a little axe, and the whole shall be finished before breakfast.

We will think of your project, answered Mr. Ogilby. But in the mean time do not be unjustly angry with these bushes. Remember what we do about Lammas.

Alger. What do we do then, papa ?

Mr. O. Have not you seen the shepherds arm themselves with great shears, and rob the trembling sheep, not of a few locks of wool only, but of their whole fleece ?

Alger. That is very true, papa, because they want it to make themselves clothes ; but those bushes rob them out of mere spite, and without having the least occasion for it.

Mr. O. You don't know what purpose those bits of wool may serve them ; but supposing that they served none, has a person any right to appropriate any thing to himself, merely because he wants it ?

Alger. But I have heard you say, papa, that sheep naturally lose their fleeces about that time of the year ; then it is much better to take it for our use, than to suffer it to fall off quite useless.

Mr. O. Your remark is just. Nature hath given all beasts a clothing, and we are obliged to borrow ours from them, unless we choose to go quite naked, and remain exposed to the inclemency of the winter.

Alger. But a bush has no occasion for clothing. So you see, papa, we must not give up our design.

I shall certainly cut all these thorns down to-morrow. Won't you come along with me ?

Mr. O. With all my heart. Come, then, now for to-morrow morning by day-break.

Algernon, who thought himself already a hero, merely from the thought of destroying with his little arm this legion of robbers, could hardly sleep, taken up as he was with his victories of the next day. Scarce had the cheerful singing of the birds that perched on trees near his windows announced the return of the dawn, before he hastened to awake his father. Mr. Ogilby, on the other hand, though indifferent as to the fate of the thorn-bushes, yet, pleased with the opportunity of showing to his son the beauties of the opening day, was no less eager to quit his bed. They dressed themselves hastily, took their instruments, and set forward on the expedition. Algernon went before with an air of triumph, and Mr. Ogilby had some difficulty to keep up with him. As they approached the bushes, they saw a number of little birds flying backwards and forwards among them and fluttering about the branches. Softly ! said Mr. Ogilby to his son. Let us suspend our vengeance for a moment, for fear of disturbing those innocent creatures. Let us go up again to that part of the hill where we sat yesterday evening, and examine what it is that those birds seem to seek so busily.

They went up the hill, seated themselves and looked on. They saw that the birds were employed in carrying away those bits of wool in their beaks, which the bushes had torn from the sheep

the evening before. There came multitudes of yellow-hammers, chaffinches, linnets and nightingales, who loaded themselves with this plunder. What is the meaning of that? cried Algernon, quite astonished. It means, replied his father, that Providence takes care of the smallest creatures, and furnishes them with every expedient for their happiness and preservation. You see, the poor birds find here a lining for the habitation which they prepare for their young. They make, you see, a very comfortable bed for themselves and their little family. Thus the honest thorn-bush, against which you were so easily provoked yesterday, unites the inhabitants of the air with those of the earth. He takes from the rich his superfluities, to satisfy the wants of the poor. Will you come now and cut him down? No, papa, cried Algernon. You are right, my son, replied Mr. Ogilby. Let him flourish in peace since he makes so generous a use of his conquests.

A R T H U R.

A poor labourer, of the name of Bernard, had six young children, and found himself much at a loss to maintain them. As an addition to his misfortune, the season happened to be unfavourable, and consequently bread much dearer than the year before. Bernard worked day and night, yet in spite of his labours could not possibly earn money enough to provide food (even of the most indifferent sort)

for six hungry children. He was reduced to extremity. Calling therefore one day his little family together, with tears in his eyes, he said to them, My dear children, bread has become so dear, that with all my labour, I am not able to earn sufficient for your subsistence. You see how I am circumstanced. This piece of bread in my hand must be paid for with the wages of my whole day's labour, and therefore you must be content to share with me the little I have been able to earn. There certainly will not be sufficient to satisfy you all ; but at least there will be enough to prevent your perishing with hunger. The poor man could say no more : he lifted up his eyes to heaven, and wept. His children wept also, and each one said within himself, O God, come to our assistance, unfortunate infants that we are ! Help our dear father, and suffer us not to perish for want !

Bernard divided the bread into seven equal shares : he kept one himself, and distributed the rest among his children. But one of them, named Arthur, refused to take his portion and said, I cannot eat any thing, father ; I find myself sick. Do you take my part, or divide it among the rest. My poor child ! what is the matter with you ? said Bernard, taking him up in his arms. I am sick, answered Arthur ; very sick. I would go to bed. Bernard carried him to bed, and the next morning, overwhelmed with sorrow, he went to a physician, and besought him for charity to come and see his sick child, and to assist him.

The physician, who was a man of great humani-

ty, went to Bernard's house, though he was very sure of not being paid for his visits. He approached Arthur's bed, felt his pulse, but could not discover any symptom of illness. He found him, however, very weak, and, in order to raise his spirits, was going to prescribe a cordial draught; but Arthur said, do not order any thing for me, Sir! I could take nothing that you should prescribe for me.

Physician. Could not take it! why not, pray?

Arthur. Do not ask me, Sir; it is not in my power to tell you.

Phys. What hinders you, child? You seem to be an obstinate little boy.

Arth. I assure you, doctor, it is not from obstinacy.

Phys. It may be so: however, I shall not press you; but I will go and ask the reason from your father, who will perhaps not be so mysterious.

Arth. Ah, I beseech you, do not let my father know any thing of it.

Phys. You are a very unaccountable child! but I must certainly acquaint your father with this, since you will not confess the truth.

Arth. O dear! by no means, Sir: I will rather explain every thing to you myself. But first I beg that my brothers and sisters may quit the room.

The physician ordered the children to withdraw, and then Arthur continued: Alas, Sir, in this hard season, my father can scarcely earn us every day a loaf of coarse bread. He divides it among us.

Each of us can have but a small part, and he will hardly take any for himself. It makes me unhappy to see my little brothers and sisters suffer hunger. I am the oldest, and have more strength than they : I like better, therefore, not to eat any, that they may divide my share among them. This is the reason why I pretended that I was sick, and could not eat ; but I entreat you not to let my father know this !

The physician wiped his eyes, and said, But my dear little friend, are you not hungry ?

Arth. Yes, sir, I am hungry, sure enough ; but that does not give me so much pain as to see the family suffer.

Phys. But you will soon die, if you take no nourishment.

Arth. I am sensible of that ; but I shall die contented. My father will have one mouth less to feed ; and when I shall be with God, I will pray him to give bread to my little brothers and sisters.

The humane physician was melted with pity and admiration on hearing the generous child speak thus. Taking him up in his arms, he clasped him to his heart, and said, No, my dear little friend, you shall not die ! God, who is the father of us all, will take care of you and of your family. Return him thanks that he hath led me hither. I shall come back very soon. He hastened therefore to his own house, and ordering one of his servants to take a quantity of provisions of all sorts, returned with him immediately to Arthur and his famished little

brothers. He made them all sit down at table, and eat heartily, until they were satisfied.

It was a delightful sight for the good physician, to behold the joy of those innocent creatures. On his departure, he bid Arthur not to be under any concern, for that he would provide for their necessities ; which promise he faithfully observed, and furnished them every day with a plentiful subsistence. Other charitable persons also, to whom he related the circumstance, imitated his generosity. Some sent them provisions, some money, and others clothes, and linen, insomuch that very few days passed before this little family had more of every thing than was sufficient for their wants.

As soon as Bernard's landlord was informed of what the generous little Arthur had suffered for his father and his brothers, filled with admiration at such nobleness of soul, he sent for Bernard and addressed him thus : You have an admirable son ; permit me to be his father also. I will allow you an annuity out of my pocket, and Arthur, with all your other children, shall be maintained at my expence, in whatever professions they shall choose. If they make use of this establishment to their own advantage, I will charge myself with the care of their fortunes.

Bernard returned to his house transported with joy, and throwing himself on his knees, blessed God for having given him so worthy a child.

THE CANARY BIRD.

CANARY-BIRDS to sell ! Who'll buy my Canary-birds ? Fine Canary-birds !

Thus cried a man passing by the house of little Jessy. Jessy heard him : she ran to the window, and looking into the street, saw that it was a bird-seller, who carried upon his head a large cage full of Canary-birds. They jumped so nimbly from perch to perch, and chirped so sweetly, that Jessy, in the eagerness of her curiosity, was near falling out of the window, while she endeavored to have a nearer view of them. Will you buy a Canary-bird, miss ? said the birdman to her. Perhaps I may, answered Jessy, but that does not depend on me entirely. Stop a little : I will go and ask my papa's leave. The man promised to stop, and seeing a bulk on the other side of the street, laid down his cage there, and stood by the side of it. Jessy in the mean time ran to her father's chamber, and entered it quite out of breath, crying, Come here, papa ! quick ! make haste !

Mr. Gower. And what is the hurry ?

Jessy. There is a man in the street who sells Canary-birds. I dare say he has more than a hundred. He carries a great cage quite full of them on his head.

Mr. G. And why does that make you so glad ?

Jessy. Ah, papa ; because—that is, if you give me leave—I should like to buy one.

Mr. G. And have you money enough?

Jessy. O yes, in my purse.

Mr. G. But who will feed the poor bird?

Jessy. I will, papa, myself. You'll see, it will be glad to be my bird.

Mr. G. Ah, I am afraid——

Jessy. Of what, papa?

Mr. G. That you will let him die of hunger or thirst.

Jessy. I let him die of hunger or thirst? O no, certainly I shan't. No, I will never touch my own breakfast, before my bird has had his.

Mr. G. Jessy! Jessy! you know you are very giddy! and then you have only to neglect him one day.

Jessy promised her father so fairly, she coaxed him so much, and pulled his coat-skirt so often, that Mr. Gower consented at last to his daughter's request. He crossed the street, leading her by the hand; and when they came up to the cage, they chose the prettiest Canary-bird in it; a cock, of the most lively yellow, with a little black tuft upon his head. Who was ever so happy as Jessy then? She held her purse to her father that he might pay for the bird. Mr. Gower then took money out of his own, to buy a handsome cage with drawers, and a fountain of crystal.

Jessy had no sooner given the Canary-bird possession of its little palace, than she ran to every part of the house, calling her mamma, her sisters, and all the servants, and showing them the bird which her



father had been so good as to buy her. When any of her little friends came to see her, the first words were, Do you know I have the prettiest Canary-bird in the world? He is as yellow as gold, and has a little black crest like the plumes of mamma's hat. Come, I will show him to you; his name is Cherry.

Cherry was quite happy under Jessy's care. The first thing she thought of in the morning was, to give him fresh grain and the clearest water. Whenever there was any cake at table, Cherry had his part of it first. She had always some bits of sugar in store for him, and his cage was constantly garnished with fresh groundsel. Cherry was not ungrateful for all

these attentions. He soon learned to distinguish Jessy, and the moment he heard her step in the room, what fluttering of his wings ! what incessant chirpings ! Jessy almost devoured him with kisses.

At the end of a week he began to sing, and produced the most delightful music. Sometimes he swelled his little notes to such a length, that you would have thought he must expire from fatigue ; then, after pausing a moment, he would begin again sweeter than ever, with a tone so clear and brilliant that he could be heard all over the house. Jessy passed whole hours in listening to him, as she sat by his cage. She sometimes would let her work fall out of her hands to gaze at him, and, after he had entertained her with a sweet song, she regaled him, in her turn, with a tune upon the bird-organ, which he would endeavor to imitate. These pleasures, however, became familiar to Jessy.

Her father one day made her a present of a book of prints. She was so agreeably taken up with it, that Cherry was something the less minded. He would chirp the moment that he saw Jessy, though ever so far off ; but Jessy heard him not. Almost a week had passed, since he either had fresh ground-sel or biscuit. He repeated the sweetest airs that Jessy had taught him, and composed new ones for her, but in vain. The truth was, Jessy's thoughts were otherwise engaged.

Her birth-day came on, when her god-father gave her a great jointed doll. This doll, which she called Columbine, completely banished all thoughts of Cherry. From morning till night she was busied

with nothing but dressing and undressing Miss Columbine a hundred times, talking to her, and carrying her up and down the room. The poor bird was very happy to get some food towards evening. Sometimes it happened that he was obliged to wait for it till the next day.

At length, one day when Mr. Gower was at table, he cast his eye accidentally upon the cage, and saw the Canary-bird lying upon its breast, and panting for breath. Its feathers were ruffled, and it seemed contracted all in a lump. Mr. Gower went close up to it, but no more fond chirpings! The poor little creature had scarce strength enough left to breathe.

Jessy, cried Mr. Gower, what is the matter with your Canary-bird? Jessy blushed. Why, papa, I—somehow, I forgot;—and all in a tremble she ran to fetch the box of seed. Mr. Gower took down the cage, and examined the drawer and the fountain. Alas! Cherry had not a single grain, nor a drop of water. Ah, poor bird! cried Mr. Gower, you are fallen into cruel hands! If I had foreseen this, I should never have bought you. All the company rose from table, holding up their hands, and crying, The poor bird! Mr. Gower put some seed into the drawer, and filled the fountain with fresh water, but had much difficulty in bringing Cherry back to life. Jessy left the table, and went up into her chamber, crying.

The next day Mr. Gower ordered the bird to be carried out of the house, and given as a present to the son of Mr. Mercer, his neighbour, who was ac-

counted a very careful boy, and would pay more attention to him than Jessy had done. But, to hear the little girl's complaints and expressions of sorrow! Ah! my dear bird! my poor Cherry! Indeed I promise you faithfully, papa, that I will never forget him a single moment as long as I live. Only leave him with me this once.

Mr. Gower suffered himself at length to be touched with Jessy's entreaties, and gave her back the Canary-bird, but not without a severe reprimand for her negligence, and the strictest injunction as to the future. This poor little creature, says he, is shut up, and therefore not able to provide for its own wants. Whenever you want any thing, you can ask for it; but Cherry cannot make people understand his language. If ever you let him suffer hunger or thirst again——At these words Jessy shed a flood of tears. She took her papa's hand, and kissed it, but her grief was so full that she could not utter a word. Now Jessy was once more mistress of Cherry, and Cherry was sincerely reconciled with Jessy.

About a month after, Mr. Gower was obliged to go into the country for a few days with his lady. Jessy, Jessy, said he, in parting with his daughter, I earnestly recommend poor Cherry to your care. Her parents were scarcely got into the carriage, when Jessy ran to the cage, and carefully provided the bird with every thing necessary. In a few hours after, her time began to hang heavy. She sent for some of her little acquaintance, and soon recovered her cheerfulness. They went out to walk to-

gether, and at their return spent part of the evening in playing at blind man's buff and four corners. After that, they danced. In fine, the little company broke up very late, and Jessy went to bed quite fatigued. The next morning she awoke by break of day, and began thinking on the amusements of the evening before. If her governess had let her, she would have run as soon as she got up, to see the Misses Marshall, but was obliged to wait till after dinner. However, she had scarcely finished dinner, before she desired to be conducted to their house : and Cherry ! he was obliged to stay at home alone, and to fast. The following day was also spent in amusements : and Cherry ! he was forgotten again. It was the same the third day : and Cherry ! who could think of him in the midst of such diversions ? The fourth day, Mr. and Mrs. Gower returned from the country. Jessy had thought very little about their return.

Her father had scarce kissed her and inquired after her health, before he asked, How is Cherry ? Very well, cried Jessy, a little confused ; and she ran towards the cage to carry him some water. Alas ! the poor little creature was no more. He was laid upon his back, with his wings spread, and his bill open. Jessy cried, and wrung her hands. Every one in the house ran up, and was eye-witness to the disaster. Ah ! poor bird ! cried Mr. Gower ; how painful has your death been ! If I had wrung your head off, the day that I went to the country, you would have had but the pain of a moment, whereas now you have endured for several

days the pangs of hunger and thirst, and died in a long and cruel agony. However, you are happy, in being delivered from the hands of so pitiless a guardian. Jessy would have hid herself in any place : she would have given all her play-things, and all her pocket-money, to purchase the life of Cherry ; but it was too late. Mr. Gower took the bird, had its skin stuffed, and suspended it from the ceiling. Jessy did not love to look at it : her eyes were filled with tears whenever she chanced to perceive it, and every day she entreated her father to remove it from her sight. Mr. Gower did not consent till after many supplications on her part ; and whenever Jessy showed any mark of inattention or giddiness, the bird was hung up again in its place, and every body would say in her hearing, Poor Cherry ! what a cruel death you suffered !

JOSEPH.

THERE lived once in Bristol, a crazy person whose name was Joseph. He never went out without having five or six wigs on his head at once, and as many muffs upon each of his arms. Though his senses were disordered, he was not mischievous, and must be teased a long time to be put in a passion. Whenever he walked the streets, a number of troublesome little boys would come out of the houses and follow him, crying, Joseph ! Joseph ! how do you sell wigs, muffs ? Some of them were

so ill-natured as to throw stones at him. Though Joseph commonly bore all these insults very quietly, yet he was sometimes so tormented that he would fall into a fury, and take up stones or handfuls of dirt to throw at the rabble of boys. Such a combat as this happened one day before the house of Mr. Denham. The noise drew him to the window, and he beheld with grief his own son Henry engaged in the fray. As soon as he perceived this, he shut down the sash, and went into another chamber.

At dinner, Mr. Denham said to his son, Who was that man that you were running and hallooing after?

Henry. You know him very well, papa. It is the crazy man called Joseph.

Mr. D. Poor man! what can have occasioned this misfortune to him?

Henry. They say that it was a lawsuit for a great estate. He was so grieved at losing it, that he lost his senses too.

Mr. D. If you had known this man at the very time when he was stript of his estate, and if he had said to you, My dear Henry, I am unfortunate; I have just lost an inheritance which I long enjoyed peaceably; all my property is gone to support the expence of a law-suit; I have now neither town-house nor country-house; in short, nothing upon earth left; would you have laughed at him then?

Henry. O no! Who could be so wicked as to laugh at a man in his misfortunes? I should much rather endeavor to comfort him.

Mr. D. What then, is he happier now when he has lost his reason also?

Henry. On the contrary, he is much more to be pitied.

Mr. D. And yet this day you insult and throw stones at an unfortunate man, whom you would have endeavored to comfort when he was less an object of pity.

Henry. My dear papa, I have done wrong, forgive me !

Mr. D. I pardon you willingly, if you are sorry for your fault. But my pardon is not sufficient. There is another whose forgiveness you have still to ask.

Henry. You mean Joseph.

Mr. D. And why Joseph ?

Henry. Because I offended him.

Mr. D. If Joseph had retained his senses, it would certainly be his pardon that you should demand ; but as he is not able to understand what is meant by pardon, it were useless to address yourself to him. Yet you think that every one should ask pardon of those whom he has offended ?

Henry. So you have taught me, papa.

Mr. D. And do you know who it is that has commanded us to have compassion upon the unfortunate ?

Henry. It is God.

Mr. D. And yet you have not shown compassion to poor Joseph : on the contrary, you have aggravated his misery by your insults. Do you think that such conduct does not offend God ?

Henry. Yes, I acknowledge it, and will ask forgiveness of him to night, in my prayers.

Henry kept his word ; he repented of his fault, and at night asked pardon of God from the bottom of his heart. And he not only ceased to trouble Joseph for several weeks himself, but he hindered also others of his comrades from insulting him.

In spite of his fair resolutions, however, he happened one day to mix in the rabble of boys who were following him. It is true, it was purely out of curiosity, and only to see the tricks that they played upon this poor man. Now and then he could not refrain from hallooing like the rest, Joseph ! Joseph ! and by degrees came to be the foremost in the mob.

At length Joseph's patience being tired by the shouts that pursued him, he turned short about, and taking up a large stone, threw it at him with such violence that it grazed his cheek, and almost cut off part of his ear. Henry returned home all over blood, and roaring heartily.

It is a just punishment on you from God, said Mr. Denham. But, replied Henry, why have I alone been hurt, while my companions, who used him much worse than I did, have not been punished ? The reason is, answered his father, that you knew better than the others, what a fault you were committing, and consequently your offence was more criminal. It is very just that a child who knows the commands of God, and of his father, should be doubly punished, whenever he has such a disregard of his duty as to violate them.

CECILIA AND MARIAN.

BEFORE the sun had risen above the horizon, to enliven with its splendor one of the finest mornings of spring, young Cecilia went down into her father's garden, to taste with more appetite, as she roved through its walks, the sweetness of a little cake, of which she intended to make her breakfast.

Every thing that could add to the beauties of the rising day, united to charm her. The pure breath of zephyr, while it diffused a calm around, refreshed every sense. Her palate was feasted with sweets; her eye with the lively freshness of the springing verdure; her smell with the balmy perfume of a thousand flowers; and, that her ear alone might not be without its share of delight, two nightingales perching near her on the top of a green arbour, charmed her with their morning song. Cecilia was so transported with all these delicious sensations, that her fine eyes were bedewed with a moisture, which, however, rested on her eye-lids without dropping in tears. Her heart felt a soft emotion, and was impressed with feelings of tenderness and benevolence.

All at once this agreeable calm was interrupted by the sound of footsteps, and a little girl came forward towards the same walk, eating, with great appetite, a piece of coarse brown bread. As she, too, came into the garden for amusement, her eyes wandered from one object to another, without being fix-

ed on any ; so that she came up close to Cecilia before she perceived her. On seeing who it was, she stopped short a moment, and looked down ; then, like a young deer that is frightened, and almost as swift as one, she ran back again with all her speed. Stop, stop, cried Cecilia, wait for me ; why do you run away ? But these words made the little wild creature fly still faster. Cecilia pursued ; but, as she was less used to running, could not possibly come up with her. Luckily the little stranger had turned up another walk ; and that in which Cecilia was, led directly to the garden gate.

Cecilia, as sensible as she was pretty, slipped softly along by a close hedge that bordered the walk, and reached the end of it just as the little girl was going to pass by. She caught hold of her un-awares, crying, Ah, now you are my prisoner. I have you fast, you cannot escape now.

The little girl struggled to get out of her hands. Do not be ill-natured, said Cecilia to her ; if you knew how well I mean to use you, I am sure you would not be so shy. Come, my good child, come along with me for a moment. These friendly words, and still more, the gentle tone of voice with which they were pronounced, encouraged the little stranger, and she followed Cecilia into a summer-house that was near.

Is your father alive ? said Cecilia, making her sit down beside her.

Marian. Yes, miss.

Cec. And what does he follow ?

Mar. Any trade at all to earn his bread. He is

come to day to work in your garden, and has brought me with him.

Cec. O, I see him down there, upon the lettuce-bed. It is fat Thomas. But what are you eating for your breakfast? Let me see; I want to taste your bread. O dear! how it scrapes my throat! Why does not your father give you better than this?

Mar. Because he has not so much money as your papa.

Cec. But then he earns some by his work, and he could afford you household bread, or else something along with this to make it palatable.

Mar. Yes, if I was his only child; but there are five of us, and we all eat heartily; and then one wants a frock, and another a jacket, and that makes my father quite at a loss what to do. Sometimes he says, 'tis all in vain for me to work, I shall never earn enough to feed and clothe this young fry.

Cec. Then you never eat any plum cake?

Mar. Plum cake! what is that?

Cec. See, here is some in my hand.

Mar. La! I never saw any before in my life.

Cec. Taste a little of it. Don't be afraid. You see I eat it.

Mar. (*joyfully.*) O dear miss, how good it is.

Cec. I believe so. My good girl, what is your name?

Mar. (*rising, and making her a low curtsy.*) Marian, miss, at your service.

Cec. Well, my good Marian, stop here for me a moment. I am going to ask something from my

governess for you, and will return immediately. Don't you go away.

Mar. O no ! I am not afraid of you now.

Cecilia ran to her governess, and begged her to give her some currant jelly for a little girl who had nothing but dry bread for breakfast. The governess was pleased with the good nature of her amiable pupil. She gave her some in a cup, and a small roll at the same time ; and Cecilia ran with all her speed to carry Marian this breakfast. Well, said she, as she came up, have I made you wait long ? Here, my good child, take this ; lay down your brown bread, you will eat enough of that another time.

Mar. (*tasting the jelly.*) It is like sugar. I never tasted any thing so sweet.

Cec. I'm glad that you like it. I was pretty sure it would please you.

Mar. What, do you eat such as this every day ? We poor people do not know what it is to taste it.

Cec. I am sorry for that. Hark ye, come to see me now and then, I will always give you some. But bless me, how healthy you look ! Are you never sick ?

Mar. Sick ? what I ? no, never.

Cec. Do you never catch cold ? nor feel your head stuffed ?

Mar. What sickness is that ?

Cec. When you're always coughing.

Mar. O yes, that happens to me sometimes, but that is not a sickness.

Cec. And do they make you keep your bed then ?

Mar. Ha, ha ! my mother, I dare say, would make a fine noise, if I were to take it in my head to be lazy.

Cec. Why, what work can you do ? You are so little.

Mar. Must not I go in the winter to get straw for our cow, and dry sticks to make the pot boil ? And in summer must I not go to weed the corn, and in harvest-time to glean and pull hops ? Ah ! miss, we are never at a loss for work.

Cec. And are your sisters, too, as healthy as you ?

Mar. O we are all hearty, and as full of play as little mice.

Cec. Well, now I am glad of that ; I was at first afraid that God took no care of so many poor children : but since you have your health, I see that he has not forgotten you. I am very well, too, in health, though certainly not so strong as you ; but, child, you go barefoot ; why don't you wear shoes and stockings ?

Mar. Because it would cost my father too much money, if he was to give them to us all ; so he gives none of us any.

Cec. And are not you afraid of hurting yourself ?

Mar. I never once mind it. God made the soles of my feet hard, like shoes.

Cec. I should not like to lend you mine ; but how comes it that you have left off eating ?

Mar. The time has passed away in talk. I must now go and gather some greens for our cow. It

will soon be eight o'clock, and she waits for her breakfast.

Cec. Well, take the rest of your roll with you ; stop a moment ; I will take out the crumb, and you shall put the jelly in the hollow of the crust.

Mar. I will carry it to my youngest sister. O she will not be nice about it ; she won't leave the least crumb, when once she tastes it.

Cec. Now I love you better than ever, for thinking of your little sister.

Mar. I never get any thing good, but I give her part. Good by, miss.

Cec. Good by, Marian ; but remember to come here to-morrow at the same hour.

Mar. If my mother does not send me somewhere else, I'll warrant I shall not fail.

Cecilia had now tasted the happiness of doing good. She walked a little longer in the garden, thinking how happy she had made Marian, how grateful Marian had showed herself, and how pleased her little sister would be to taste currant jelly. What will it be, said she, when I give her some ribbons, and a necklace. Mamma gave me some the other day, that were pretty enough ; but I am tired of them now. Then I'll look in my drawers for some old things to give her. We are just of a size, and my dresses would fit her charmingly. O how I long to see her well drest.

Next morning Marian slipped into the garden again. Cecilia gave her some gingerbread that she had bought for her. Marian did not fail to come every day, and Cecilia thought of nothing but new

dainties to give her. When her pocket-money was out, she begged her mamma to order her something from the pantry, and her mother consented with pleasure. It happened, however, one day, that Cecilia received an answer which grieved her. She was entreating her mother to advance her a little of her weekly allowance to buy shoes and stockings for Marian, that she might not go barefoot. No, my dear Cecilia, answered her mother. And why, mamma? I will tell you at dinner my reason for wishing that you would be a little more sparing towards your favorite. Cecilia was surprised at this refusal. She never longed so much for dinner time as that day. At length they sat down to table. Dinner was half over, before her mother spoke a word concerning Marian. At length, however, a dish of shrimps that was served up, furnished Mrs. Allen with an opportunity of beginning the conversation thus.

Mrs. A. Ah, here is my Cecilia's favorite dish, is it not? I am glad they have brought some up to-day.

Cec. Yes, mamma, I like shrimps very well, and at this season they are good.

Mrs. A. I dare say that Marian would like them still better than you do.

Cec. Ah, my poor Marian! I suppose she has never seen any. If she was only to look at these long whiskers, she would be frightened; O so frightened! I think I see her running away with all her speed. Mamma, if you will give me leave, I should

be curious to see how she would look. There, I will take only two for her, two of the smallest.

Mrs. A. I am almost unwilling to consent to your request.

Cec. Why so, mamma? You that do good to every body! I asked you this morning, too, for a little money to buy shoes and stockings for Marian, and you refused me. Marian surely must have vexed you. Has she done any mischief in the garden? I shall be sure to scold her.

Mrs. A. No, my dear Cecilia, Marian has not displeased me. But do you wish by your kindness to make her happy or unhappy?

Cec. Happy, mamma. I should not wish the contrary.

Mrs. A. I could wish too, with all my heart, to see her more fortunate, since she has gained your esteem. But is it true, Cecilia, that she eats her bread quite dry for breakfast?

Cec. It is very true, mamma. I would not deceive you.

Mrs. A. How! and has she been content with it till now?

Cec. O dear, yes, and I never eat a tart with more pleasure than she eats her brown bread.

Mrs. A. Then I should think she has a good appetite. But I can hardly imagine that she goes barefoot.

Cec. I have always seen her barefoot.

Mrs. A. Then she makes her feet bleed when she walks on the gravel or pebbles.

Cec. Not at all. She runs about in the garden

like a little deer ; and she says, laughing, that God has made the soles of her feet hard, like a pair of shoes.

Mrs. A. I know that you never tell stories, but I confess that I can hardly believe what you say now. I should be glad to see the wry faces that my Cecilia would make in eating her bread quite dry, without butter or sweetmeats.

Cec. O, I know it would stick in my throat.

Mrs. A. Nor should I be less curious to see how she would set about walking barefoot.

Cec. Well then, mamma, do not be angry, but yesterday I had a mind to try. Being alone in the garden, I took off my shoes and stockings to walk barefoot. I felt my feet sadly hurt, but still I walked on. At last I struck against a stone. O, that did so pain me, that I went back as softly as I could, and put on my shoes and stockings, and I promised fairly never to walk barefoot again. My poor Marian ! yet she is so all the summer.

Mrs. A. But how comes it then that you cannot eat dry bread nor walk barefoot as she does ?

Cec. The thing is, perhaps, that I am not used to it.

Mrs. A. Why then, if she uses herself, like you, to eat sweet things, and to wear shoes and stockings, and afterwards, if the brown bread should go against her, and she should not be able to walk barefoot, do you think that you would have done her any great service ?

Cec. No, mamma : but I mean that she shall never be obliged to do so again all her life-time.

Mrs. A. A very generous design ! and will your pocket money be sufficient for that ?

Cec. O yes, mamma, if you will only add a little to it.

Mrs. A. You know that my heart is never against helping the distress, whenever an occasion offers. But is Marian the only child that you know in necessity ?

Cec. Nay, I know many others beside. There are two especially, just by in a village, that have neither father nor mother.

Mrs. A. And they, without doubt, stand much in need of assistance.

Cec. O they do, indeed, mamma.

Mrs. A. But if you give Marian every thing, if you feed her with biscuits and sweetmeats, while you let the rest die with hunger, will there be much justice and humanity in that management ?

Cec. But now and then I shall be able to give them something. Yet, after all, I love Marian best.

Mrs. A. If you were to die, and Marian had been used to enjoy every indulgence—

Cec. I am pretty sure she would cry for my death.

Mrs. A. Yes, I am convinced of that. But then she would fall into indigence again, and perhaps be obliged to do some disgraceful action, in order to live well, and dress well, as before. Who would then have the blame of her ruin ?

Cec. (sorrowfully.) I should, mamma. So then I must never give her any thing again ?

Mrs. A. I do not think so ; however, I should

imagine that you will do well to give her sweet things seldomer, and rather to make her a present of a good coat.

Cec. Why, I was thinking of it. I will give her, if you please, one of my frocks.

Mrs. A. I suppose your muslin slip would become her surprisingly; especially without shoes or stockings!

Cec. O every body would point at her. How shall we do then?

Mrs. A. If I were in your place, I would be sparing in my amusements for some time, and when I had saved a little money, would lay it out in buying whatever was most necessary for her. The stuff that poor children wear, is not very expensive.

Cecilia followed her mother's advice. Marian came seldomer indeed to see her about breakfast-time, but Cecilia made her other presents that were more useful. At one time she would give her an apron, another time a petticoat; and she paid the schoolmaster of the village so much a month for her schooling that she might improve herself perfectly in reading. Marian was so sensible of these kindnesses, that she grew every day more tenderly attached to Cecilia. She came frequently to see her, and would say to her, Have you any commands for me? Is there any work that I can do for you? And whenever Cecilia gave her an opportunity of doing any slight service, it was pleasing to see with what joy Marian exerted herself to oblige her.

One day she came to the garden gate to wait for

Cecilia's coming down, but Cecilia did not come. Marian came back again, but could not see Cecilia. She returned two days successively, but no Cecilia appeared. Poor Marian was disconsolate, not finding her benefactress. Ah ! said she, can it be that she does not love me ? - I have perhaps vexed her without meaning it. I am sure if I knew in what, I would ask her pardon, for I could not live without loving her. Just then Mrs. Allen's maid came out. Marian stopped her. Where is Miss Cecilia ? asked she. Miss Cecilia ? replied the woman ; she has, perhaps, not long to live. I am afraid that she is in her last moments. She has the small-pox.

O dear heart ! cried Marian, I won't let her die : and running to the stairs, she flew up into Mrs. Allen's chamber. Madam, said she, pray tell me where is Miss Cecilia ? I must see her. Mrs. Allen would have stopped Marian, but the door being half open, she had a sight of Cecilia's bed, and was already by her side. Cecilia was in a violent fever, alone, and very low in spirits ; for all her little acquaintances had forsaken her. Marian took her hand, squeezed it in hers, and kissed it ; saying, Ah ! is it thus I find you ! Do not die, I pray you ; what would become of me, were I to lose you ? I will stay with you night and day. I will watch over you and serve you ; will you allow me ?

Cecilia squeezing her hand, signified to her that she would do her a pleasure in staying constantly with her. Marian was now become, with the consent of Mrs. Allen, Cecilia's nurse ; and performed this part to admiration. She had a small bed made

up for her, close beside her little sick friend, and never left her a moment. On the slightest expression of pain from Cecilia, Marian rose immediately to know what she wanted. She gave her with her own hands the medicines ordered her by the physicians. Sometimes she would gather bulrushes, to amuse her by making handsome little baskets while she looked on. Sometimes she would look all Mrs. Allen's library over, to find pictures for her in the books. She exerted her imagination in search of every thing that was capable of diverting Cecilia from the sense of her illness. Cecilia had her eyes closed by the disorder for nearly a week. This time appeared to her very tedious ; but Marian told her stories of what happened in the village ; and as she had profited well by her lessons at school, read to her whatever she thought would give her pleasure. Now and then, too, she addressed her with the most sensible consolations. With a little patience, she would say, God will have pity upon you, as you have had pity on me. At these words she would weep, then quickly drying her eyes, will you let me sing you a pretty song to divert you ? Cecilia had only to make a sign, and Marian would sing her all the little songs that she had learned from the young country maids round about. Thus the time passed over without hanging heavy on Cecilia.

At length by degrees her health was re-established ; she could open her eyes again ; her lowness of spirits left her ; the pock dried up, and her appetite returned. Her face was still covered with

red spots. Marian seemed to look at her with more pleasure than ever, while she thought how near she had been losing her. Cecilia on the other hand regarded her with equal tenderness. How shall I be able to pay you, she would say, to my satisfaction, for all that you have done for me? She asked her mother how she might recompense her tender and faithful nurse. Mrs. Allen, joyful to see her dear child restored to health after so dangerous an illness, answered her, Leave it to me. I shall take the charge of acquitting our obligations to her. She gave private orders to have a complete suit of clothes made for Marian, and Cecilia undertook to try it on her the first day she should be able to go into the garden. It was a day of rejoicing through the whole house. Mrs. Allen and all her family were transported at the recovery of Cecilia. Cecilia was delighted that she had it in her power to recompense Marian: and Marian was more pleased than ever to behold Cecilia again in the same spot where their acquaintance had commenced, and to find herself newly clad from head to foot.

THE PLEASURES OF EMPLOYMENT.

Lady Stanfield. WHAT is the matter, Viola? You seem grieved.

Viola. So I am, mamma.

Lady S. At what, my dear? I thought to see you come back quite in spirits, after your walk.

Viola. My walk was pleasant at first ; but in coming home, as I passed before our carpenter's house, I saw his three children sitting at the door, and crying most piteously. They were starving with hunger.

Lady S. How can that be ? Their father has a good trade, and it is not a week since I paid him three guineas for work done about our house.

Viola. So my governess told a woman, one of the neighbors, that came up to comfort the children, and give them some bread.

Lady S. And what did she say ?

Viola. This poor man, said she, is much to be pitied. He works night and day, and is never the richer. His wife manages so ill. She knows nothing of housewifery. She can neither sew, nor spin, nor knit ; and cannot even get up the family's linen. If her husband wants a clean shirt, he must have it washed and mended out of the house.

Lady S. Sad management indeed ! and I do not wonder that you were grieved at finding a woman who does not perform any single duty of her sex. I wish she may be the only one of that sort that you may ever meet.

Viola. Ah, mamma, that is not all. As she can do nothing for her family, nothing in the world, idleness has led her to drinking. When her husband, after working hard, thinks to have a good meal ready for him at his return home, he finds his wife stretched upon the bed, intoxicated ; and very often his children have not a bit of bread to eat the

whole day. Don't you think these poor children much to be pitied ?

Lady S. I pity them as well as you, my dear ; but on this disagreeable occasion, you had an opportunity of making a remark that may be serviceable to you all your life.

Viola. What is that, mamma ?

Lady S. That a woman who neglects the employments of her sex and condition, is the most contemptible and unhappy creature in the world. You may now perceive the reason why your father and I constantly advise you to be doing something.

Viola. O yes, mamma ; I see now how much you love me when you instruct me in my work. But pray tell me, have young ladies of fortune and quality any occasion to learn so many things ? When they are married, have not they waiting-women to do for them whatever they want ?

Lady S. My dear Viola, work is as absolutely necessary for them as for the children of the poor. Not to mention the reverses of fortune that may one day deprive a woman of every means of subsistence, except the labour of her own hands ; and yet these reverses are common enough. But in the highest rank of life, amidst a crowd of servants ready at her call, should not she herself know something of what work is, in order to employ each one properly in their several way, not to require of them more than they can perform, and be able to recompense their diligence, by making their service easy, and thus to gain their attachment and respect ? Obligated by her rank and her wealth to employ a great number of

tradesmen, how will she be able, without knowing what work is herself, to set a proper value on that of others, by neither cutting short the fair demand of a useful tradesman, nor yielding to the impositions of the vender of luxuries and fashionable toys ; and thus on the one hand indulge a generosity suitable to her birth, and on the other guard against a useless expense ? Besides, what a pleasure for a sensible woman to see her children clothed in the work of her own hands, and to employ the savings of such economy in relieving the sick and indigent, and bringing up their children so that they may in proper time maintain their parents !

Viola. Pray don't let us lose a moment. Teach me all that, mamma.

Lady S. I will, my dear ; that I may, by so doing, both perform my own duty, and assist you to follow the dictates of nature and religion ; but particularly that I may save you from that dangerous dissipation which a habit of idleness may render agreeable, and even necessary. I will do it in order to make domestic retirement not displeasing to you ; in order to make you amiable in the eyes of your husband, and respectable in those of your children ; in order to procure you hereafter a relief and amusement that may divert your attention from the evils of life, which might otherwise affect you too forcibly ; and, in fine, to insure to you the tranquillity of a good conscience, and to render you happy every moment of your life. You have seen by the example of the carpenter's wife, to what odious vice idleness may lead us. But what think you of

that vaporish unhappy listlessness, the most insupportable torment to a woman? I can give you, perhaps, a slight idea of it, and proportioned to your understanding, in the story of a little girl of your own age.

Viola. O dear mamma, make haste ; let us have the little girl's story.

Lady S. Then here it is. "Mrs. Friendly was always happy in being employed, and never passed a quarter of an hour otherwise the whole day. Angelica, her daughter, could hardly believe her when she talked to her of the satisfaction arising from industry, and the disagreeable effects of doing nothing. It is true, she worked whenever her mother bid her, for she was accustomed to obey ; but one may easily imagine how unhappy she was at her work, as she never began it without reluctance. My dear child, Mrs. Friendly would often say to her, when she saw her at work with her head hanging down, and her hands in a careless posture, I wish you may soon feel the tiresome languor that arises from having nothing to do, and the satisfaction that one enjoys in being moderately employed. This wish, inspired by her affection, was not long unaccomplished.

Angelica, then about eleven years old, was to go one day with her mother to a country house many miles off. Mrs. Friendly, at her departure, took her work-bag with her, and strongly recommended to Angelica not to forget her's. Angelica was willing to obey ; but how easily do we lose sight of a duty that is performed with reluctance ! The

work-bag was forgotten. Their journey at first was quite agreeable ; the weather was fine, and all nature seemed to smile ; but about noon, the clouds thickened round the horizon, and the thunder rolled through the sky. Their fright obliged them to stop at a small town, where there was only one inn, and immediately afterwards the rain came down in a flood. As the approaching storm had forced a number of travellers to seek shelter in the inn, Mrs. Friendly and her daughter could not find a single room in it disengaged. She therefore ordered the horses to be unharnessed, and alighted at the house of a good old woman close by, who very civilly resigned them her bed-chamber and her bed, the only one that she had.

How happy was Mrs. Friendly that she had brought her work ! The good old woman sat beside her, spinning at her wheel, and between work and conversation, the long summer's afternoon passed away without seeming tedious to them. Poor Angelica was not very happy in the mean time. The cottage was small, and after she had visited every corner of it, she had then absolutely nothing left to do. The rain, which still fell in great abundance, did not allow her to set her foot out of doors ; the terrible noise of the thunder left her no desire for sleep ; and the conversation of the old woman, who could talk of nothing but her work, was not very likely to amuse her. She begged her mamma to let her have her work ; but Mrs. Friendly told her, very justly, that she could not deprive herself of amusement for her ; that having taken care to bring

with her something to employ herself, it was but fair that she should enjoy the fruits of her attention, and that her daughter, on the contrary, should suffer for her negligence and forgetfulness. Angelica could say nothing to reasons so forcible. After many weary yawnings, sighs of impatience, and fruitless murmurs against the weather, Angelica at length got to the end of the evening. She ate a small supper without appetite, and went to bed much out of humour with her jaunt.

How joyful did she wake at the first summons of the sun, which rose without a cloud ! With what eagerness did she hasten her mother's departure ! At last the carriage was ready ; and Mrs. Friendly having generously rewarded the good woman for her civility, set forward again as well satisfied with her manner of passing the day before, as Angelica was discontented with it. The roads had lately been much broken up, and the rain-water which still covered them, hindered the ruts from being observed. The coach jolted out of one hole into another, the axle creaked, and the glasses rattled ; at last a wheel broke down, and the carriage was overthrown. Happily Mrs. Friendly and her daughter received no hurt. They recovered from their fright by degrees, and perceiving at a distance a little hamlet upon the side of a hill, Mrs. Friendly took her daughter by the hand, and, attended by her servant, walked towards the hamlet, intending to send assistance to her coachman. There was in this place neither smith nor wheelwright ; so that they were obliged to wait almost two days for wheels

from town, as Mrs. Friendly would travel in no other carriage but her own.

Poor Angelica ! how she cried, how she lamented the tediousness of time ! The fright of her fall had made such an impression on her as to deprive her of the use of her limbs ; so that she could not enjoy even the amusement of walking. What could Mrs. Friendly do to make her time less heavy ? The strict justice that she made a point of pursuing with her daughter, forbid her to resign her work to her ; besides, Angelica had so neglected her improvement in needle-work, that she would have entirely spoiled it. She then began to feel the value of employment, and blushing with shame, said to her mother : Ab mamma, I have well deserved what has happened to me, and now, for the first time, see the reason why you always advised me so strongly to work. I have sufficiently felt ~~the~~ weariness of doing nothing. She then threw herself into her mother's arms, and hiding her face in her bosom, I beg pardon, mother, for grieving you by my indolence. I saw that you were troubled to see me fret. But, for your sake and my own, I shall change my behaviour from this moment.

Mrs. Friendly kissed her daughter, praised her resolution, and, to strengthen the effect of Angelica's self-taught lesson, showed her how a taste for work hinders time from hanging heavy, and softens the vexations of life, by diverting our thoughts from them in an agreeable and salutary manner. She blessed the accidents of a journey that had wrought so happy a change in her daughter.

Angelica, on the other hand, kept her promise, and even went beyond it; so that Mrs. Friendly never had reason to find fault with her afterwards, unless for too great application.

LITTLE JACK.

MR. CHURCHILL was returning home one day on horseback, after taking a ride about his own estate. As he passed by the wall of a burying-ground belonging to a small village, he heard the cries of a person on the other side. This worthy gentleman had a heart too compassionate to hesitate in flying to the relief of the unfortunate person. He alighted, and giving his horse to the servant who followed him, sprang over the enclosure of the burying-ground: He stood on tiptoe, and looking round, at length perceived in a corner, at the farthest end, a grave covered with earth, that was still quite fresh. Upon this grave lay, at his full length, a child about five years old, who was weeping. Mr. Churchill approached him with looks of kindness, and said to him, What do you do there, my little friend?

Child. I am calling my mother. They laid her here yesterday, and she does not get up.

Mr. C. That is because she is dead, my poor child.

Child. Yes, they say she is dead, but I cannot believe it. She was so well the other day, when she left me with Susan our neighbour; she told me

LITTLE JACK.



Mr. C. What do you do there, my little friend ?

Child. I am calling my mother. They laid her here yesterday, and she does not get up.



she was to come back, but she does not come. My father is gone away too, and my little brother, and now the other little boys of the town won't have me.

Mr. C. Won't have you? Why so?

Child. I don't know; but when I want to go with them, they drive me away, and leave me by myself.

And they say naughty things, too, about my father and mother. That is what vexes me most of all. O mammy, get up, get up!

Mr. Churchill's eyes filled with tears. You say that your father is gone away, and your brother too; where are they gone?

Child. I don't know where my father is; and my little brother went away yesterday to another town. There came a gentleman all in black, just like our parson, and took him away.

Mr. C. And where do you live now?

Child. With our neighbour Susan. I am to be there until my mother comes back, as she promised me. I love my other mammy Susan very well; but (*pointing to the grave*) I love my mammy that is there a great deal better. O mother, mother! why do you lie so long? when will you get up?

Mr. C. My poor child, you call her in vain, for you will never awake her.

Child. Well, then, I will lie down here and sleep by her. Ah, I saw her when they put her into a great chest to carry her away. O how white she was! and how cold! I will lie down here and sleep by her.

Mr. Churchill could no longer refrain from tears.

He stooped down, took the child up in his arms, and kissing him, tenderly said, What is your name, my poor little fellow?

Child. They call me Jackey when I am good, and when I am a bad boy they call me you Jack.

Mr. Churchill smiled at this answer. Will you take me to Susan? O yes, yes, Sir, answered the child; and running before Mr. Churchill as fast as his little legs could go, conducted him to Susan's door. Susan was not a little surprised on seeing a gentleman enter her cottage with little Jack, who pointing to her, and running to hide his face in her lap, said, This is she; this is my other mammy. She knew not what to think of so extraordinary a visit. Mr. Churchill, however, did not leave her long in suspense. He expressed to her the situation in which he had found the child, and the compassion that he felt for him; and at the same time requested her to favor him with every information concerning the parents of little Jack. Susan bade him be seated, and placing herself close by him, began thus—

The father of this child is a shoe-maker, whose house joins mine. He is an honest, sober, laborious man, under thirty, and a comely person.—His wife was a handsome woman, but in poor health. Withal she was very careful, and a good house-wife. They were married about seven years ago, lived vastly well together, and would have made the happiest couple in the world, if they had been a little better in their affairs.—John had nothing but his trade, and Margaret being left an orphan, brought her husband only a little money that she had saved

in the service of a worthy clergyman, the curate of the next parish. This little sum was laid out in buying a bed, and a few other articles of household furniture, with a small stock of leather for his work. In spite of this poverty, they contrived to maintain themselves during the first years of their marriage, by dint of labour and good management. But children came on and then began their difficulties. Yet still they might have made it out by doubling their industry, if misfortunes had not happened to them. Poor Margaret, who had worked in the fields every day during the hay time, to bring home some money at night to her husband, fell sick of fatigue, and continued so all the harvest, and all winter. Physic is very expensive, and then, besides, the work did not go on so well, because John's customers left him one by one, as they were afraid of being ill-served in a house where there was a sick wife. At last Margaret's health grew better, but her husband's business declined. He was obliged to borrow money to pay the apothecary; and having lost all his customers, he was now quite out of work. At the same time Margaret could earn nothing; her strength was so much reduced that nobody would give her employment. Besides, the rent of their house, and the interest of the money that they had borrowed, came heavily upon them. They were obliged more than once to suffer hunger, and thought themselves very happy when they had a morsel of bread to give to their children. At these words little Jack withdrew into a corner, and began to sob.

With all this it happened that their hard-hearted landlord, seeing them not able to pay the rent of the two winter quarters, threatened John to put him in jail. They begged hard of him to have patience until the hay-making came on, because then they could earn something by working in the fields ? but neither their entreaties nor their tears could soften him, though he is the richest man in the place. It was with much ado that he allowed them a month's delay ; but he said that if at the end of that time he was not paid the whole, he would sell their furniture, and put John in prison.

The house was now a picture of melancholy and patient distress, capable of softening a heart of stone. You may believe me, sir ; I have often been grieved to the soul on hearing the complaints of these good neighbours, and not being able to relieve them. I went once myself to their landlord, and prayed him to have compassion on their extremity. I offered to pawn to him all that I possessed in the world. But it was to no purpose. You are no better than they are, answered he ; this it is to have such trash of tenants as you are all together. Ah, sir, (*here the tears trickled down Susan's cheeks*) I bore this reproach patiently, that I might not provoke him still more ; but O, how I suffered in being no more than a poor widow, and in not being able to afford the least comfort to those worthy people ! How much good the rich might do if they only had the same inclination as the poor !

But to return to our unfortunate neighbours ; I advised Margaret to make known her distresses to

the clergyman with whom she had lived some years as an honest and worthy servant, and to beg of him to advance her some money. She answered me, that she would speak about it to her husband, but that she could hardly think of doing so, because the curate might imagine that they were reduced to want through their own bad management. Three days ago she brought me her two children as she used to do, and begged me to take care of them till the evening. She intended to go to a neighbouring village, and try if she could have some hemp from the weaver to spin, in order to clear her debt. She could never bring herself to go before the clergyman, her old master; but her husband was to go in her stead, and he had set off the same day.

I took charge of the children with pleasure, as I loved them very well, having been present at their birth. Margaret, as she was going, clasped them to her breast and kissed them, as if it were the last time that ever she should see them. Her eyes were swimming in tears, and she said to the eldest, Jackey, I shall be back very soon, and then I'll come and fetch you. She took me by the hand, thanked me for being so good as to take care of her children, kissed them once more and departed. A little time after I heard a sort of noise in her house like a thump; but thinking that she was gone, I supposed it might be no more than the inner door clapped to, and so did not think any more about it.

Well, the evening came on, it grew dark night, and I saw nothing of my neighbour. I thought I would go to her house, and see if she was gone in to

lay her hemp down before she came to fetch the children. I found the door open, and went in. But, O heavens! how was I struck on beholding Margaret stretched at her length, stone dead, at the foot of the stairs! As for me I stood motionless, not knowing what to do. At length after trying in vain to recover her, I ran to the surgeon, who feeling her pulse, shook his head, and sent directly for the coroner. They held an inquest, the surgeon being present, to see how she came by her death; and they brought it in that she must have died suddenly, or that, having fallen into a fit, and not being able to call for help, she expired in that condition.

I can easily imagine how it happened. She had returned into her own house to go up to the loft for the bag that was to hold her hemp, and as her eyes were still dimmed with tears, she had missed her step in coming down, and fallen from the top of the stairs, with her head foremost on the ground. The bag that was beside her showed it plainly. Yet for all that the coroner thought otherwise. So the body was ordered to be buried the next morning before day-light, in a corner of the church-yard, and an enquiry to be made after John, to know what was become of him. I proposed to the parish-officers to keep the two children myself; for though I find it hard enough to live, yet, thought I, the bounteous God knows that I am a helpless widow; and if these two children come to my charge, he will surely assist me to feed them. The younger brother did not stay long with me. Yesterday, and even not long

after Margaret had been buried, did the worthy curate, her old master, come by chance to see her. He knocked for some time at her door, and as nobody opened, he came to my window, and asked me what had become of John Johnson the shoemaker, who lived in the next house. I told him that if he would give himself the trouble to step in a moment, I had many things to tell him. He came in and sat down just where you are. I told him all that had happened, which made him shed tears. Afterwards I told him that John had some thoughts of applying to him in his distress. He seemed surprised and assured me positively that he had not seen John. The two children came up to him, and he fondled them a good deal. Little Jack asked him if he could not awake his mother, who had been a long time asleep. The tears came into the good curate's eyes when he heard the child talk so; and he said to me, Good woman, I will send for these two little boys tomorrow, and I will keep them at home with me. If their father returns and should be able to bring them up, I shall restore them to him whenever he requires it. In the mean time I will take charge of their education. All this was not very agreeable to me; for I love these little innocents as if I were their mother, and it would have given me some pain to see them snatched from me so soon. Doctor, said I to him, I cannot consent to part with the children. I am used to them and they are used to me.

Well, then, my good woman, you must give me one boy, and I will leave you the other, since he is

likely to be so happy ; and from time to time I shall send you something for his maintenance. I could not refuse the good parson this. He asked little Jack if he should not like to go with him. What, where my mother is ? said Jack ; yes, with all my heart.

No, my little man, I do not mean there : but to my handsome house, and my handsome garden.

No, no, let me stay here with Susan. I'll go every day to where my mother is. I would rather go there than to your handsome garden.

The good gentleman did not choose to trouble the child more, who had gone to hide himself behind the curtains of my bed. He told me that he would send his man for the youngest, who would give me more trouble than the other ; and at his going, left some money for this child.

This, sir, is all that I have to inform you of, the parents of little Jack. What doubles my uneasiness at present is, that John does not return, and that a report goes in the parish, that he is gone to join a gang of smugglers, and that his wife killed herself for grief. These stories have gained such ground in the village, that there is not one, even to the children, but talks of them ; and whenever my poor Jack would go among the other boys they drive him away and are ready to beat him. The poor child is quite dull, and never stirs out now, unless to go to his mother's grave.

Mr. Churchill listened in silence to Susan's account, and was deeply affected by it. Little Jack came again close-up to her. He looked at her with

fondness, and called her several times his mother. At length Mr. Churchill said to Susan, My worthy woman, you have conducted yourself very generously towards this unfortunate family : God will not fail to reward you for it.

Susan. I have done no more than my duty. We are sent into this world to assist and relieve each other. I always thought that I could do nothing more pleasing in the sight of God for all the blessing that I have received from him, than to comfort my poor neighbours to the utmost of my power. Ah, if I could have done more than I did ! But I am possessed of nothing in the world but my cottage, a little garden where I have a few greens, and what I can earn by the work of my hands. Nevertheless, for these eight years that I have been a widow, God has always given me an honest support, and I hope will do so while I live.

Mr. C. But if you keep this child, the expence of maintaining him may be very inconvenient to you, before he is capable of earning his bread.

Susan. I shall always take care not to let him want. We will share even to my last morsel of bread.

Mr. C. And how are you to furnish him with clothes ?

Susan. I leave the care of that to him who clothes the fields with grass, and the trees with leaves. He has given me fingers to sew and spin, they shall work to clothe our poor little orphan. Whosoever can pray and work, will never want.

Mr. C. Then you are resolved to keep little Jack with yourself?

Susan. Always, sir; I could not live under the thought of sending away this destitute infant, or of letting him come upon the parish.

Mr. C. You are, I suppose, related to his family?

Susan. Not otherwise than as neighbours and fellow-christians.

Mr. C. Then as I am also related to both of you by religion and humanity, I will not suffer you alone to have all the honour of doing good to this orphan, since God has provided me with means more ample than yours. Commit the education of little Jack to my care; and since you are so attached to each other, and that your benevolence merits my esteem as much as the child's affection for his mother, I will take you both home with me, and provide for you. Sell your garden and your cottage and come live at my house; there you shall have a comfortable support, and a home for the rest of your life.

Susan (*looking at him affectionately.*) Do not be angry with me, sir. May God reward you for all your goodness. But I cannot accept your offer.

Mr. C. And why?

Susan. In the first place I am fond of the spot where I was born, and have lived so long; then again I could not suit myself to the bustle of a great house, nor to the sight of so many folks in a family. Neither am I used to ease or nice living. I should fall sick if I had nothing to do, or if I eat finer food than ordinary. Let me abide in my cottage with

my little Jack. It will do him no harm to live a little hard. Nevertheless, if you choose to send him now and then a small matter to pay for his schooling, and to furnish him with tools for whatever trade he may take up, the gracious God will not fail to pay you an hundred fold; at least this boy and I will pray daily for you that he may. I have no child; he shall be instead of one to me; and what little I possess shall belong to him, whenever it pleases the Lord to call me to himself.

Mr. C. Well then, be it so. I do not wish that what I mean well should make you unhappy. I will leave little Jack with you, since you are so well together. Talk to him often of me, and tell him that I am in the place of a father to him, while you on the other hand will take upon you the cares and name of the mother, for whom he grieves so much. I shall send you every month what may be sufficient for your subsistence. I will come frequently to see you, and my visit shall be as much on your account as his.

Susan lifted up her eyes to heaven, and implored its favours on Mr. Churchill. She then said to the child, Come hither, Jackey, and ask this gentleman's blessing; he will be your father now. The little boy did so, but said presently to Susan, How can he be my daddy? he wears no apron.

Mr. Churchill smiled at this innocent question of little Jack, and throwing his purse on the table, Farewell, said he, generous Susan; farewell, my little friend; it shall not be long before you see me

again. He then left them and mounting his horse took the road that led to the parish where the curate lived who had taken home the younger orphan. He found the curate reading a letter over which he now and then shed tears. After the first civilities, Mr. Churchill explained the subject of his visit to the worthy divine, and asked him if he knew what was become of the father of those two unfortunate children.

Sir, answered the curate, it is not a quarter of an hour since I received this letter' written by him to his wife. It was enclosed in one to me, and contains a small draft for the use of his wife; he requests me to deliver it to her and console her for his absence. As she is dead, I have opened the letter: here it is; be so kind as to read it. Mr. Churchill took the letter and read as follows:

“ Dear Wife,

“ I cannot think, without uneasiness, on the trouble that my absence must have occasioned you. But let me inform you of what has happened to me. Being on my way to the clergyman's house, I began to think in this manner: Of what use will it be to me to go begging thus? I shall only get rid of one debt by contracting another, and shall gain nothing by it but the uneasiness of thinking to pay it. I who am yet young, and can work, to go and ask so much money! I shall be taken either for an idle fellow or a drinker. The parson to be sure married us and loves us like his children; but if he were to take a dislike, and refuse me! or, on the other hand, if he were not able to relieve us! And

then' supposing that he advanced me the sum for a year, should I be sure to have it in my power to pay him? And if I did not, should not I be as bad as a thief? It would be defrauding him. Thus I reasoned, my dear Margaret, and began afterwards to think how I might extricate our affairs by acting in a just manner. I often sighed and put up my prayers to heaven. At last it came into my head all at once, thought I, you are still a young man, you are stout and able-bodied, what harm would there be if you went on board a man of war for a few years? You can read and write, and cast accounts pretty well; you may still make a fortune for your wife and children; at least you may clear all your debts. Consider that if you have good success, and happen on some prize money it will be the making of your wife. For about half an hour these were my thoughts, when at last I saw part of a press gang at a distance behind me. They soon came up with me, and asked me whence I came, where I was bound, and whether I would go as a volunteer? I seemed at first not to like the sea, but they questioned me again, and promised me a bounty of five pounds. I told them that for so much I would serve during the war. Done, said they. Come along with us my lad, and the affair shall be settled presently.— They brought me before the lieutenant, who asked me some questions, which I answered so much to his satisfaction, that he advanced my bounty immediately. And thus, my dear Margaret, I have entered the king's service to clear my affairs. I send you a draft for the five pounds. I would not keep

a penny of it. Pay the forty shillings that we owe, and whatsoever else may be due. With the remainder do the best you can to keep house. Live well, that you may recover your strength. Clothe our children, and send them soon to school. I know that though you are handy and careful, you will not be able to make this sum last very long. But patience! my wages are 17s. 6d. *per* month; I will try if I cannot find a way to forward part of them to you at the end of a few months; and whenever we arrive in harbour, I shall ask leave to go on shore on purpose to see you. My dear Margaret, do not grieve; trust in God. We may soon have a peace. I will then return to you, and we shall begin house-keeping together once more. My lieutenant has promised me to write to our church-wardens, that the parish may not be uneasy on my account. Bring up our children carefully; make them stick to home, and be fond of work. Pray with them every day, and teach them their duty, that they may grow up to be honest men; for you are very capable of instructing them well. Live in the fear of the Lord, pray to him for me, and I will pray for him in your behalf. Answer me soon. You are only to give your letter to the Doctor, he knows best how to direct it. Remember me to the boys. Tell Jack, that if he is a good boy, I will bring him something at my return. God be praised for all things. Continue still to love me, who remain

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ay: All his designs in favor of John have been executed, and John Johnson, now safely returned, enjoys an easiness of circumstances which he never experienced before, and would be the happiest of men, but for his will power for the loss of Margaret. He finds no other comfort, than in talking of her constantly with her, he knows. This worthy woman looks upon herself as a mother to the boy, and as a mother to his children. Little John never lets a single day pass, without going to his mother's grave. He has made so good a use of Mr. Churchill's generosity, in improving himself, that a good gentleman has it in view to establish

him in the most advantageous manner. He has taken the same care of John's younger son, and he never mounts his horse without recalling to mind this affecting incident. Whenever he meets any subject of chagrin, he goes to see the persons whom he has made happy, and always returns home relieved of every uneasy sensation.

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They were both at dinner. Cyprian, said his father, your preceptor has informed me, that you have begun this very day to read the Roman History and the Geography of Italy. If, in a week, you can give me an exact account of every thing you may have learned on these two subjects, you cannot guess what I intend shall recompense your application !

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it was not with a wish to do you any damage, but to get her ordinary food. Now, Cyprian, would you have thus put yourself into a passion, had she scratched up nothing but so many nettle-roots? And how can she distinguish between pinks and nettles? It is yourself alone who are to blame for all this havoc. With precaution you could certainly have driven her out, so that she might do no farther mischief; and in that case, neither your rake, nor yet my melon-frame would have gone to ruin, nor your loss exceeded that of a few flowers. Therefore you alone are punishable, so that, were I to cut a branch from this hazel-tree, and with it make you suffer just what you designed the hen should suffer—which of us would act with the greatest justice? I shall not, however, go to this extremity, preferring to show you, that we may all suppress our resentment, if we think proper. Notwithstanding, for the damage done to my melon-frame, I shall deduct as much as will repair it, from the arrears of your allowance in my hands; for I am not to suffer through your rashness.

Cyprian withdrew, much abashed, and all day durst scarcely lift his eyes while in the presence of his father.

On the morrow, Mr. Singleton proposed a walk and asked if he desired to join him. Cyprian followed, but oppressed with sadness, which he sought in vain to hide. His father saw it, and affecting a degree of wonder, wished to know why he appeared so grievously dejected?

Cyp. Have I not the greatest cause to be

ted? For this whole month past, I have denied myself many pleasures, merely to buy something for my sister. I had saved ten shillings, with which I thought to purchase her a pretty hat; but must now give the half of it perhaps to have your melon-frame repaired.

Mr. S. I dare say you would have been delighted to oblige your sister, but my melon-frame must be paid for first. This lesson will in future teach you not to yield yourself to the mischiefs of resentment, which commonly aggravate the first misfortune happening to us.

Cy. Ah! you may depend upon it, sir, I'll never leave the garden door unshut, or take revenge upon a hen for what is my own omission.

Mr. S. But pray tell me, do you fancy that, in this vast universe, hens only have it in their power to do you damage?

Cy. O! no, no; for not above a week ago I left my map upon the table while I went to walk, when my little sister came into the room, and, with a pen and ink, so blotted it all over, no one could distinguish Europe from America.

Mr. S. It is therefore prudent to secure yourself against the mischiefs you may suffer from your fellow-creatures.

Cy. It is, indeed, papa.

Mr. S. Without desiring in the least to give you distaste of life, depend upon it you will have to suffer many disagreeable affairs, and those far more prejudicial than the mischiefs caused you by the hen. Mankind constantly seek their interest and their

him in the most advantageous manner. He has taken the same care of John's younger son, and he never mounts his horse without recalling to mind this affecting incident. Whenever he meets any subject of chagrin, he goes to see the persons whom he has made happy, and always returns home relieved of every uneasy sensation.

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respecting an employ my father had so worthily filled for thirty-five years, and to which he had affectionately formed me by his diligent instruction. Mr. Hotham had no title to the post, except his ignorance and self-sufficiency. My right succeeded, notwithstanding all his interest, and therefore am I honoured with his calumny and hatred.

Cyp. Ah, papa, where I as big as you, I'd teach him better manners.

Mr. S. Quite the contrary; I let him go on railing at me just as he thinks fit. The conduct you should have pursued, when injured by the hen, I faithfully pursue towards him. The pinks she scratched up by the roots, in quest of worms, may represent the reputable character I bear, and which he labours to undo, to gratify the worm of envy which gnaws him. Were I to seek the means of punishing him, I should trample under foot that deference and respect I owe myself, as you trod under foot your tulips. The melon-frame and rake that you damaged, are that wealth and peace of mind which I should destroy by hurrying on to vengeance. Taught in future by the losses you have suffered, you will shut the garden door, that you may keep the hen out. Taught too by the wicked disposition of my enemy, I put, by means of proper conduct on my part, an insuperable barrier between us. Thus inaccessible to his vindictive attempts, I enjoy the comforts of my moderation, while he spends himself in those attempts, and will in time, experience the compunction of his evil conscience. Could his in-

ults vex me, I should make myself the victim he would sacrifice, and be reproached for imbecility, by every worthy character of my acquaintance; while the insensibility I manifest for his injurious treatment leaves him to his own contempt, and, in the minds of all good men, keeps up the reputation I have gained among them.

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These last words were hardly uttered, when they found themselves at home, without imagining they were so near. Their discourse for the remainder of the day, was a continuation of the past; and bed-time being come, they separated, quite content with each other. Cyprian sunk to slumber, full of gratitude for the instruction he had just received, and Mr. Singleton possessing all that satisfaction a good father must experience, who is sensible he has done something to promote his offspring's happiness.

THE BED OF DEATH.

DUNCAN, a bricklayer's labourer, living in a distant country town, had lost his wife about a quarter of a year before the event we are to write of. The expenses of a tedious illness, and the interruption of his labour by a very rainy season, had reduced him to the last distress. His half naked child

had really no bread to eat. This circumstance was of itself sufficiently tormenting ; but to aggravate the scene, Susanna, his poor mother, laid upon a little straw, in the corner of the cottage, almost in the agonies of death.

Duncan, with such a prospect about him, overwhelmed with sorrow, placed a broken-matted chair at a little distance from Susanna's bed, and sat down upon it, having both his hands held up, that he might hide his tears.

His mother turning towards him, with a feeble voice enquired if there was no where in the house a blanket to put upon her, I cannot make myself warm, she said, do what I will.

Dun. Stay, mother ; I'll pull off my coat, and lay it on you.

Susan. No, no ; I won't have it, my dear son. A little straw, if you have nothing else, will do as well. But have you not a single bit of wood left to make a fire for these poor children ? You will tell me you can't go into the fields, because of the attention I require. My life is very long, since I am grown burthensome to you !

Dun. Pray don't say so, dear mother. Would to God I could procure you what you want, at the expense of my own life ! I'd freely give it up : but this is what I grieve for, that you suffer cold and hunger, while I am utterly unable to relieve you.

Susan. Don't let that, however, much afflict you, my poor son. ~~Thank~~ God, my agonies are not so great as your affection fears they may be : they will very quickly finish, and my blessing be the recom-

a penny of it. Pay the forty shillings that we owe, and whatsoever else may be due. With the remainder do the best you can to keep house. Live well, that you may recover your strength. Clothe our children, and send them soon to school. I know that though you are handy and careful, you will not be able to make this sum last very long. But patience! my wages are 17s. 6d. *per* month; I will try if I cannot find a way to forward part of them to you at the end of a few months; and whenever we arrive in harbour, I shall ask leave to go on shore on purpose to see you. My dear Margaret, do not grieve; trust in God. We may soon have a peace. I will then return to you, and we shall begin house-keeping together once more. My lieutenant has promised me to write to our church-wardens, that the parish may not be uneasy on my account. Bring up our children carefully; make them stick to home, and be fond of work. Pray with them every day, and teach them their duty, that they may grow up to be honest men; for you are very capable of instructing them well. Live in the fear of the Lord, pray to him for me, and I will pray to him in your behalf. Answer me soon. You have only to give your letter to the Doctor, he knows best how to direct it. Remember me to the two boys. Tell Jack, that if he is a good boy, I will bring him something at my return. God be praised for all things. Continue still to love me, who remain

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ed such pleasure from his study, that indeed it should have been his part, if he had been but able, to bestow a recompense on his father.

He saw the day of trial come, without anxiety ; and underwent the examination like a hero. He had learned the history of all the kings of Rome, and traced upon his map the gradual progress of that rising empire.

In a transport of delight his father took him by the hand, embraced and kissed him. Come, said he, since you have sought to give me so much pleasure, it is but just I should contribute in my turn to your's. Saying this, he led him into an adjoining garden, pointed out a vacant spot, and told him it should be his in future. You may divide it, he continued, in two ; plant what flowers you like in one, and any vegetables you think proper in the other. After this, they went into an out-house, close behind the gardener's hut, where Cyprian found a spade, a watering-pot, a rake, and other implements of gardening, all adapted to his size, and such as he had strength enough to manage. On the walls were baskets hung up, great and small, and on shelves about them sundry boxes full of roots, and bags of seed ; the whole duly ticketed with cards on every box and bag, marking the proper time for sowing each article.

One should be of Cyprian's age to know the excess of his joy upon this occasion. In his mind, the little spot of earth, which his father had assigned him, was as great as monarchs think their kingdoms ; and whatever hours of relaxation his precep-

faults vex me, I should make myself the victim he would sacrifice, and be reproached for imbecility, by every worthy character of my acquaintance ; while the insensibility I manifest for his injurious treatment leaves him to his own contempt, and, in the minds of all good men, keeps up the reputation I have gained among them.

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stepping over, as he meant to do, this interval of separation between the hen and him, he trod them down himself. The hen however at her enemy's approach, redoubled her efforts, and attempted a second time to gain the wall. She rose a great deal higher than before, yet still came short; but what was matter of regret for Cyprian, bore away with her, a beautiful rose coloured ten-bell'd hyacinth. On this, he seized his rake, and flung it at the bird with all his strength. The rake turned round, and while he fancied it would hit the flying mark, came down and dashed two panes of glass to pieces in a melon-frame, as well as broke out two of its own teeth upon the ground.

The little fury, made still more furious by these damages, now ran to get his spade, and the combat would, perhaps, have had fatal consequences for the feathered adversary, who, fatigued and giddy, had crept in between a rose-bush and the wall, if Mr. Singleton, at first attracted to his window by the noise, had not made haste to her assistance.

The moment Cyprian saw his father, he stood still in evident confusion; however, he made shift to find his tongue at last, and cried out, See, papa, what ravage this vile creature has committed in my garden!

Had you shut the door, replied his father, with feigned indifference, this ravage would not have been made. I saw your whole behaviour. Are you not ashamed of having exerted all your strength against a paltry hen? she has no *reason* to conduct herself, as she has rooted up your pinks,

it was not with a wish to do you any damage, but to get her ordinary food. Now, Cyprian, would you have thus put yourself into a passion, had she scratched up nothing but so many nettle-roots? And how can she distinguish between pinks and nettles? It is yourself alone who are to blame for all this havoc. With precaution you could certainly have driven her out, so that she might do no farther mischief; and in that case, neither your rake, nor yet my melon-frame would have gone to ruin, nor your loss exceeded that of a few flowers. Therefore you alone are punishable, so that, were I to cut a branch from this hazel-tree, and with it make you suffer just what you designed the hen should suffer—which of us would act with the greatest justice? I shall not, however, go to this extremity, preferring to show you, that we may all suppress our resentment, if we think proper. Notwithstanding, for the damage done to my melon-frame, I shall deduct as much as will repair it, from the arrears of your allowance in my hands; for I am not to suffer through your rashness.

Cyprian withdrew, much abashed, and all day durst scarcely lift his eyes while in the presence of his father.

On the morrow, Mr. Singleton proposed a walk and asked if he desired to join him. Cyprian followed, but oppressed with sadness, which he sought in vain to hide. His father saw it, and affecting a degree of wonder, wished to know why he appeared so grievously dejected?

Cyp. Have I not the great

ted ? For this whole month past, I have denied myself many pleasures, merely to buy something for my sister. I had saved ten shillings, with which I thought to purchase her a pretty hat ; but must now give the half of it perhaps to have your melon-frame repaired.

Mr. S. I dare say you would have been delighted to oblige your sister, but my melon-frame must be paid for first. This lesson will in future teach you not to yield yourself to the mischiefs of resentment, which commonly aggravate the first misfortune happening to us.

Cy. Ah ! you may depend upon it, sir, I'll never leave the garden door unshut, or take revenge upon a hen for what is my own omission.

Mr. S. But pray tell me, do you fancy that, in this vast universe, hens only have it in their power to do you damage ?

Cy. O ! no, no ; for not above a week ago I left my map upon the table while I went to walk, when my little sister came into the room, and, with a pen and ink, so blotted it all over, no one could distinguish Europe from America.

Mr. S. It is therefore prudent to secure yourself against the mischiefs you may suffer from your fellow-creatures.

Cy. It is, indeed, papa.

Mr. S. Without desiring in the least to give you a distaste of life, depend upon it you will have to suffer many disagreeable affairs, and those far more prejudicial than the mischiefs caused you by the hen.

and constantly seek their interest and their

ults vex me, I should make myself the victim he would sacrifice, and be reproached for imbecility, by every worthy character of my acquaintance; while the insensibility I manifest for his injurious treatment leaves him to his own contempt, and, in the minds of all good men, keeps up the reputation I have gained among them.

Cyp. Ah! papa, what trouble may I not shun, in future, by remembering every thing you've taught me!

These last words were hardly uttered, when they found themselves at home, without imagining they were so near. Their discourse for the remainder of the day, was a continuation of the past; and bed-time being come, they separated, quite content with each other. Cyprian sunk to slumber, full of gratitude for the instruction he had just received, and Mr. Singleton possessing all that satisfaction a good father must experience, who is sensible he has done something to promote his offspring's happiness.

THE BED OF DEATH.

DUNCAN, a bricklayer's labourer, living in a distant country town, had lost his wife about a quarter of a year before the event we are to write of. The expenses of a tedious illness, and the interruption of his labour by a very rainy season, had reduced him to the last distress. His half naked children

respecting an employ my father had so worthily filled for thirty-five years, and to which he had affectionately formed me by his diligent instruction. Mr. Hotham had no title to the post, except his ignorance and self-sufficiency. My right succeeded, notwithstanding all his interest, and therefore am I honoured with his calumny and hatred.

Cyp. Ah, papa, where I as big as you, I'd teach him better manners.

Mr. S. Quite the contrary; I let him go on railing at me just as he thinks fit. The conduct you should have pursued, when injured by the hen, I faithfully pursue towards him. The pinks she scratched up by the roots, in quest of worms, may represent the reputable character I bear, and which he labours to undo, to gratify the worm of envy which gnaws him. Were I to seek the means of punishing him, I should trample under foot that deference and respect I owe myself, as you trod under foot your tulips. The melon-frame and rake that you damaged, are that wealth and peace of mind which I should destroy by hurrying on to vengeance. Taught in future by the losses you have suffered, you will shut the garden door, that you may keep the hen out. Taught too by the wicked disposition of my enemy, I put, by means of proper conduct on my part, an insuperable barrier between us. Thus inaccessible to his vindictive attempts, I enjoy the comforts of my moderation, while he spends himself in those attempts, and will in time, experience the compunction of his evil conscience. Could his in-

ults vex me, I should make myself the victim he would sacrifice, and be reproached for imbecility, by every worthy character of my acquaintance ; while the insensibility I manifest for his injurious treatment leaves him to his own contempt, and, in the minds of all good men, keeps up the reputation I have gained among them.

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had really no bread to eat. This circumstance was of itself sufficiently tormenting ; but to aggravate the scene, Susanna, his poor mother, laid upon a little straw, in the corner of the cottage, almost in the agonies of death.

Duncan, with such a prospect about him, overwhelmed with sorrow, placed a broken-matted chair at a little distance from Susanna's bed, and sat down upon it, having both his hands held up, that he might hide his tears.

His mother turning towards him, with a feeble voice enquired if there was no where in the house a blanket to put upon her, I cannot make myself warm, she said, do what I will.

Dun. Stay, mother ; I'll pull off my coat, and lay it on you.

Susan. No, no ; I won't have it, my dear son. A little straw, if you have nothing else, will do as well. But have you not a single bit of wood left to make a fire for these poor children ? You will tell me you can't go into the fields, because of the attention I require. My life is very long, since I am grown burthensome to you !

Dun. Pray don't say so, dear mother. Would to God I could procure you what you want, at the expense of my own life ! I'd freely give it up : but this is what I grieve for, that you suffer cold and hunger, while I am utterly unable to relieve you.

Susan. Don't let that, however, much afflict you, my poor son. ~~That~~ God, my agonies are not so great as your affection fears they may be : they will very quickly finish, and my blessing be the recom-

pense of what you are doing now, and have been always doing for me.

Dun. O my poor dear mother! In my infancy you put yourself to many difficulties for my maintenance, and I in your old age must thus sit by and see you want for common necessities! That, dear mother, rends my heart.

Sus. I know 'tis not through any fault of yours; and then, Duncan, upon a death-bed one has few—(believe me when I tell you so)—few earthly wants. Our heavenly Father has us then particularly in his care. I thank you heartily, my dear. Your love consoles me in this hour of my departure.

Dun. What! dear mother, have you then no hopes of getting better?

Susan. No; I feel within me that I must die of this complaint.

Dun. Say not so, mother.

Susan. Do not afflict yourself: I shall soon be in a better world.

Dun. (with sighs.) O heaven! O heaven!

Susan. I say, my son, this need not grieve you. You were all my happiness when I was young, and now you prove the joy of my last moments. Soon, yes, very soon, thank heaven, you will have nothing left but to close my eye-lids. I shall then ascend to my Creator, tell what you have done for me, and earnestly beseech him to reward you everlastingly. Think frequently of me, and I will think of you above.

Dun. Yes, always, always.

Susan. There is only one thing in the world that gives me pain to think of.

Dun. And what is it, mother ?

Susan. I am mustering up my strength to tell you. And believe me I *must* tell you ; for 'tis like a stone oppressing me at heart.

Dun. Comfort yourself, dear mother, then, and speak.

Susan. I saw your little Oliver come yesterday here close behind my bed, and pull out several apples, which he ate. Duncan, these apples were not ours ; for then he would have thrown them on the table, and asked me to take some. I remember still how lovingly he used to come and fling himself into my arms, when he had any thing to give me ; saying, with so much good nature, Eat some, do, my dear grandmother. O my dear, dear son ! if he should be a thief in future ! The thought has afflicted me since yesterday. Where is he ? Pray go fetch him. I would talk to him.

Dun. Wretched am I ! (*He runs and brings Oliver, and puts him by Susanna ; she raises herself with difficulty, turns about, takes both his hands in hers, and leans her head upon his shoulder.*)

Oliver. Grandmother, do you want me ? You don't call me here, I hope, to see you die !

Susan. No, no ; fear nothing, my poor Oliver, I don't desire to frighten you ; and yet my dearest, I shall die, and very soon too.

Oliver. But not yet. Don't die, till I am bigger.

(*Susanna falls backward in her bed. The child and father look at one another, weeping, and each take her by the hand.*)

Susan (coming somewhat to herself.) I'm much better now that I have changed my posture.

Oliver. So then you won't die ?

Susan. Be comforted, my little fellow. Dying is not painful to me, as I'm going to a tender Father, who at present waits in heaven to see me. When I'm once with him, I shall be better off than here. Soon, soon, my little fellow, I shall see him.

Oliver. Well then, take me with you : I'll go too.

Susan. No, my dear, you shall not go with me ; but, if it pleases God, remain a good while here behind me. You shall live to be a virtuous and good man, and when your father is as ill as I am, you shall be his consolation, and afford him the assistance that he needs. Won't you, Oliver ? Won't you obey him constantly, and do what you think will give him pleasure ? See, he does whatever he is able for my sake. And won't you promise me you'll do so too ?

Oliver. Yes, certainly I will, grandmother.

Susan. Take care then how you perform your promise. God, who made both earth and heaven, cannot but see every thing that you do. I suppose you believe this ?

Oliver. Yes, yes ; I do believe it ; you have taught me so yourself.

Susan. How then, my dearest Oliver, could you suppose he would not see you come here yesterday behind my bed, and eat the apples you had stolen ?

Oliver. I'll do so no more—no, never, grandmother, believe me, while I live. Forgive me what

I've done, and pray that God Almighty would forgive me too.

Susan. 'Tis true then, is it, that you stole those apples ?

Oliver. (*sobbing.*) Ye-e-es.

Susan. And pray, of whom ?

Oliver. Of ne-e-neighbour Le-e-eonard.

Susan. You must go to neighbour Leonard then, and ask his pardon.

Oliver. O don't send me there, pray, grandmother. I dare not go.

Susan. You *must*, my little friend, that you may never do the like again. For heaven's sake, my dear child, in future never take what don't belong to you ; not even a bit of bread, though you were starving. God will never let you want, since it was he created you. Trust then to his assistance ; tell him, when you suffer, and be sure he will console you.

Oliver. Certainly, grandmother, certainly, I'll never steal again : I promise you I won't and for the future I'd much rather die of hunger, than steal any thing.

Susan. God hear and bless your resolution from his holy habitation. I have hopes that of his goodness he will keep you from so great a sin. (*She clasps him to her heart, and weeps.*) You must, my little boy, this instant go to neighbour Leonard, and desire him to forgive you. Tell him that I too beg he would forgive you. Go, my good Duncan, with Oliver ; inform him how it grieves me I'm so poor I cannot make him restitution for

the theft ? but that I'll pray to God for his prosperity, and beg a blessing on his family. Alas ! he's no less poor than we ; and were it not that his good woman works so hard, he could never bring up such a family of children as he has. My dear good son, for my sake, when I'm dead and buried, give him a day's work to make up his loss : it matters not how little he has suffered. We should think it criminal to take away a pin. You will remember this, Duncan ?

Dun. Yes, mother ; so don't let the matter make you any more uneasy.

He had hardly said these words, when, as it chanced, 'Squire Wealthy's steward tapped without at the window.

Poor Susanna knew him by his usual way of tapping, and the cough he constantly had on him. Bless me, 'tis the steward ! said she. Surely some great mischief threatens us. He's like a raven, croaking at the window some bad tidings.

Dun. Don't be frightened thus, my good mother : I'm not a single farthing in his debt ; and for the rent we owe the 'Squire at Midsummer, I'll give him all the labour he requires in harvest.

Susan. Yes, provided he'll but wait so long.

Duncan went out to know the steward's business. After he was gone, Susanna fetched a grievous sigh and said, discoursing with herself, Since he was so hard-hearted as to seize upon our goods for rent, I cannot see or hear him, but my heart revolts at the idea ; and at present, in my dying moments, he must come and cough at our window. But perhaps

the hand of God is in it ; and he brings him hither as an admonition for me to discharge my heart of every thing that looks like malice or ill-will against him, and even pray for mercy on his soul. Well, then, my God, I am content to do so. I no longer wish him any harm. Forgive his sin, as I forgive it. (*She hears the Steward speaking rather loud.*) But I hear his voice ! he's in a passion !——Heaven take pity on us !—Oh my poor Duncan, 'tis out of love for me that you have fallen again into his hands. (*She faints, on which the little boy jumps off the bed, and runs to fetch his father.*)

Oliver. O father, father ! Quick, come here ! My grandmother is dying.

Dun. O my God !——Permit me, Mr. Steward. I must go to her assistance.

The Steward (going out.) Yes indeed ! that's very necessary. The old Jezebel may die else !—I should think it a good riddance of bad rubbish.

Luckily Duncan was got too far to hear these cruel words. He was already by Susanna's bed, who speedily recovered from her swoon, and thus addressed her son :

The Steward came to scold you ; I could hear him. Doubtless he won't grant you time, when once the quarter is turned.

Dun. No, mother, he did not come for that : he brought me on the contrary, good news.

Susana (pausing a moment and trying to collect her spirits.) But is this true, my son ? or do you only wish to comfort me a little ? What good news can he have for us ?

Dun. 'Tis the 'Squire's design, he says, to pull down and rebuild his house; at least the front and stables; and employ me at it, with my neighbours I shall have at least, he says, ten shillings every week.

Susanna (with a countenance of joy.) You don't say so?

Dun. Yes, certainly; and there will be a matter of two years' continual work. Next Monday I begin.

Susan. God's providence be praised for all things! I shall now die happy, seeing you enabled to get bread for your little ones. Death now has nothing painful in it. Heaven is merciful! may you, Duncan, at all times find it so. But tell me, are you not by this convinced of what so often I have told you, that the more misfortunes on the one side attack us, so much more God's grace awaits us on the other?

Dun. Yes, I am, and shall be always. But methinks you seem much better. Let me quit you for about a minute. I'll go fetch a little straw to cover you.

Susan. No, no; I feel myself much warmer. Rather go with Oliver to Leonard's. That's what most of all disturbs me. Go, my son, I ask it as a favour.

Hearing this, he did not stay a moment in the room, but took his son, and going out gave Barbara a sign to come and let him speak with her.

Take care of your poor grandmother, said he.

and if a fainting fit should seize her, come and call me at the carpenter's; I shall be there.

Leonard was at work, and Gertrude his wife left all alone at home. She saw at once that the father and the child had both been weeping.

What's the matter with you, my good friend, said Gertrude, that you've been crying? What's the matter with you, my poor Oliver?

Dun. Ah, neighbour Gertrude! I'm quite unhappy. This poor child of mine, who wanted victuals yesterday, came here and took some apples that were yours: he has confessed it. My poor mother saw him eat them.—Gertrude, she's on her death bed, and desires you to forgive him. I can't pay you now the worth of what he took away; but when I go to work, which will be very shortly, I will satisfy you.

Ger. O don't speak about it, neighbour: 'tis a trifle not worth mentioning. And you, my little fellow, promise you will never for the future take what's not your own. (*She kisses him.*) You're born of such good people!

Oliver. O, I promise you I won't: forgive me, Gertrude, I'll never steal again.

Ger. No, never for the future, my good child. You don't know yet how great a sin it is! When you are hungry, come to me, and if I have a bit of bread myself, I'll share it with you.

Dun. Thank ye, neighbour; but I hope he'll now want bread no longer. I've got a deal of work to do at 'Squire Wealthy's.

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Hearing this, he did not stay a moment in the room, but took his son, and going out gave Barbara a sign to come and let him speak with her,

Take care of your poor grandmother, said he;

Ger. No, no; I'll answer for him he'll be good. My dear Susanna, you deserve this recompense of heaven for your own honesty, and all the care you've taken to bring up your family in virtue. Do you want for any thing? Don't fear to tell me, if you do: for every thing we have is at your service.

Oliver. Yes, indeed; for only see what Gertrude has given me! Eat, dear grandmother, do, eat some.

Susan. No, my child, I cannot; I shall never eat again; I feel my strength go from me, and I've almost lost my sight. My son, draw near me: now is come the moment to take leave, and give you my farewell.

Duncan no sooner heard these words, than he was seized all over with a sudden trembling: he took off his hat, fell down on his knees beside Susanna's bed, laid hold of her hand with ardor, then lifted up his eyes to heaven, and would fain have spoken, but could not; tears and sighs prevented him.

Take comfort, said Susanna, I am going to a happier life than this, and there will wait your coming. When we once meet there, we shall not part again.

Duncan in some degree recovering, bowed his head, and craved his mother's blessing. Bless me, said he, my dear mother. I desire to follow you, when once my children have no further need of my assistance. Susanna opened once again her dying eyes; and, looking up, pronounced with uncommon fervor, these words:

Hear me, O heavenly Father, and vouchsafe the blessings of thy grace and favour to my son, the only one I ever had, and whose affection was the comfort of my life. Duncan, may God be always with you, and confirm in heaven this blessing which I pronounce, for having fulfilled your duty so much like a son.

Hear me now, my dear Duncan, and carefully observe what I shall tell you. Bring your children up in virtue, and accustom them early to a laborious life, that if they should be poor, they may not, when grown up, lose courage, and be tempted to do wrong. Instruct them to place all their trust in God, and to live good friends to one another; so that they may find sure consolation amidst the evils of this life. Forgive the steward his injustice. When I am buried, pray inform him I departed without any malice or ill-will against him, and besought of God that he would grant him of his grace to see the sin he had committed, and repent before he lay upon a death bed. (*She stops a little to take breath, and then goes on.*)

Reach me, my good friend, (*to Gertrude*) that book behind you; and, my dear Duncan, there is a little leather bag in our great chest; I wish to have it. Good! (*she takes and clasps them to her heart.*) These are the only treasures I have left on earth. And now I should be glad to see your children.

They were weeping at a table, whence their father brought them to Susanna, putting them upon their knees beside her, while she raised herself a little, so that she might see them, and began:

My dearest children, I am very sorry I must leave you motherless and poor. Think often of me, my sweet babes. I've nothing I can give you but this book: it has been frequently my consolation, and as often will be your's. When you have learned enough, read in it every evening to your father. It will teach you to be good; and if you are but good, you cannot fail of being happy.

This, Duncan, (*taking a piece of paper from the leather bag*) is a certificate I brought your father of my good behaviour at our marriage. Let it pass by turns to each of the three daughters, till they marry. 'Tis my last request. And as for you, my son, I have nothing in the world to give you in remembrance of me; but my comfort is, you want none. You will not forget me I am certain.

Gertrude, shall I request one other favour of you, after having pardoned Oliver? When I am dead, see now and then to these poor children. They have no one friend.—I recommend to you in particular my poor Barbara.—She's the youngest of the three.—Where is she?—I can hardly see. (*She stretches out her arm with difficulty.*)

Conduct my hand and let me touch her.—O my children! (*she dies.*)

After having kept a moment's silence, and supposing that she had fallen asleep, Duncan said softly to his children, Rise, and don't disturb her slumber. Might she but recover, after having this unexpected rest! But Gertrude saw plainly that she was dead, and gave Duncan to understand as much. What was his distraction, then and that of his helpless

family ! How they wept and wrung their hands. —Gertrude as well as she was able comforted their sorrows, and repeated to Duncan Susanna's parting words, which, in his grief, he had not heard distinctly.

She began that very day to show how much she valued the deceased, by complying with her last wish. The little orphans were brought up with her own dear children, had the same instruction ; and improving by it, grew in time to be examples for the village ; particularly Oliver, who, having continually in remembrance his first fault, became remarkable for his fidelity and honest dealing.

GOD'S BIRD.

Mrs. Arne, Edward and James, her sons.

Enter James.

Mrs. A. My dearest, what have you done with all your money ?

James. Given it away.

Mrs. A. Away, my little fellow ! to whom ?

James. A very wicked boy.

Mrs. A. No doubt to make him better ?

James. Yes, mamma. Pray don't the birds that fly about belong to God ?

Mrs. A. They do ; as well as ourselves, and every other creature.

James. Well, mamma ; this wicked boy had stolen a bird from God, and carried it about to sell. The little bird cried out with all its strength ; and he was pinching the beak close, to hinder it from

crying. He was certainly afraid, mamma, that God would hear it cry, and punish him for so much naughtiness.

Mrs. A. And you, my little man—

James. And I—I gave the wicked boy my money, purse and all, that he might give God back again his bird—I fancy God was very glad. (*he jumps about for joy.*)

Mrs. A. He was, no doubt, to find my little fellow have so good a heart.

James. The boy perhaps was wicked, dear mamma, because he wanted money.

Mrs. A. Very likely.

James. Therefore I am glad I gave him mine ; because, mamma, you know that I don't want money.

Edward. We have had a sort of difference with each other upon this affair. My brother gave his money without counting what it was, though certainly, it would have bought ten birds. I told him that he should first have asked the boy how much would satisfy him.

James. Which of us was in the right, mamma ?

Mrs. A. Not you, my love.

James. Haven't you, if you remember, often said, " dear Jemmy, do whatever good you can, and ask no questions ?"

Mrs. A. I have often told you so, indeed ; but then you should consider how to do it the best way you can. To-day, for instance, since you had more money than was necessary to deliver the poor little

bird, you should have kept the rest for another similar purpose; for if other wicked boys had come in your way, as he did, with God's birds, and you had no more money, tell me what you would have done?

James. Why then, mamma, I would have come to you for what I wanted.

Mrs. A. But if I happened to have none?

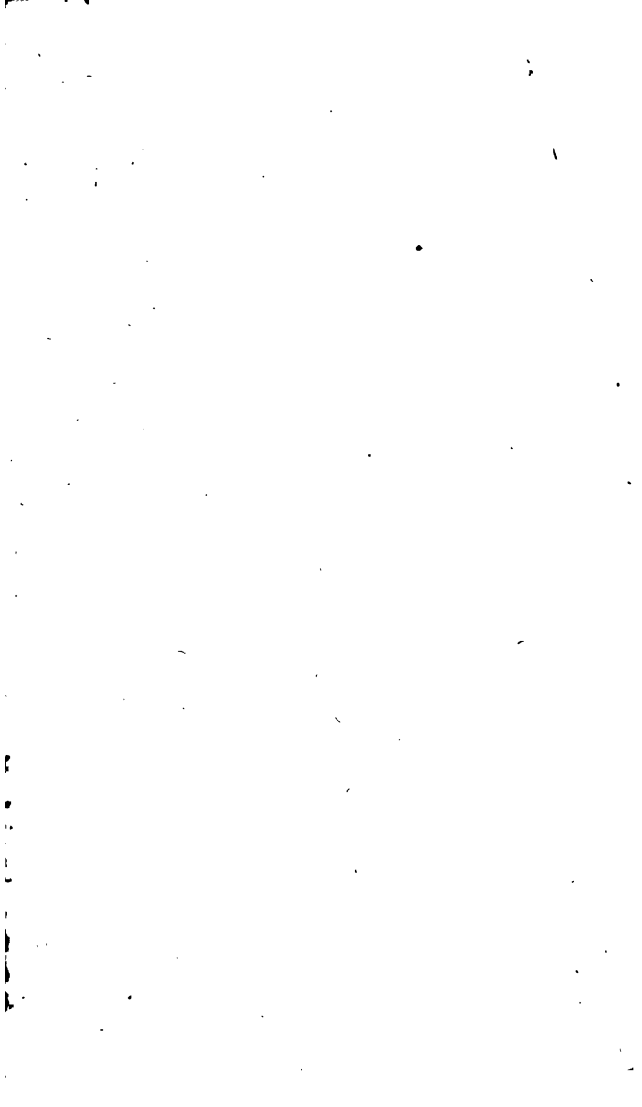
James. Ah!—then so much the worse!

Mrs. A. You see, then, Edward gave you good advice. You are to save your money, and not only for yourself, but for others, so that you may do all the good in your power with it. Do you suppose, my dear, that there was no other bird than this in all the world, to which you might have given assistance?

James. I was thinking of no other then. I wish, mamma, you had but seen how much he seemed to suffer at first, and how glad he was afterward, when I let him fly away. He was quite giddy with his joy, he knew not where to go that he might clap his wings. However, dear mamma, the boy assured me, for I made him promise, that he would never try to catch him a second time.

Mrs. A. My little fellow, you have, notwithstanding, done quite well; and to reward you, here's more money. *James.* More!—thank you.

Mrs. A. And a kiss into the bargain. How rejoiced I am in being your mamma! With such an inclination as you have for doing good, you need only study how to do it in a proper manner, and you will prove the happiest creature in the world.



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Dun. Ah, neighbour Gertrude! I'm quite unhappy. This poor child of mine, who wanted victuals yesterday, came here and took some apples that were yours: he has confessed it. My poor mother saw him eat them.—Gertrude, she's on her death bed, and desires you to forgive him. I can't pay you now the worth of what he took away; but when I go to work, which will be very shortly, I will satisfy you.

Ger. O don't speak about it, neighbour: 'tis a trifle not worth mentioning. And you, my little fellow, promise you will never for the future take what's not your own. (*She kisses him.*) You're born of such good people!

Oliver. O, I promise you I won't: forgive me, Gertrude, I'll never steal again.

Ger. No, never for the future, my good child. You don't know yet how great a sin it is! When you are hungry, come to me, and if I have a bit of bread myself, I'll share it with you.

Dun. Thank ye, neighbour; but I hope he'll now want bread no longer. I've got a deal of work to do at 'Squire Wealthy's.

Dun. 'Tis the 'Squire's design, he says, to pull down and rebuild his house; at least the front and stables; and employ me at it, with my neighbours I shall have at least, he says, ten shillings every week.

Susanna (*with a countenance of joy.*) You don't say so?

Dun. Yes, certainly; and there will be a matter of two years' continual work. Next Monday I begin.

Susan. God's providence be praised for all things! I shall now die happy, seeing you enabled to get bread for your little ones. Death now has nothing painful in it. Heaven is merciful! may you, Duncan, at all times find it so. But tell me, are you not by this convinced of what so often I have told you, that the more misfortunes on the one side attack us, so much more God's grace awaits us on the other?

Dun. Yes, I am, and shall be always. But methinks you seem much better. Let me quit you for about a minute. I'll go fetch a little straw to cover you.

Susan. No, no; I feel myself much warmer. Rather go with Oliver to Leonard's. That's what
● most of all disturbs me. Go, my son, I ask it as a favour.

Hearing this, he did not stay a moment in the room, but took his son, and going out gave Barbara a sign to come and let him speak with her.

Take care of your poor grandmother, said he;

and if a fainting fit should seize her, come and call me at the carpenter's ; I shall be there.

Leonard was at work, and Gertrude his wife left all alone at home. She saw at once that the father and the child had both been weeping.

What's the matter with you, my good friend, said Gertrude, that you've been crying? What's the matter with you, my poor Oliver?

Dun. Ah, neighbour Gertrude! I'm quite unhappy. This poor child of mine, who wanted victuals yesterday, came here and took some apples that were yours: he has confessed it. My poor mother saw him eat them.—Gertrude, she's on her death bed, and desires you to forgive him. I can't pay you now the worth of what he took away; but when I go to work, which will be very shortly, I will satisfy you.

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Dun. Thank ye, neighbour; but I hope he'll now want bread no longer. I've got a deal of work to do at 'Squire Wealthy's.

Hear me, O heavenly Father, and vouchsafe the blessings of thy grace and favour to my son, the only one I ever had, and whose affection was the comfort of my life. Duncan, may God be always with you, and confirm in heaven this blessing which I pronounce, for having fulfilled your duty so much like a son.

Hear me now, my dear Duncan, and carefully observe what I shall tell you. Bring your children up in virtue, and accustom them early to a laborious life, that if they should be poor, they may not, when grown up, lose courage, and be tempted to do wrong. Instruct them to place all their trust in God, and to live good friends to one another ; so that they may find sure consolation amidst the evils of this life. Forgive the steward his injustice. When I am buried, pray inform him I departed without any malice or ill-will against him, and besought of God that he would grant him of his grace to see the sin he had committed, and repent before he lay upon a death bed. (*She stops a little to take breath, and then goes on.*)

Reach me, my good friend, (*to Gertrude*) that book behind you ; and, my dear Duncan, there is a little leather bag in our great chest ; I wish to have it. Good ! (*she takes and clasps them to her heart.*) These are the only treasures I have left on earth. And now I should be glad to see your children.

They were weeping at a table, whence their father brought them to Susanna, putting them upon their knees beside her, while she raised herself a little, so that she might see them, and began :

My dearest children, I am very sorry I must leave you motherless and poor. Think often of me, my sweet babes. I've nothing I can give you but this book: it has been frequently my consolation, and as often will be your's. When you have learned enough, read in it every evening to your father. It will teach you to be good; and if you are but good, you cannot fail of being happy.

This, Duncan, (*taking a piece of paper from the leather bag*) is a certificate I brought your father of my good behaviour at our marriage. Let it pass by turns to each of the three daughters, till they marry. 'Tis my last request. And as for you, my son, I have nothing in the world to give you in remembrance of me; but my comfort is, you want none. You will not forget me I am certain.

Gertrude, shall I request one other favour of you, after having pardoned Oliver? When I am dead, see now and then to these poor children. They have no one friend.—I recommend to you in particular my poor Barbara.—She's the youngest of the three.—Where is she?—I can hardly see. (*She stretches out her arm with difficulty.*)

Conduct my hand and let me touch her.—O my children! (*she dies.*)

After having kept a moment's silence, and supposing that she had fallen asleep, Duncan said softly to his children, Rise, and don't disturb her slumber. Might she but recover, after having this unexpected rest! But Gertrude saw plainly that she was dead, and gave Duncan to understand as much. What was his distraction, then and that of his helpless

family! How they wept and wrung their hands. —Gertrude as well as she was able comforted their sorrows, and repeated to Duncan Susanna's parting words, which, in his grief, he had not heard distinctly.

She began that very day to show how much she valued the deceased, by complying with her last wish. The little orphans were brought up with her own dear children, had the same instruction; and improving by it, grew in time to be examples for the village; particularly Oliver, who, having continually in remembrance his first fault, became remarkable for his fidelity and honest dealing.

GOD'S BIRD.

Mrs. Arne, Edward and James, her sons.

Enter James.

Mrs. A. My dearest, what have you done with all your money?

James. Given it away.

Mrs. A. Away, my little fellow! to whom?

James. A very wicked boy.

Mrs. A. No doubt to make him better?

James. Yes, mamma. Pray don't the birds that fly about belong to God?

Mrs. A. They do; as well as ourselves, and every other creature.

James. Well, mamma; this wicked boy had stolen a bird from God, and carried it about to sell. The little bird cried out with all its strength; and he was pinching the beak close, to hinder it from

crying. He was certainly afraid, mamma, that God would hear it cry, and punish him for so much naughtiness.

Mrs. A. And you, my little man—

James. And I—I gave the wicked boy my money, purse and all, that he might give God back again his bird—I fancy God was very glad. (*he jumps about for joy.*)

Mrs. A. He was, no doubt, to find my little fellow have so good a heart.

James. The boy perhaps was wicked, dear mamma, because he wanted money.

Mrs. A. Very likely.

James. Therefore I am glad I gave him mine ; because, mamma, you know that I don't want money.

Edward. We have had a sort of difference with each other upon this affair. My brother gave his money without counting what it was, though certainly, it would have bought ten birds. I told him that he should first have asked the boy how much would satisfy him.

James. Which of us was in the right, mamma ?

Mrs. A. Not you, my love.

James. Haven't you, if you remember, often said, " dear Jemmy, do whatever good you can, and ask no questions ?"

Mrs. A. I have often told you so, indeed ; but then you should consider how to do it the best way you can. To-day, for instance, since you had more money than was necessary to deliver the poor little

bird, you should have kept the rest for another similar purpose; for if other wicked boys had come in your way, as he did, with God's birds, and you had no more money, tell me what you would have done?

James. Why then, mamma, I would have come to you for what I wanted.

Mrs. A. But if I happened to have none?

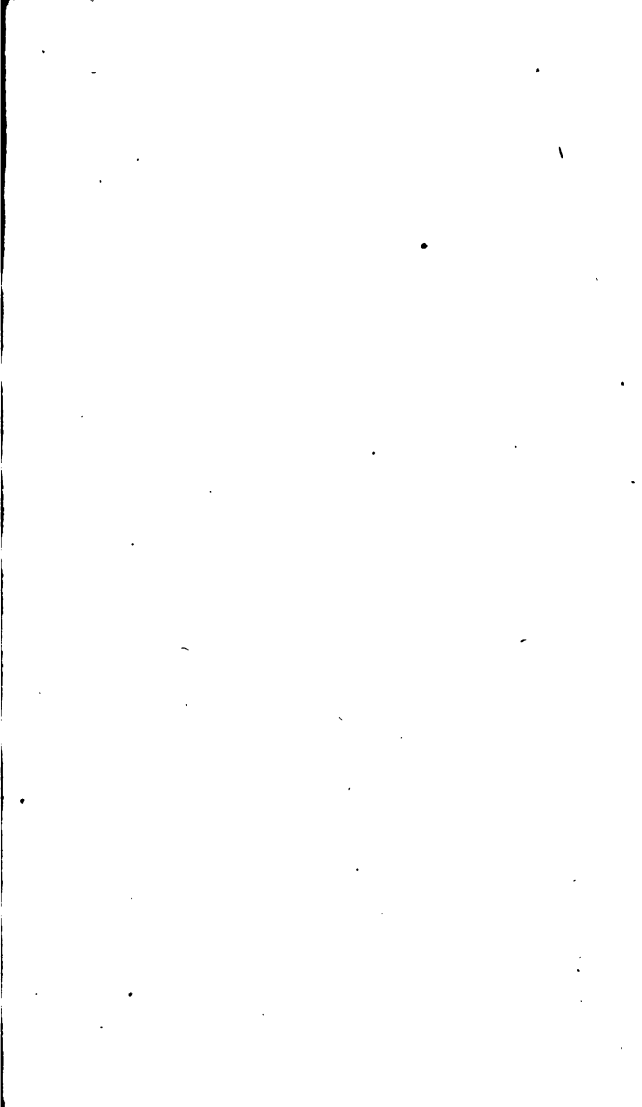
James. Ah!—then so much the worse!

Mrs. A. You see, then, Edward gave you good advice. You are to save your money, and not only for yourself, but for others, so that you may do all the good in your power with it. Do you suppose, my dear, that there was no other bird than this in all the world, to which you might have given assistance?

James. I was thinking of no other then. I wish, mamma, you had but seen how much he seemed to suffer at first, and how glad he was afterward, when I let him fly away. He was quite giddy with his joy, he knew not where to go that he might clap his wings. However, dear mamma, the boy assured me, for I made him promise, that he would never try to catch him a second time.

Mrs. A. My little fellow, you have, notwithstanding, done quite well; and to reward you, here's more money. *James.* More!—thank you.

Mrs. A. And a kiss into the bargain. How rejoiced I am in being your mamma! With such an inclination as you have for doing good, you need only study how to do it in a proper manner, and you will prove the happiest creature in the world.



A GOOD HEART COMPENSATES FOR
MANY INDISCRETIONS.



Dorothea. Where did the messenger find him?

Servant. He was sleeping under a willow on the bank of a little stream. The man stopped till he awoke.

A GOOD HEART COMPENSATES FOR MANY INDISCRETIONS.

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

MR. VAUGHAN.

MARY ANNE, *his Daughter.*

DOROTHEA, *his Neice.*

FREDERICK, *his Nephew.*

PETER, *an old Coachman.*

SERVANT.

SCENE. *An apartment in Mr. Vaughan's Country-House.*

SCENE I.

Mr. Vaughan. THIS is what one gains by taking care of other people's children! This Frederick, how I loved him! he was, I believe, dearer to me than my own son, and the scape-grace now plays these pranks! How could he change so far from what he was in his infancy! Such goodness of heart, such spirit, such cheerfulness! The courage of a lion, and the mildness of a lamb! One could not help loving him. But let him never appear before me again. I will never even hear him mentioned.

Enter Dorothea.

Dor. Did you send for me, uncle? What are your commands?

Mr. V. I have fine news for you, concerning your rogue of a brother ?

Dor. (turning pale) Concerning Frederick ?

Mr. V. There, read that letter from Richard ; or I will read it myself. (*Reads.*)

“ Dear Father,—I am sorry to have none but disagreeable news for you ; however, it is better that you should receive it from me, than from another. Our dear Frederick”—O yes ! He deserves that affectionate name now—“ Our dear Frederick goes on very indifferently. He sold his watch some days ago, and what is still worse, the greatest part of his school-books and books of devotion. I will tell you how I came to know it. At a shop of second-hand books, I asked the other day by chance, for the *Whole Duty of Man* ; for as I had worn mine out by dint of reading it, I thought I could not do better than to buy another. The bookseller showed me one, which I knew immediately to be Frederick’s. I was positive of it, as his name was upon the title page. I bought it for sixpence, but did not say a word about it, for fear of prejudicing our school-fellows against him. I contented myself with showing it to the head-master, who sent for the bookseller, and asked him from whom he had that book. The bookseller confessed that he had bought it from my cousin, and Frederick could not deny it, but said, that he had sold it because he wanted money ; and that mean time, until he should be able to buy another, he had borrowed one from a friend who had two. The head-master would know what he had done with his money, and Frederick told him,

though I suspect his account to be all a fib! O, thought I to myself, we must find if he has not parted with some of his necessaries too. I thought first of the watch that you gave him for his new-year's gift, to let him see how his time went, which was a matter that he minded very little, as you may remember. I asked him what o'clock it was? He seemed confused, and told me that his watch was at the watch-maker's. I went thither that moment, in order to be certain. There was not a word of truth in it. I expostulated with him, as an affectionate cousin ought; but he answered me, it was no concern of mine, and that his watch was much better as he disposed of it, than in his fob, as he had no longer occasion to know the hour for his business. Who knows what he may have done worse? for one cannot guess the whole."—Well, what do you say to this, Dorothea?

Dor. Dear uncle, I own that I am as much displeased at my brother as you are. Notwithstanding—

Mr. V. A little patience! This is not all. The best of the story is to come. (*reads.*)

"Only hear what he has done since. The day before yesterday, he went out in the afternoon without leave. Evening came on; he did not return. Supper bell rang; he was not to be found. In short, he staid out the whole night, and did not come in until the next morning. You may imagine how he was received. They asked him where he had been; but he invented all his stories before hand. And even, though all that he said were true

—he is to appear this evening before all the masters ; and if they do him justice, he will be expelled shamefully, or at least sent home. What afflicts me the most is, his ingratitude for all your kindnesses, the disgrace that he brings on us, and the irregular way of life that he follows. I cannot believe that he told the truth, in speaking of the place where he spent the night.”—And why do you not mention it?—“ But I wish that he may. It would be still worse, and would only be the more worthy of your resentment. He threatens now, to run away, and go home.”—Yes, yes, let him come home ! let him only put his foot upon my threshold ; he will see the consequence. Let him go where he spends his nights. As for you, Dorothea, I desire you never to speak a word to me in his favour. They may put him in prison, send him home, expel him ignominiously ; it is all one to me. I shall never concern myself about him. He may go to some sea-port, and ship himself, as cabin-boy, for the West-Indies. I have used him as a son too long.

Doro. True, my dear uncle, you have been as a father to us ; and even our own parents could not have shown more care and kindness to us.

Mr. V. I have done it with pleasure, and take no merit to myself for it. Your mother, while I was abroad on my travels, did the same for my children. So it became my duty, and I never to this day declined it : but——

Dor. Ah, if my brother has forgotten himself for a moment, it is owing only to his impetuous temper.

You have had him long under your eye. Whenever he had done a fault, his repentance and sorrow for having offended you always exceeded the offence.

Mr. V. Well, and how many indiscretions have I not pardoned him. When he burned his eyebrows and hair with his fire-works ; when he threw a stone through one of our neighbour's windows, and broke a large looking-glass ; when he fell into the mire, and spoiled a new suit of clothes ; when he overturned the handsomest carriage that I ever had ; did not I forgive him all this ? I attributed these mischievous freaks to a petulance that did not as yet show a bad disposition : but to sell his watch and his books, to leave his school of nights and lie out, to rebel against his masters, and still to have the face to think of coming home to me !——

Dor. My dear uncle, be pleased first to hear what he can say in his justification.

Mr. V. Hear him ? Heaven forbid that I should even see him. I shall tell all my tenants to receive him with a good stick, if he offers to come among them.

Dor. Ah, no ! Your heart could never consent to such harshness. You will not deny the request of a niece that loves and honours you as her father.

Mr. V. You will see whether that will be difficult to me.

Dor. Will you have me think then, that you no longer love the memory of your sister ? that you no longer love me ?

Mr. V. Love you ? I have no fault to find with

you. Your brother's misbehaviour shall never alter my sentiments towards you. But if you love me, do not tease me with any more solicitations. Study only to live happy in my presence.

Dor. How can I live happy, while I see my brother in disgrace?

Mr. V. He has deserved it but too well. Why not tell what he did with the money, and where he lay out?

Dor. It appears from the letter, that he confessed both. It is Richard only who will not believe him. (*Looks at Mr. Vaughan with tears in her eyes*) Ah, dear uncle——

Mr. V. (*a little softened*) Well, he shall have one chance more, on your account. I will wait for the head-master's letter.

Enter Servant.

Ser. A messenger, sir, would speak with you.

Mr. V. What has he brought?

Ser. A letter from the school, (*gives him the letter.*)

Mr. V. (*looking at the superscription*) Right. I was waiting for this. It comes from the head-master. I know his hand. Where is the messenger? let him wait for my answer.

Ser. Shall I show him up?

Mr. V. No; I will go down. I wish to inform myself from his own mouth. (*Goes out. Dorothea following him, the servant makes signs to her to stop.*)

Ser. Miss Dorothea, if you please!

Dor. What have you to say!

Ser. Master Frederick is here.

Dor. My brother ?

Ser. If he be not come yet, he is not far off.

Dor. Who told you so ?

Ser. The messenger, who overtook him on the road. Ah, miss, what has master Frederick done ?

Dor. Nothing unworthy. Do not believe him capable of it.

Ser. I never thought so of him. Heaven knows we all loved him, and would have given our lives for him. He was liberal to us for the least service we could do him. He spoke for us to your uncle whenever he was in a passion with us ; and he was a friend to all the poor people in the neighbourhood. I wonder his school-master could be angry with him. Ah ! I see how it is. They were going to punish him for some arch prank, and he, being a fine spirited young gentleman, would not be used so roughly.

Dor. Where did the messenger find him.

Ser. About a stage off. He was sleeping under a willow on the bank of a little stream.

Dor. My poor brother !

Ser. The man stopped till he awoke. You must think how surprised master Frederick was on seeing him. He imagined that this man had been sent after him to bring him back ; and he told him that he would sooner be torn in pieces than go with him.

Dor. Ah, I know his stout, resolute way.

Ser. The messenger protested that he had such a regard for him, that if he were sure to be scolded, or even to lose his place for it, he would not molest

him. He then told him his message, and how they spoke of him at school.

Dor. And what did my brother resolve to do.

Ser. Although he was worn out with fatigue, he walked on by the messenger's side, and they came together as far as the edge of our grove. Master Frederick struck in there, to hide himself in the grotto, and there he will stay for the messenger's return, to know how your uncle will take matters.

Dor. O if I could speak to him !

Ser. It is likely that he wishes it as much as you.

Dor. My uncle often walks that way. If he should meet him in his anger ! Be so kind as to run and tell him to hide himself in the barn behind the trusses of hay. I will go to him as soon as my uncle walks out.

Ser. Never fear, miss, I will take him there myself, and help him to hide. (*Goes out.*)

SCENE II.

Dor. (alone) What troubles he continually causes me ! yet I cannot help loving him.

Enter Mary Anne.

Dor. Ah, dear cousin, how I longed to speak with you ! and yet alas, I have but very bad news for you.

Mary. I know the whole. My father just now gave me my brother's letter to read. That which he has received from the school-master has redoubled his anger against Frederick.

Dor. I know not by what method I shall endeavour to justify him.

Mary. I would lay a wager he is innocent. Don't you know Richard's hypocrisy? He commits all the faults, and is artful enough to lay the blame upon others. This is not the first instance of his endeavouring to injure your brother in my father's opinion. Twenty times has he by under-hand complaints, had him almost turned out of the house; and then, when matters have been cleared up, he himself has been discovered to be the only person in fault. I see, even from his letter, that he is an asperser, and that Frederick, at worst, has been only imprudent.

Dor. What consolation your kindness affords me! Yes, my brother is naturally well inclined, free, sincere, generous, unsuspecting; but he is also petulant, daring, and inconsiderate. He is head-strong in his resolutions, and lacks respect for those who do not treat him according to his humour.

Mary. And Richard is envious, dissembling, hypocritical, and fawning. Like a cat that at first gives a paw soft as velvet, and afterwards strikes with her talons when you least suspect it. How willingly would I exchange my brother, with all his pretended virtues, for yours, "with all his imperfections on his head." The worst is, that Frederick is not here.

Dor. What if I should say he were?

Mary. Eh! where is he? Let me run to him. I long to see him.

Dor. Hush! I think I hear my uncle talking to himself.

Mary. Well, you are Frederick's sister ; it is but right that you should see him first. I will stay here with my father, and try to soften him. Do you run to the poor wanderer, and give him some words of comfort and hope.

Dor. Yes, and a good lecture besides, I assure you, for he deserves it, at all events. (*Goes out.*)

SCENE III.

Mr. Vaughan, Mary Anne.

Mr. V. I am so provoked against this boy that I have not been able to write, to send back by the messenger. However, he may stay here till to-morrow morning. Let me compose myself a little.

Mary. How, father ! are you still angry with my poor cousin ? Is his crime so very great then ?

Mr. V. Truly, it becomes you well to plead in his favour. I see that your head is no better than his, and you would have done worse, perhaps, in his place. Yet you have both of you a good example before you.

Mary. Who is that ?

Mr. V. My good boy Richard.

Mary. O, yes. My brother is a boy of great veracity, indeed ; very generous ! he is a pretty pattern !

Mr. V. I know that Dolly and you are no friends to him. I myself, from your opinions of him, had conceived a prejudice against him ; but his master gives me a good account of him to-day.

Mary. Nay, did not all his masters quite sicken you with his praises here ? They knew his father's

fortune, and people always hope to wheedle presents from a father, by flattering him about his son.

Mr. V. I grant that they may have flattered me a little with regard to him ; however, from his earliest childhood, he has never played a single prank for a thousand that Frederick has.

Mary. His pranks never hurt any one but himself.

Mr. V. Did he hurt nobody but himself, when he overturned my chariot ? A carriage elegantly gilt, and quite new, that had just cost me two hundred pounds !

Mary. It was but an accident ; imprudence is pardonable at his age. Peter was trying the carriage, and Frederick teased him so to take him up on the seat, that at last he consented. After they had gone a little way, he dropt the whip, and Peter went down for it. The horses, finding the reins in weaker hands, ran off. Luckily the harness gave way, and nothing suffered but the carriage.

Mr. V. That was not enough, perhaps ! And who, upon the whole, has more reason to complain than I ?

Mary. Frederick, who had his head terribly cut ; but above all, poor Peter, who lost his place by it.

Mr. V. I cannot think of it yet with patience. That fine adventure cost me above eighty guineas !

Mary. And how much grief did it cost the good-natured Frederick ! He will never forgive himself, for having occasioned poor Peter's disgrace.

Mr. V. Two good-for-nothing fellows, fit to go together ! I am surprised, however, that you select

the worst characters, and plead their cause. Really, it is a pity that you were not born a boy, to be companion to your cousin. I think you would have had charming adventures together.

Mary. Nay, but—

Mr. V. Silence ! your teasing tires me. I am going to take a turn in the garden. Go find Dorothea, and both of you come to me. (*Goes out without his hat.*)

SCENE IV. *Mary Anne.*

I shall have a good deal of trouble to bring father about. However, let us not despair. He is only ill-natured in words.

Enter Dorothea.

Dor. (*half opening the door, and peeping in.*)
Hist !

Mary. Well ?

Dor. Is my uncle out ?

Mary. He is just gone. Where is Frederick ?

Dor. He waits for us on the back stairs.

Mary. You have only to take him to our room.

Dor. No ; that won't do. Jenny is there.

Mary. Why cannot we bring him here ? Nobody comes here when father is out.

Dor. You are right ; and it will be easier too for him to slip out upon occasion. Stay here, I will bring him up. (*Goes out.*)

Mary Anne. How curious I am to hear him tell his story ! and I shall be glad to see him too. It is above a year since he left us. Ah ! I hear him. (*Goes to the door to meet him.*)

Enter Dorothea and Frederick.

Mary. (*embracing him*) Ah, my dear cousin.

Dor. He deserves this kindness, indeed, for the trouble that he has caused us !

Mary. I see him, and all is forgotten.

Fred. My dear cousin, do I find you then still the same ? You have never been so hard upon me as my sister.

Dor. If I were as much so as your uncle ; ah, then——

Fred. In the first place, what does *he* say ? Can it be true that he is so enraged against me ?

Dor. If he knew us to conceal you, we should have no more to do than quit the house and go about our business.

Mary. O, it is very true. Do not think of appearing before him yet awhile. He is in no humour to receive you now.

Fred. What can our head-master have written to him ?

Dor. A handsome encomium upon your exploits.

Mary. My brother had touched a little upon the subject by yesterday's post.

Fred. What ! has Richard written ? Then I have occasion for nothing more to justify me. He knows the whole matter as well as I, for I trusted him with every thing.

Mary. Had we not better judge of you from his letter ?

Fred. Well, if I be not innocent, I am the greatest rogue——

Dor. That is saying nothing. You must be either one or the other.

Fred. And could you think me guilty ? What is my crime ? selling my watch ?

Dor. No more than that ? who can tell if your shirts too, and your clothes—

Fred. Very true. I would have sold every thing, if I had had occasion for more money.

Dor. A very pretty defence, truly ! and to pass whole nights from the school !

Fred. One night, sister.

Dor. And to rebel against merited chastisement ?

Fred. Say rather against an outrage that I did not deserve. If I had submitted to it, I should always have borne a blot in the opinion of my uncle ; and if they had expelled me, I should never have appeared before you.

Mary. But, dear Frederick, what can you say in your defence ? We ought to know it, in order to clear you to papa.

Fred. Here is the fact. Some days ago, they talked of a fair that was to be in the neighbouring village. Our master gave a few of us leave to go there, in order to amuse ourselves, and gratify our curiosity.

Dor. Ah ! then it was for oranges and tarts that your watch and your *Whole Duty of Man* went, or perhaps for a sight of monkies and tumblers.

Fred. Surely, my sister must have a great taste for those things, to suppose one could spend money on them. No, it was not so. I was thirsty, and went into a public house to have some beer.

Dor. Why that is worse still.

Fred. Really, sister, you are very severe. But let me finish. While I was sitting there—

Mary. (*listening at the door*) We are undone! my father! I hear him!

Dor. Run! run!

Fred. No; I will wait for my uncle, and throw myself at his feet.

Mary. O no, dear cousin! he is not capable of listening to you. Do, for my sake—

Fred. Would you have me go?

Mary. Yes, yes, leave me to manage for you. (*She pushes him to the door of the back stairs, shuts it and returns.*)

Enter Mr. Vaughan.

Mary. Ah, papa, I see you are returned already from your walk.

Mr. V. I am looking for my hat. I don't know where I left it.

Dor. (*looking about*) Here, here it is.

Mr. V. You could not think of bringing it to me.

Dor. I must have been blind sure, not to see it.

Mary. Who can think of every thing?

Mr. V. Truly, you have so many things to take up your attention!

Mary. I was just thinking of poor Frederick.

Mr. V. Must I constantly have that name rung in my ears?

Mary. Well, papa, let us talk no more about him. Would you not choose to finish your walk before the dew falls?

Mr. V. No. I will go out no more this evening.

(*Mary Anne and Dorothea look at each other, shaking their heads with an air of disappointment*) It is too late. Besides, I have just been told that my old coachman is below, and would speak with me.

Mary & Dor. What ! Peter ?

Mr. V. Whatever damage he has caused me, the damage is done, and he has been sufficiently punished for it. I would know what he has to say.

Mary. He might very well wait until you returned from your walk. (*Mary Anne and Dorothea whisper together.*)

Mr. V. No, no. I shall dismiss him the sooner. After all (*to Mary Anne*) When your father—(*to Dorothea*) When your uncle speaks to you, I think that you should listen to him. After all—(*Dorothea endeavours to steal away*) Where are you going, Dorothea ?

Dor. (*confused*) I have business down stairs.

Mr. V. Well, tell Peter to come up. After all, I pity the poor man. I never had so good a coachman. My horses were so sleek, that you might see your face in their coats ; and he never embezzled their corn at the ale-house. (*Dorothea goes out.*)

Mary. Ah, if you had kept him, you would have spared poor Frederick many a sorrowful moment.

Mr. V. Say no more of him. It was he who occasioned me to discharge Peter, and to be at present without a coachman ; for after him I conceived a dislike to all others. I shall never find one to replace him.

Enter Dorothea and Peter.

Dr. Uncle, here is Peter.

Pet. I beg pardon, Sir, but I cannot think that you are still angry with me. I hope you will not take it amiss that I have made bold to wait on you as I passed the house, and to beg you to let me have a discharge.

Mr. V. Did not I give you one?

Pet. I never had any other than "There, take your wages; quit my house this moment, and never let me see you again." You did not give me time, sir, to ask for a gentler discharge.

Mr. V. You did not deserve more ceremony from me, after destroying my finest carriage. I almost wish Frederick had broken his neck at the same time.

Pet. What could you expect, sir? A coachman's sense is in his whip, and I had just lost possession of mine. But I shall be wiser for the future.

Mr. V. Well, it is all over. How do you live?

Pet. Ah, dear master, since I left your house I have never had a happy moment. You know, upon quitting your service, I went to live with Major Bramfield. O what a master! He could never speak but with his cane lifted up, rest his soul!

Mr. V. He is dead then?

Pet. Yes, to the great joy of his soldiers. He never gave me his orders without swearing like a Turk. His horses had their full measure of corn, and his people plenty of hard knocks, but not much bread.

Mary. Poor Peter ! why did you stay in his service ?

Pet. Where could I go ? What kept me there, was, that my wife found employment in the house, in washing and mending the linen. She earned at least half as much as maintained our children. Every one trembled before the Major. Death alone made him tremble, and laid him low. At present I am out of place, and know not where to lay my head.

Mr. V. But you know I never wish any one to starve, much less an old servant.

Pet. I always thought so ; but those terrible words, "Never let me see you again," sounded like a clap of thunder in my ears. Ten of the Major's greatest oaths could not have frightened me so much.

Mary. And you have had no master since ?

Pet. Ah, miss, it is not here as it is in London. In the poor little villages about here, people want their corn more for themselves than for their horses. I worked at daily labour in the fields, my wife spun, and my children went about asking charity. But all of us together made so little, that we were not able at the week's end, to pay the rent of a poor garret. Very soon we had nothing but the earth for our bed, and the sky for our covering. My poor wife died of grief and hardship. (*wipes his eyes.*)

Mr. V. You deserve it all. Why did not you come and ask my assistance ?

Mary. (to Dor.) Now my papa shows himself once more. A good sign for Frederick.

Pet. Ah, sir, what a woman it was ! Sure, never was a better wife. Whenever I came home at night, without having earned a farthing, and thought that I must go to bed hungry, I always found half of her morsel of bread left purposely for me. When I foamed with rage, like one in despair, and would destroy every thing round me, she always restored me to my calm senses, and made me a reasonable man again. Now she is dead, and I cannot bring her to life. There my real unhappiness began, and heaven knows where it will end.

Dor. Poor Peter !

Pet. I had no more hopes of finding a service in these parts, so I sat out one fine evening, with my little girl in my arms, and I took my boy by the hand. We walked a great part of the night, and slept the remainder under a hedge. Next morning by break of day, we were in sight of a town. Luckily there was a fair there that day. I earned some money by carrying burthens. But, sir, I must say it was an angel, an angel from heaven, master Frederick—

Mr. V. An angel ? what, Frederick ? that reprobate ?

Mary & Dor. (approaching Peter with looks of joy and curiosity.) What, Frederick ? Frederick ?

Pet. Dear master, use me ill if you will ; but not that fine, generous child. I would rather that you should trample me under your feet.

Dor. O tell us, Peter, tell us.

Pet. My little Lucy went to ask charity at the door of a public house. Master Richard and Master Frederick were sitting there at a table, with some beer before them.

Mr. V. Aye, fine inclinations! in an ale-house!

Dor. Nay, uncle, he went only to refresh himself.

Mr. V. What business had he in town at all?

Mary. He had leave to see the fair. Your good Richard, you see, was there too.

Pet. He presently knew my child, and rose from table in spite of all his companion could say. He made poor little Lucy drink a glass of beer, took her by the hand, leading her out, heard from herself, a brief account of our misery. He then desired her to bring him to me, and found me in the next street, drinking out of my hat at a well, as the heat of my work had made me thirsty. I thought that I should run mad with joy upon seeing him. All shabby and dirty as I was, I took him in my arms before every body; and hugged him so close, the folks were afraid I should stifle him. He was heartily glad to see me too. At last, as there was a number of people about us, he told me to lead him to a place where we might be by ourselves, and I took him to a barn, where I had already bespoke my bed for the night.

Mary. Ah, papa, I would lay a wager—

Mr. V. Silence. Well, Peter?

Pet. I told him all that I have now told you. The child began to weep. I should beg for you, cried he, as I am the cause of your misfortunes; but

I will not sleep without relieving them. Here, Peter, said he, feeling in his pockets, take what money I have about me. I was not for taking it: that made him angry. I told him that it was money given him for his amusement, and that as for me, I was used to hardship. He frowned, and stamped with his feet, and I verily believe that he would have struck me if I had not taken his purse.

Mr. V. How much was there in it?

Pet. Almost a crown. He would keep no more than six-pence. It shall never be said, continued he, that an honest servant of my uncle, who has neither robbed nor defrauded any one, shall be obliged to go begging with his children, and not have so much as a lodging. Take a little room. Before three days I will return, and I will support you until I shall have written to my uncle. We have both provoked him against us; but he is too humane, and too generous to abandon you to misery.

Mr. V. Did he really say so, Peter?

Pet. I can take my oath of it, master.

Mary. Well, well, we can believe you; finish your story.

Pet. How do you employ your children? said he, as he took my Billy upon his knee. Employ them? said I, they go about selling nosegays and toothpicks; and when nobody buys, they ask charity. That is not right, said he. They would never learn any thing by that course but idleness and profligacy. You should make your boy learn a good trade, and put the girl out to a decent service.

Mary. Frederick was very right there, papa.

Pet. Yes, said I ; but how can I offer the children to any body in these rags ? If I had only three guineas, I could soon settle them. There is a weaver hard by, that employs young hands, and would take my Billy, if I could only give him two guineas fee ; and a dairy-man's wife would take Lucy into her service, if she was a little better clad. Then I could go and offer myself for service in some rich family, and not be reduced to stroll about like a vagrant.

Mr. V. And what did Frederick say ?

Pet. Nothing, sir. He went away ; but, two days after, he returned. Where is the weaver that will take your son apprentice ? carry me to him. So I did ; he spoke with him privately for awhile. And the dairy-man's wife, said he, that will take charge of Lucy ? where does she live ? I took him there too. He left me, at the door, went and spoke to the woman in her dairy, joined me again without saying a word, and we came away. After we had walked about forty yards, he stopped, and taking me by the hand. My honest old friend, said he, make yourself easy as to your children. He then pointed me to a shop of second-hand clothes, that happened to be not far off, where he had paid before-hand for this jacket, and this great coat—Don't I look like a squire in them ?

Mary. O my excellent cousin ! good-natured Frederick !

Mr. V. (wiping his eyes) I see now where the watch went.

Pet. That is not all, sir. Did not I catch him slipping money into my pocket? I was for returning it to him, and told him that he had already done too much for me. But if ever I see him fall in a passion, it was then. He assured me, sir, that it was you who had sent it to him for my use. And when I was for coming here directly to thank you, he told me that you would not have it mentioned. Ah, thought I to myself, Mr. Vaughan was so good a master! Perhaps he would take me again. For all that, I did not dare to come, as master Frederick had forbidden me.

Mr. V. O Frederick! my dear Frederick! you have still that noble and generous heart I always thought you to possess from your infancy.

Mary. And what determined you at last to appear again before my father?

The case was this: They would not take out a copy of the register of his baptism, so that I must come here to the clerk of the church. As I entered the village, I heard that they wanted a coachman. It seemed as if master Frederick had sent good luck along with me. I went to my lord, who promised to take me if I had a proper discharge from my last master. I went to go into the other world to ask the Major for one; so I took my chance, though sadly afraid, to apply to you. And should you even refuse me, I shall at least have returned you my acknowledgments, for the relief that you was so kind as to convey to me through the hands of master Frederick.

No, honest Peter. You are indebted for

them to him alone. It is he who has stripped himself to cover you. But he is also indebted to you for the return of my favor. From what a misfortune do you save him ! Yes, but for you, but for you, so great was my resentment against him, I should have banished him from my presence for ever.

Pet. Say you so, sir ? Then I am the happiest man in the world, to save him from misfortune as he has saved me.

Mr. V. That sneaking varlet Richard had almost turned my heart against him. How could I trust that knave, who has so often imposed upon me ? But the head-master of the school !—

Mary. Why, papa, he must have imposed on him as well as you.

Mr. V. But bless me, they write me word that Frederick is run away. If he should grow desperate ! If any misfortune should happen to

Pet. A horse ! I'll bring you, if he were at the world's end.
(*out.*)

Dor. (*holding him*) My dear uncle, really pardon him ? would you take arms once more ?

Mr. V. Aye ; though he had sold all though he were to return as naked as he
(*Dorothea makes a sign to Mary Anne, and runs out.*)

Mary. What if he were here, papa ?

Mr. V. Here ? has any one seen him ? where is he ?

Pet. Ah, if he was here ! if he was here ! I would jump up to the ceiling for joy.

Mary. Well, papa, do you see him ?

Ester Frederick and Dorothea. (*Frederick kneels to his uncle. Peter shows an extravagance of joy. Dorothea and Mary Anne in tears.*)

Fred. Uncle, my dear uncle, will you forgive me ?

Mr. V. Forgive you ? I love you a thousand times better than before. You deserve it, and shall never leave me again.

Fred. No, uncle ; never, never. (*turning, he sees Peter and takes him by the hand.*) Ah, if you had seen the misery of this poor man and his children ! if you had been the cause of their distress !

Pet. 'Twas I, 'twas I myself ; why did I let you climb upon my seat, or leave you to manage a pair of horses ? But who could refuse you anything I could not, though the carriage were to leave me. So mark, master Frederick, never do anything improper again ; I should agree ; but I should go and drown myself.

Why didn't you write to me an account of all this ; instead of selling your watch, your books, and perhaps your clothes. It was at least an impudence in a child like you, who knows not the value of things.

F. Yes, that is true ; but to let this family be so long in their distress, seemed to me as if I had done nothing. Besides, ~~as~~ you had turned Peter

away in a passion, I was afraid that you would forbid me to assist him ; and that by disobeying your express orders, I should make myself more blameable.

Mr. V. What, then, you would have disobeyed me there ?

Fred. Yes, uncle ; but in that only.

Mr. V. Kiss me, my brave Frederick. After all, there is one article in the letter which makes me hesitate ; that is, your lying out. Where did you pass the night ?

Fred. I had carried Peter the money that day. Our master was not at home in the evening, and I knew that the doors would be shut at ten o'clock. I expected to be at home before, and so I should, if I had not gone astray after dark.

Dor. Poor brother ! where did you lie, then ?

Fred. I found an empty shed, and there I stretched myself upon a great stone, and never slept well in my life. I was so happy to have seen her !

Mary. Ah, that ill-natured Richard ! good ! we not to tell us all this, and yet

Mr. V. From this moment I withdraw from him, and you alone——

Fred. No, uncle ; I will not be happy at the expence of another, and far less at that of your son.

Dor. (taking his hand) How much I ought to love such a brother !

Mr. V. Well, let him remain at the school ; I shall never leave me. I wish to have you al

near my heart, and will have masters for you of all sorts, if they have to come a hundred miles.

Pet. (making a low bow) My worthy master, you are always the same.

Mr. V. (patting him on the shoulder) Peter, have you agreed with Lord Vasty ?

Pet. Bless your heart, sir, I had no discharge to show.

Mr. V. You shall not need one. I see I shall make Frederick and you happy in having you near each other once more. But never let him mount your seat again. We shall take care of your children too.

Pet. Dear Master !—Sir !—are you serious ? Is not this a dream ? Frederick ! Master Frederick ! shall my poor children—Ah, let me go and see my old friends in the stable !

PRISCILLA AND MARCUS.

MRS. CAREY, a young widow, had two children, Priscilla and Marcus, both equally deserving of her affection, but which they shared very unequally. Priscilla, young as she was, perceived her mother's partiality to her brother. It afflicted her, but she concealed within her own breast the sorrow which this preference occasioned. Though not disagreeably plain, her features did not correspond with the charms of her mind ; but her brother was beautiful as nature could make him. All the fondness,

all the caresses of Mrs. Carey, were lavished on him alone; and the servants, to gain the favour of their mistress, were studious to flatter him in all his fancies.

Priscilla, on the contrary, from her mother's coldness, found herself slighted by the whole family. Far from anticipating her wishes, they even neglected her real wants. She would shed tears, when she found herself alone, and forsaken by every body, but never suffered the slightest complaint or mark of discontent to escape her in the presence of others. In vain did she endeavour, by a constant observance of her duty, by her mildness, and her attentions, to make amends in her mother's opinion for the deficiency of beauty; the qualities of her mind were unnoticed by eyes accustomed only to look on outward advantages. Mrs. Carey, not much affected by the marks of tenderness which Priscilla showed her, seemed, particularly since her husband's death, to view her with a kind of disgust. She was continually chiding her, and required perfections in her which could not be even expected from an understanding far more advanced.

This unjust mother fell sick. Marcus appeared strongly touched with her sufferings; but Priscilla, who, in the softened looks and languid countenance of her mother, thought she perceived an abatement of her accustomed severity, far surpassed her brother in her care and vigilance. Attentive to her mother's slightest wants, she exerted all her penetration to discover them, that she might spare or

even the trouble of expressing them.—While her mother's illness had the least appearance of danger, she never quitted her pillow. Entreaties, nor even commands, could prevail on her to take a moment's repose. At length Mrs. Carey recovered. This happy circumstance dissipated the apprehensions of Priscilla; but her sorrows began afresh, when she saw her mother re-assume her usual severity towards her.

One day, when Mrs. Carey was conversing with her children on the pains that she had suffered during her illness, and thanking them for the tender and earnest affection which their cares for her had testified, "My dear children, added she, you may both ask of me whatever will give you most pleasure. I promise to grant it you, if your desires are within the reach of my fortune."

What do you wish, Marcus? said she first to her son.—A watch and a cane, mamma, replied he.—You shall have them to-morrow morning.

And you, Priscilla?—Me, mamma? me? answered she, trembling, I have nothing to wish for, if you love me.

That is not an answer. You shall have your recompence too, miss. What would you wish? Speak.

Though Priscilla had been accustomed to this tone of severity, yet she felt it more sensibly on this occasion than ever she had done before. She threw herself at her mother's feet, looked up to her with eyes drowned in tears, and suddenly hiding

her face with both her hands, lisped out these words, "give me only two kisses, such as you give my brother."

Mrs. Carey's heart melted at these words, and she felt those sentiments of affection to her daughter now revive, which she had hitherto suppressed. Taking her in her arms, she clasped her to her breast, and loaded her with kisses. Priscilla, who for the first time received her mother's caresses, gave a loose to the effusions of her joy and love. She kissed her cheeks, her eyes, her hands: and Marcus, who could not help loving his sister, mixed his embraces with hers. They all enjoyed a happiness which was not confined to the present moment. Mrs. Carey repaid with interest that affection which she had before withheld from Priscilla, and Priscilla returned it with new marks of tenderness. Nor was Marcus in the least jealous on this account, but rejoiced in his sister's happiness. He soon reaped the reward of so generous a behaviour. The natural goodness of his disposition having been a little injured by the weakness and doating fondness of his mother, he gave way to many little indiscretions, which would have lost him her heart, but Priscilla, always found means to excuse him to her. The sensible advice too which she gave him, completed the reform of his manners; and they all three experienced, that there is no true happiness in a family, without the most cordial union between brothers and sisters, and the most lively and equal affection between parents and children.

ROBERT L. L. L.

ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

THE THREE CAKES.



"Here, good old man, here is some cake for you."

"Where?" replied the poor musician, feeling with his hands; "where is it, for I am blind, and cannot see you."

THE THREE CAKES.

COME, come, said Mr. Bellamy to Albany his son, one beauteous summer morning, here's a basket with some cake and currants in it. Let's be gone, that we may breakfast by the river side.

With all my heart, papa, said Albany, and jumped about for joy. He took the basket in one hand, and with the other in his father's, hastened toward the river. Having reached it, they walked on a little way to choose a proper place; when Mr. Bellamy, arriving at a very pleasant spot, cried out, Let's stop here, Albany; for this will yield us a delightful prospect, while we sit and eat.

Alb. But how are we to eat without a table?

Mr. B. Fortunately here's the trunk of an old tree that will serve for a table very well, if we had need of one; but you may eat your currants as they lie together in the basket.

Alb. So I can: but how shall we supply the want of chairs?

Mr. S. And do you reckon this soft grass as nothing? See how thick it is with flowers. We will take our seat upon it: or perhaps you would rather choose the carpet?

Alb. Choose the carpet? Why you know, papa, the carpet's fast nailed down upon the parlour floor.

Mr. B. It is true there is a carpet there: but still there's one here also.

Alb. I don't see it, if there is.

Mr. B. Why, what's the grass but a carpet for the fields? And what a charming one too! It is of a fresh colour, and much more downy than any one we have. How spacious too! it covers every hill and all the level plain. The lambs repose upon it at their ease. Think, Albany, what they would have to suffer, on a bare or stony piece of ground! their limbs are so extremely delicate, they could not but be very quickly injured. They have mothers, but those mothers cannot make them soft feather-beds. God therefore has provided for them better than the poor sheep can, and made them this soft couch, where they may roll about, or sleep entirely at their ease.

Alb. And then, papa, there's another good thing besides, that they may eat it when they like.

Mr. B. O ho! I understand your meaning. So here take your cake and currants.

Alb. O, how good! There's nothing wanting but a story while I'm eating. Will you tell me one, papa, the prettiest you may know?

Mr. B. With all my heart. Your cake reminds me of a story I can tell you about three cakes.

Alb. One, two, three cakes! O what a charming story that must be! So, quick, papa, and tell it me.

Mr. B. Come and sit beside me then. Be wholly at your ease, and then you'll hear the better.

Alb. I'm quite ready; so begin, papa.

Mr. B. There was a little boy named Paul, about your age. His parents had but lately fixed him at

a boarding-school. He was a smart boy, forever at his book, and happened once to get the highest place at exercises. His mamma was told it. She could not keep from dreaming of the pleasure; and when morning came, she sent to the cook, and said to her,—Cook, you are to make a cake for Paul, who yesterday was very good at school.—With all my heart, replied the cook, and set immediately about it. It was as big as—let me see—as a hat when flapped. The cook had stuffed it with nice almonds, large pistachio nuts, and candied lemon-peel, and iced it over with a coat of sugar, so that it was very smooth, and of a perfect white. The cake no sooner was come from the oven, than the footman was dispatched with it to school. When Paul first saw it, he jumped up and down like any Merry Andrew. He was not so patient as to wait till they could let him have a knife, but fell upon it tooth and nail.—He ate and ate till school began, and after school was over, he ate again: At night too it was the same till bed-time. Nay, a little fellow Paul had for a playmate told me, that he put the cake upon his bolster when he went to bed, and waked, and waked a dozen times, that he might take a bit. I cannot so easily believe this last particular; but then it is very true that on the morrow, when the day was hardly broke, he set about his favourite business once again, continuing it all the morning, and by noon had ate it up. The dinner-bell now rung, but Paul, as one may fancy, had no appetite, and was vexed to see how heartily the other children ate. It was however worse than this at five

o'clock, when school was over. His companions asked him if he would not play at cricket, taw, or kites. Alas, he could not; so they played without him. In the mean time Paul could hardly stand upon his legs; he went and sat down in a corner very gloomy, while the children said to each other, What's the matter with poor Paul, that used to skip about, and be so merry? See how pale and sorrowful he is! The master himself came, and seeing him, was quite alarmed. It was all lost labour to interrogate him. Paul could not be brought to speak a single word. By great good luck, a boy at last came forward who was in the secret: and his information was, that Paul's mamma had sent him a great cake the day before, which he had swallowed in an instant, as it were, and that his present sickness was occasioned only by his gluttony. The master sent for an apothecary, who soon ordered him a quantity of physic, phial after phial. Paul, as one may fancy, found it very nauseous; but was forced to take the whole, for fear of dying; which, had he omitted it, would certainly have been the case. When a few days of physic and strict regimen had passed, his health was re-established as before; but his mamma protested that she would never send him another cake.

Alb. He did not merit so much as the taste of such a thing. But this is only one cake, papa; and you informed me, if you remember, there were three in your story.

Mr. B. Patience! patience! here's another cake in what I am now going to tell.

Paul's master had another scholar, and his name was Francis. He had written his mamma a very pretty letter, and it had not so much as a blotted stroke. In recompence for which she sent him likewise a great cake ; and Francis thus addressed himself ; I will not, like that glutton Paul, eat up my cake at once, and so be sick as he was. No, I'll make my pleasure last a great deal longer. So he took the cake, which he could hardly lift by reason of its weight, and watched the opportunity of slipping up into his chamber where his box was, and in which he put it under lock and key. At play time every day he slipt away from his companions, went up stairs on tip-toe, cut a tolerable slice off, swallowed it, put by the rest, and then came down and mixed again with his companions. He continued this clandestine business all the week ; and even then the cake was hardly half consumed. But what ensued. At last the cake grew dry and quickly after mouldy ; nay, the very maggots got into it, and by that means had their share ; on which account it was then not worth eating, and our young curmudgeon was compelled to fling the rest away with great reluctance. No one grieved however for him.

Alb. No indeed ; nor I, papa. What ! keep a cake locked up seven days together, and not give one's friend a bit ! That's monstrous ! but let's have the other now.

Mr. B. There was another little gentleman who went to school with Paul and Francis whose name was Gratian. His mother sent him a cake one day,

because she loved him, and indeed he loved her also very much. It was no sooner come, than Gratian thus addressed his young companions. Come and look at what mamma has sent me ; you must every one eat with me. They scarcely needed such a welcome piece of information twice, but all got round the cake, as you have doubtless seen the bees resorting to a flower just blown. As Gratian was provided with a knife, he cut a great piece off, and then divided it into as many shares as he had brought boys together by such a courteous invitation. Upon this he ranged them in a circle, and beginning with the boy that stood next to him, he went round, distributing to each his portion, till the shares were all disposed of. Gratian then took up the rest, and told them he would eat his piece next day ; on which he put it up and went to play with his companions, who were all solicitous to have him choose whatever game he thought might entertain him most.

A quarter of an hour had scarcely passed, as they were playing, when a poor old man, with a fiddle, came into the yard ; he had a long white beard, and being blind, was guided by a little dog, who went before him with a collar round his neck, to which a cord was fastened that the poor blind man had hold of. It was noticed with how much dexterity the little dog conducted him, and how he shook a bell that, I forgot to say, hung below his collar, when he came near any one, as if he had designed to say by such an action, don't run against my master, or throw him down.

Having got into the yard, he sat down upon a

stone, and hearing several children talking round him, My dear little gentlemen, said he, I'll play you all the pretty tunes I know, if you will give me leave. The children wished for nothing better. He put his violin in tune, and then thrummed over several jigs, and other scraps of music, that it was easy to conjecture had been new in ancient times.

Gratian saw, that while he played his merriest airs, a tear would now and then run down his cheek, on which he stopped to ask him why he wept?—Because, said the musician, I am very hungry. I have no one in the world to give my dog or me anything to eat. I wish I could work, and get for both of us a bit of something, but I've lost my strength and sight. Alas! I laboured hard till I was old, and now want bread.

The generous Gratian hearing this, wept too. He said not a word but ran to fetch the cake he had designed to eat himself. He brought it out with joy, and as he ran along, said, Here, good old man, here is some cake for you.—Where? replied the poor musician, feeling with his hands; where is it? for I am blind and cannot see you. Gratian put the cake into his hand, when, laying his fiddle on the ground, he wiped his eyes, and began to eat. At every piece he put into his mouth, he gave his faithful dog a bit, who came and ate out of his hand; and Gratian, standing by him, smiled with pleasure at the thought of having fed the poor old man when he was hungry.

Alb. O the good, good Gratian!—Let me have your knife, papa.

Mr. B Here, Albany; but why my knife?

Alb. I'll tell you. I have only nibbled here a little of my cake, so pleased I was in listening to you! So I'll cut it smooth.—There—See how well I've ordered it!—These scraps, together with the currants, will be more than I shall want for breakfast: and the first poor man I meet with going home, shall have the rest, even though he should not play upon the violin.

THE GREAT GARDEN.

MR. DRAPER had received no very great inheritance from fortune and his parents; but was not without the happy secret of conforming his desires to what he had; and notwithstanding he was frequently obliged to go without many conveniences and comforts others could command by means of their abundance, never did one envious thought disturb his equability of temper. He had never suffered more than one affliction of considerable magnitude, arising from his want of this life's comforts; and that was the loss of an affectionate and virtuous woman, torn from his embraces by the hand of death. A charming little fellow, Leonard Draper, was the only child remaining to console him; and the education of this charming boy was the single object of his study and attention.

Leonard possessed by nature a very strong imagination ; and by this, his father had found out the happy secret of improving his reason at a very early time of life, by exhibiting before him every object in its real point of view, of which he had previously only given him an idea. By a series of strong images, arranged in order, and selected in a proper moment to produce their full effect, he had enabled him already to make many accurate and deep reflections.

Satisfied with his condition, this good father wished particularly to inculcate in his son those principles to which he himself owed the ease of his condition, and his unusual peace of mind. Yes, often would he whisper to himself, If I can accustom Leonard to live contented with his humble fortune, and point out to him what folly there would be in putting any value upon what he must not hope to enjoy, I shall have contributed more to make his manhood happy, than by leaving him heaps of gold and silver.

Occupied incessantly on this important lesson, he thought fit one evening to accompany his son to Vauxhall Gardens, for the first time in his life.

Immediately on entering, Leonard was struck with admiration and delight. The perfume of the flowers, the beauty of the paintings, the well-ordered disposition of the walks, the crowd of men and women elegantly dressed, the incessant motion of the multitude, the hum of their talk, the noise of the cascade, all joined to interest his contempla-

tion ; and his eye considered at one view ten thousand objects. His father seeing him thus absorbed, conducted him to that part of the gardens which was more retired from public observation ; in order that his senses, which were too much occupied by such a crowd of images, might be in some degree at rest. Soon after, he proposed indulging him with some refreshment, if he liked it. Leonard gladly accepted his father's offer ; and, having satisfied his appetite, spake as follows :

How extremely happy every one here seems ! I should like, papa, if we had such a charming garden. Did you notice what a number of fine carriages were at the door ? And all those gentlefolks that pass us ; how well dressed they are ! I should be glad to know why we must live so sparingly, when others in the world indulge themselves with every thing they have a mind to. I begin, papa, to see how poor you are. But why are so many around us rich ? They are not better people, surely, than you, papa.

You speak exactly like a child, replied the father. *You begin to see how poor I am ?* For my part, I can tell you, that I am quite rich.

Leo. And where are your riches ?

Mr.D. I have a garden much larger than this.

Leo. A garden ! you, papa ! I should be glad to see it.

They went very soon, it being now the season for pleasures : and the very day of their arrival at a country-house not far from London, Mr.

Draper took his son and led him up a hill, from whence the eye commanded an extensive prospect. On the right was seen a spacious forest, whose extremities seemed lost in the horizon. On the left, appeared a beauteous mixture of fine gardens, verdant meadows, and vast fields, quite covered with the promise of a plenteous harvest. Close below the hill was stretched a valley, watered in its whole extent with a thousand little rills; and all this landscape was in motion. There were fishermen in one part, busy with their nets; husbandmen in another, employed in gathering fruits and herbs; sportsmen with their clamorous bugles, urging the swift stag; shepherds watching their flocks or playing near them in the shade; and reapers carting their last sheaves, dancing all the way before them, while proceeding homeward. This delightful picture captivated Mr. Draper and his son, who for a time kept silence, till the child began the following conversation:

Leo. When, papa, shall we reach your garden?

Mr. D. We are at it now, my child.

Leo. But this is not a garden: it is a hill.

Mr. D. Look round as far as you can see; for this, I tell you, is my garden. Yonder forest, and these trees are all my property.

Leo. Your property, papa? You are bantering!

Mr. D. No, indeed, I am not. I will convince you in an instant that I dispose of every thing you see around us, as the owner of it only can do.

Leo. It will delight me to be sure of that.

Mr. D. If you had all this country what would you do with it ?

Leo. The same they do who are possessed of an estate that is their own.

Mr. D. But what may that be ?

Mr. D. In the first place, then, I would cut down a deal of timber, and make fire-wood of it, to be used this winter. In the next place I would go a hunting to catch venison. I would likewise sometimes fish, breed sheep and oxen ; and in harvest gather in the corn that covers this fine country.

Mr. D. Why, you comprehend the matter admirably, Leonard : and I am glad to find our notions so much alike. Well, then whatever you would do, I already do ; and I will convince you of it.

Leo. How, papa ?

Mr. D. I say, then, in the first place, I have men who cut down for me in this forest all the wood I have occasion for.

Leo. And yet, I never heard you order them to cut down any for you.

Mr. D. And why not ? because they have the forethought to prevent me. We always have a good fire below, and sometimes one above stairs. Well then, I have the wood brought to me from the forest to keep up those fires : for here, you know, we cannot get coals to burn, as if we were in London.

Leo. You have the wood brought to you from this forest ; but must pay for what you have.

Mr. D. If I were the real owner of this forest, should I not be forced to pay for what is brought me from it, as I am at present ?

Leo. No, indeed, papa. It would be cut down for you, and sent in without a penny cost on your part.

Mr. D. You believe so, no doubt. On the other hand, I think the cost might be a great deal more in that case than at present ; for you will grant, if I possessed the forest, I must keep one woodman at least to cut down the trees for fire-wood.

Leo. Well ; pass over this : can you hunt ?

Mr. D. And why, Leonard, should I hunt ?

Leo. To have venison.

Mr. D. Could we two eat a buck or doe entirely ourselves ?

Leo. We should have a charming appetite to be sure, if we did !

Mr. D. Well, then, as I cannot go a hunting, I send huntsmen in my place ; and very probably the venison you have seen hang up at Charing-cross, where lately you remember you went with me to buy some, was hunted in this forest. I can, therefore, without hunting venison, have as much as I think proper.

Leo. For your money !

Mr. D. Well ; and is it not a charming thing for me, that I can come at venison on these terms ? for I have no wages to pay those who hunt it for

me; and provided they should shoot it, I have in that case neither gun, nor ball, nor powder to supply them with: those various kinds of dogs our squire maintains, thank heaven! they eat up nothing that belongs to me.

Leo. Are those cows, too, and sheep, that graze in yonder meadow, your's?

Mr. D. Yes truly. Have you not fresh butter every day? It is from those cows I get it.

Leo. But, papa, if all these flocks, and all those little rivers too are your's, why have we not at dinner every day all sorts of meat and fish, as other rich folks I am told of?

Mr. D. Do they eat up every thing their servants set before them?

Leo. No: but they may choose at table any thing they like.

Mr. D. Agreed; but I make my choice, before my viands come to table. Every thing I want, I have. Superfluous things, it is true, I am not possessed of: but what benefit would they procure me, If I had them? I should want, in that case, a superfluous stomach also.

Leo. Wealthy people make good cheer; but you, papa, I fancy, do not.

Mr. D. ,Indeed I do, and better than the wealthy, Leonard. I have a sauce that almost always fails them; namely, a good appetite.

Leo. And have you then a great deal of money, as they have, to satisfy a thousand wishes?

Mr. D. Much more money; or at least, what is better, I have no wishes.

Leo. There is, however, much pleasure in contenting our wishes.

Mr. D. A hundred times more pleasure, child, in being self content as I am.

Leo. But does not God love the rich a great deal more than you, since he bestows on them so much gold and silver ?

Mr. D. Leonard, don't you recollect that wine we had on the table last Wednesday, when your uncle came to dine and sup with us, and which you said was so delicious ?

Leo. Yes, papa ; you were so good, I well remember, as to give me half a glass of it.

Mr. D. But you wanted more. I might have let you had it, for you know there was a plenty even after supper : why, then, did I not oblige you ?

Leo. Because you was afraid it would make me ill.

Mr. D. I recollect I told you so : and do not you fancy I did right ?

Leonard. O, you did indeed ; I know you love me and are always studying how to make me happy. So you would not have refused me such a trifle as a glass of wine, if you had thought it would have pleased me, and not hurt my health.

Mr. D. And can you think God loves you less than I do ?

Leo. No, papa, I cannot after what I've so often heard you say of his goodness.

Mr. D. On the other hand, do you believe he

would have found it difficult to give you gold and silver in abundance ?

Leo. No more difficult than I should find it to give any one a handful of the dust we tread on.

Mr. D. Well then, if, as you acknowledge, he is able to bestow these on you and does not bestow them on you, even though he loves you, what are you to think of his refusal ?

Leo. That the riches I desire would be hurtful.

Mr. D. Are you perfectly convinced of this ?

Leo. Yes, perfectly, and have not a word to say against it. . . . Yet, papa—

Mr. D. Well ; why thus shake your head ? You have still some burthen on your heart : what is it ?

Leo. Notwithstanding all your reasonings, I can never bring myself to fancy all this country your's.

Mr. D. Why not ?

Leo. Because you cannot enjoy it as you please.

Mr. D. Do you know the famous Mr. Norton ?

Leo. Do I know him ? Why that's he who has such charming gardens.

Mr. D. And can he enjoy those gardens as he pleases ?

Leo. No, indeed : poor man ! he dares not even eat a bunch of grapes !

Mr. D. And yet you have seen some very fine ones in his garden.

Leo. That I have ; but they would do him harm.

Mr. D. You see then, one may easily possess a number of good things, and yet not dare to use them as he likes. I dare not use my gardens as I certainly should like, because my fortune will not let me ; and this Mr. Norton dares not use his garden as he likes, because his health will not allow him : So that I am much the happier.

Leo. But, papa, you love to ride on horseback—don't you ?

Mr. D. Yes ; for it is an exercise that does me good, when I have time to take it.

Leo. Well then, if these meadows are all your's, why don't you take the hay that grows upon them, and keep a horse ?

Mr. D. Why, that's the very thing I do. And those same hay-cocks you see there, are possibly intended for the horse I ride.

Leo. And yet I never saw one in your stable.

Mr. D. Heaven be praised, I am not at such great expence and trouble.

Leo. Nor do you ride so frequently as you would like.

Mr. D. You are wrong : for I am so prudent, that I never wish to ride but when a ride would do me good, and then I get it for about three shillings. God be praised, I am rich enough to pay that sum.

Leo. Don't you imagine it would be very charming to have two fine piebald horses, and be drawn about the country in a fashionable coach ?

Mr. D. Agreeable enough : but when I think of all the inconvenience that attends a coach : how often I should want the harness-maker, smith, and wheelwright ; how much depends upon the health of horses, and the conduct of a coachman ; and what risk we run of being overset, together with the fatal consequences luxury too frequently occasions—truly, Leonard, I do not grieve that I am obliged to use my legs, which certainly will last me long enough. But see, the sun is now set, we must think of getting home before the evening closes on us. Let me have your hand. Now, are you not quite pleased in having seen my great estate ?

Leo. Ah, dear papa, I should be much more so, could I be persuaded it were really yours.

The father smiled at this reply ; and they walked down together. As it happened, they went by a meadow, which at first they thought had been a pond, because it was quite covered with water. Bless me ! cried Mr. Draper, do you see this meadow, how it is overflowed ! The neighbouring river must have burst its bounds, and all the hay this year is spoiled.

Leo. I fancy the owner of this hay will not be very happy when they tell him of his loss.

Mr. D. No ; nor yet is this the worst : he will be forced to mend the banks, and very likely make another dam. Why, he'll be very happy, if he does not have to spend in these repairs the produce of ten harvests such a meadow would yield.

Leo. O, what a misfortune !

Mr. D. But I thought there was a mill hereabouts.

Leo. And there is, papa : Look there before you.

Mr. D. Right ; I see it now : the reason is, I did not hear it going. I have no doubt that the torrent coming down has forced away the wheel-work. Let's go see.—Just so.—It is broken to pieces.—What will the poor owner do ? He must be very rich indeed to stand against so many losses !

Leo. O, I pity him with all my heart ! But, since the day is over, why are the bricklayers still at work ?

Mr. D. I cannot tell why : let us ask the reason.—Pray, friend, be so kind as to inform us why you work so late ?

Bricklayer. We shall be here all night. For yesterday, when it was dark, a gang of thieves pulled down the wall, that they might get into the park and steal away the furniture which had been put into a new-built summer-house. The theft was not discovered till this morning, and indeed it is very lucky no one caught them in the fact.

Mr. D. How so ?

Bricklayer. Because the thieves had previously disposed combustibles to set the summer-house on fire, if they had been disturbed in plundering, in order that they might get away assisted by the bustle and confusion such destruction would have caused. The owner of this ground, as you may judge, is therefore very happy in his loss ; he might have seen his summer-house burnt down ; whereas,

the affair will cost him now no more than some slight reparation to his wall, the expence of keeping up a watch all night, and buying other furniture instead of that he had laid in, and which indeed did cost him much.

Well, Leonard, said Mr. Draper to his son, when they had walked a little way in silence, what do you observe on these misfortunes? Do not they grieve you?

Leo. Why should I be sorry? I have suffered nothing by them.

Mr. D. But if the estate had been your property, as Mr. Norton's grounds are his; and if when going out this morning, you had seen your meadow overflowed, your windmill broke to pieces, your park-wall demolished, and your summer house broken open, would you have gone home as satisfied as you appear to be at present?

Leo. O, by no means. I should, on the other hand, be miserable, having undergone so many heavy losses in a day.

Mr. D. But what if you had every day such losses to endure, or stand in fear of? Would you be as happy as at present?

Leo. I should be a thousand times more miserable.

Mr. D. Well then, Leonard, such is in reality the state of every one possessing great abundance. Without reckoning the cares that agitate them, and the innumerable wants they fancy—the very elevation of their fortune too frequently causes its decay. A barren season or a false step in pursuit of their

rapacious projects, frequently suffices to produce their ruin. As they fear the loss of their imaginary consequence, should they resolve upon some sacrifice to their luxury and pride; the more they undergo distressing losses, the more they endeavour to make a sumptuous show to keep up the appearance of riches, and support a credit that already totters to its fall. What then is the effect of such a wretched sort of vanity? Their servants, cheated of that pay they ought to have, proceed to introduce a sort of robbery through all the house. The improvement of their fortune, and the education of their children being overlooked, their lands in some sort lie fallow, or produce a blighted harvest only; and their children, left to riot in the ways of wickedness, commit disgraceful actions that are concealed by the necessary aid of money. All their property, when seized on by inexorable creditors, is in the end completely dissipated, or the law lays hold of what would otherwise be left them. And these favorites of fortune, once so proud of their abundance, elevated station, and enjoyments, fall at once into the gulf of indigence, opprobrium, and despair.

Leo. O, what a frightful picture is this, papa!

Mr. D. It is one, however, daily to be gazed at in society; and be assured, there is not one exaggerated feature in the whole drawing. I can at all times show you, in the public papers, the decay of some great family or other: and these striking instances God's providence exposes to the observa-

tion of the rich, that they may see what fortune is most likely to await their pride and folly. In the morning we will gaze on those fine buildings that excite your envy now, where you may read the ruin of too many families inscribed on every pillar and which will continue till they themselves are swallowed up in their own ruin. I wish I could spare your sensibility the cries of many desolate families, that are too convincing tokens of such miserable revolutions!

Leo. Then, I should look upon the mediocrity of our condition as a blessing sent us from above?

Mr. D. Yes, yes; if you are only frugal and laborious, and possess sufficient resolution to renounce ambition and the immoderate wish of getting money, and confine your desires within the limits of the state you fill. Do I want any thing to make me happy? And in reason, would you wish to be happier than your father is? Consider the whole universe as your own estate; for if you are but properly industrious, it will furnish you a comfortable maintenance. God's providence has placed your earthly habitation half way up a hill, whose summit is extremely craggy, and whose base is choaked with swamps. Lift your eye at intervals upon the rich and great, not with a view to envy them their situations, but to think upon the storms that bellow around them. Sometimes too, look down upon the poor beneath, not by way of insult on their friendless situation, but to hold to them your hand. If God should bless you with a family of children, let them

often hear the lesson I have just now taught you ; but more particularly, give them the example in your own life, which God's blessing has enabled me to furnish to you.

By this time they had arrived at home. Mr. Draper went into his chamber, and falling on his knees, gave thanks to God for all the blessings he had constantly received, and offered him the sacrifice of his existence, as the best return he had to make. His days had been replete with probity and honour, and by giving such lessons on contentment to his son, he did what he was able to endow him with a valuable patrimony, such as never could be taken from him.

THE SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION.

Mrs. Hunter, and Monimia, her daughter.

Mon. No, mother : I would much rather finish this purse.

Mrs. H. But then, Monimia, Caroline would certainly be pleased a great deal better with the work-bag. Don't you recollect, she seemed delighted when you showed her yours ? and that one up stairs is made exactly like it.

Mon. Notwithstanding this, mother, I'm sure she'd like the purse a great deal better.

Mrs. H. Be it so ; but will the purse be finished ?

there are at least a dozen rows to do ; whereas, the work-bag only wants a riband to complete it. Sure you would not pay a visit to your cousin, on her birth-day, and go without some present for her ?

Mon. O mother, you know I should not like to do so ; but believe me, you shall see the purse very soon finished.

Mrs. H. Think, before you come to any resolution in the affair. Your father, I suppose you know, sets out at four o'clock exactly, and if any one among you has not finished what she has to do, that one will not go with him.

Mon. He sets out at five o'clock, mother, not four.

Mrs. H. Monimia, will you never be rid of this shocking trick ? Will you forever be determined to assert the reverse of what you hear ?

Mon. But if I'm sure papa sets out at five, and not before ?

Mrs. H. Well, well ; it will very soon be seen, Monimia, which is in the right. But I advise you to be prepared against the hour I mention.

Mon. O, if that be all, mother, you may be sure to find me ready even at four : for look, it is as one may say quite finished. I should gain a quarter of an hour beside, were I to run and work in the garden.

Mrs. H. Why so, pray ?

Mon. Because it is so much lighter there.

Mrs. H. But sure you will lose time in going and returning.

Mon. O, do not fear ; I shall make it up. My work will go on ten times faster for it.

Mrs. H. As you please, Monimia ; but remember, I have forewarned you what may happen.

Mon. I'll take the consequence upon myself and run as fast as possible.

In fact, she did run very fast ; so fast that she arrived quite out of breath. She then needed half a dozen minutes to recover ; and when she was set at work, her hands trembled, owing to her flurry ; so that frequently she took up one stitch for another. However, when she was quite recovered, she pushed her work on very fast ; but yet, in spite of all her diligence, it seemed to grow beneath her fingers. Mrs. Hunter, who was really uneasy, came to find her.

Mrs. H. Well, Monimia, how goes business forward ? Have you finished ?

Mon. No, not yet, mother ; nor is it five o'clock yet.

Mrs. H. Right, Monimia ; but it is four : the clock has just struck.

Mon. Not struck, mother ! I have been listening ; so I'm sure of that.

Mrs. H. I do not know how it came then that I heard it : and your father must have heard it likewise, for you will find he is setting out.

Mon. O, now I'm sure you're joking ! that can never be.

Mrs. H. However, Dick has tackled the horses,

and here's your brother and your sisters coming. They are ready.

Mon. O dear me ! You don't say so, mother !

Brother. (*coming forward*) Where are you, Monimia ? We are waiting now for none but you.

Mon. A moment, brother.

Brother. Four o'clock has struck, and you remember papa told us at dinner that he should go precisely to a minute ; having an appointment here at half past five.

Mrs. H. Well, Monimia, you remember what I told you.

Mon. But, mother——

(*Monimia's three sisters enter, crying out*) Monimia ! come, come, come !

Mon. (*vexed*) Softly, softly, children.

Brother. How, Monimia, have you not done your purse ? See here the little landscape I shall give my cousin.

First Sister. And this nosegay which shall be my present.

Second Sister. And this housewife of my making for her.

Third Sister. And these garters I have knit her. —But here comes papa.

Mr. H. (*coming in.*) Well, we are setting out. You know, Monimia, I am never staid for, therefore never do I stay for others. If you're ready, follow ; but if not, remain behind.

Mon. My purse is not yet done : I have two short rows to finish.

Mr. H. (*beckoning the other children to follow*)

Well, good by, Monimia : I'll give Caroline your love, and say you wish her well, and happy on her birth day. (*They go out.*)

Mon. (*to her mother, weeping.*) They are setting out, and I must stay at home ! I who waited with so much impatience for this day's arrival ! Caroline will have a present from them every one, and I, the eldest, am not of the party ! What will she think of me ?

Mrs. H. In reality, the case is hard, I own ; more particularly so, as it depended on yourself to shun the mortifying situation. I warned you what would be the case, in proper time ; and if, instead of being obstinately bent on finishing your purse, you had but put a riband on your work-bag ; if you had not lost so many minutes running about ; and if you had not taken it into your head that your father was to set out at five, you would have saved yourself all this vexation. The misfortune has come, however, and you have only to support it with patience.

Mon. But my aunt and uncle, what will they think of me ? They'll imagine I'm in disgrace, or don't love my cousin.

Mrs. H. You must own, Monimia, they will have some reason to suspect as much.

Mon. Ah, dear mother, instead of lightening you increase my sorrow !

Mrs. H. No, Monimia, I am not less sorrowful than you : but then if you think proper, I can end your sorrow !

Mon. O, you are quite good ! Yes, yes ; I'll finish as soon as possible, and then we two will take

the purse. My uncle, aunt, and cousin will be agreeably surprised, and see it was not my fault I came so late. I fancy, therefore, you'll send for a coach, and in the interim I shall finish.

Mrs. H. No, Monimia, that would be to disobey your father, and deprive you of the benefit of a useful lesson. You shall not, at least to-day, see your cousin; but may have it in your power to be as happy as you would have been by going. I have a certain method to propose for that purpose.

Mon. And what is it, mother?

Mrs. H. To form, from this time forward, a firm resolution not to settle matters just as you yourself think proper; to renounce particularly that intolerable trick of contradicting whatever you hear said; and rid yourself of that habit of opposing your ideas to the counsels of people you know wiser than yourself. I am persuaded you have sufficient courage to take up this resolution, and support it.

Mon. Yes indeed, mother, I will, I will so.

Mrs. H. I expected nothing less, Monimia, from you; and if, during what is still left us of the week, I see you persevere in your commendable resolve, we will go next Saturday and see your cousin. We will then carry her the purse, and more than that, the work-bag also, which will make her think you have delayed your present with a view of complimenting her with something more worthy of herself, and more expressive of your generosity.

Mon. (embracing her mother) O, dear mother, once more you make me happy!

Mrs. H. You, Monimia, make me no less happy. Possibly this very moment you are laying the foundation of your whole future happiness.

THE TWO APPLE TREES.

A RICH husbandman had two sons, one exactly a year elder than the other. The very day the second was born, he set out at the entrance of his orchard two young apple-trees, equal in size, which he had since cultivated with the same care, and which had thriven so equally, that no one could give the preference to either. When his children were capable of handling garden-tools, he took them, one fine spring day to see those two trees, which he had planted for them, and called after their names; and when they had sufficiently admired their fine growth and the number of blossoms that covered them, he said, "You see, children, I give you these trees in good condition. They will thrive as much by your care as they will lose by your negligence, and their fruit will reward you in proportion to your labour."

The youngest, named Edmund, was indefatigable in his attention. He was all day busy in clearing his tree of insects that would have hurt it, and he propped up its stem to hinder it from taking an ugly bend. He loosened the earth all round it, that the warmth of the sun, and the moisture of the dews

might cherish its roots. His mother did not tend him more carefully in his infancy than he now tended his young apple-tree.

His brother Moses did none of all this. He spent his time on a mount that was hard by, throwing stones at passengers in the road. He went among the little country boys in the neighbourhood, to box with them, so that he was always seen with broken shins and black eyes, from the blows and kicks that he received in his quarrels. He neglected his tree so far, in short, that he never once thought of it, till one day in autumn he by chance saw Edmund's tree so full of apples, streaked with purple and gold, that, were it not for the props that supported its branches, the weight of its fruit must have bent it to the ground. Struck with the sight of so fine a growth, he ran to his own tree, hoping to find as large a crop on it ; but what was his surprise, when he saw nothing but branches, covered with moss, and a few yellow leaves !

Quite angry and jealous, he went to his father and said, " Father, what sort of a tree is that you have given me ? It is dry as a broomstick, and I shall not have ten apples on it. But my brother !—O, you have used him better. Bid him at least share his apples with me."

" Share with you ?" said his father : " so the industrious would lose their labour to feed the idle. Take what you get ; it is the reward of your negligence, and do not accuse me of injustice, when you see your brother's rich crop. Your tree was as fruitful and in as good order as his. It bore as many

blossoms, and grew in the same soil ; only it had not the same culture. Edmund has kept his tree clear of even the smallest insects ; you have suffered them to eat up yours in its blossom. As I do not choose to let anything which God has given me, and for which I hold myself accountable to him, go to ruin, I take this tree from you again and call it no more by your name. It must pass through your brother's hands to recover itself, and is his property from this moment, as well as the fruit that he shall make it bear. You may look for another in my nursery, and rear it, if you will, to make amends for your fault ; but if you neglect it, that too shall belong to your brother, for assisting me in my labour."

Moses felt the justice of his father's sentence, and the wisdom of his design. He went that moment, and chose the most thriving young apple-tree that he could find. Edmund assisted him with his advice in rearing it, and Moses did not lose a moment. He was never out of humour now with his comrades, and still less with himself, for he applied cheerfully to work, and in autumn saw his tree fully answer his hopes. Thus he had the double advantage of enriching himself with a plentiful growth of fruit, and at the same time of getting rid of the vicious habits he had contracted.

His father was so well pleased with this change, that the following year he shared the produce of a small orchard between him and his brother.

THE UGLY BEAUTY.

Jane. ELIZABETH, have you seen my sister Caroline's new dog ?

Eliz. Not yet, dear cousin.

Jane. You have then a pleasure still to come : Why she's the drollest little creature in the world !

Eliz. Indeed ? and what's her name ?

Jane. Would you believe it ? BEAUTY.

Eliz. That's a pretty name indeed !

Jane. O, cousin, she's much prettier than her name.

Eliz. And how is she so very pretty ?

Jane. First, she's hardly bigger—see (*closing her hands*) than this.

Eliz. I love a little dog.

Jane. And then one don't know what to take her for—a greyhound or a spaniel.

Eliz. That's quite funny, I protest !

Jane. If you could only see her tail ; 'tis like a bough-pot ; and her ears that sweep the ground ; and then her long, long hair as soft as silk, that curls about her eyes and muzzle ; and the wee wee little tiny face that peeps out underneath it ; O, she's quite a picture !

Eliz. Is she black or white ?

Jane. She's neither black nor white, but something of a coffee colour.

Eliz. Ah, that makes me think of what I like for breakfast ; I don't get it often. They hardly ever give me anything but milk.

Jane. What, milk, and nothing else ?

Eliz. And bread, that's all. But let's return to Beauty.

Jane. Why, she knows more tricks than any Scaramouch : 'They've taught her to hold out her paw ; and she distinguishes the right hand from the left. If any one throws down a glove, she'll run and bring it to the owner, without ever being wrong.

Eliz. You don't say so ?

Jane. And then she makes believe she's dead : she lies down on her side, and does not get up again without a signal from my sister. If you put a garden stick between her paws, she will be a sentry and mount guard : but what is still best of all, she'll dance a minuet as well as Madame Simonet !

Eliz. Well now, that's wonderful, and she must surely have had a charming education ! but pray, Jane, tell me, is she gentle and good-natured ?

Jane. Why, I cannot say much as to that ; for when she sees a stranger in the house, she'll bark and snarl like a mad being, and one can hardly hinder her from running in between his legs to bite him.

Eliz. That would be the very thing at night, if she were to keep the house !

Jane. And sometimes too, she will take it in her head to go and tease papa's great dog without occasion : and she never sees him eating any thing, but instantly she'll run and snatch it from him if she can : but Jowler, luckily is exceedingly good natured !

Eliz. How ! does she do all this ?

Jane. Yes, truly.

Eliz. And you call her *Beauty* ?

Jane. She's so funny and genteel !

Eliz. Go, Jane, I should never fancy her, however funny and genteel she may be ; for papa has often told me, that a bad heart makes every body frightful—O, *the ugly Beauty ! Out upon her.*

A SMALL PLEASURE EXCHANGED FOR A GREAT ONE.

Mrs. Darley, and her daughters Celia, Harriet and Louisa.

Louisa. Do you see, mamma, we are ready ? I wish the boat were come.

Mrs. D. A little patience ! It is not six yet. And till the watermen appear, I think we had best walk in the garden.

Harriet. Yes, yes ; up and down the path that leads directly to the water. When the boat comes, we may then step in, sit down, and off directly. (*they force their mother towards the walk.*)

Celia. Dear mamma ! how fine a morning ! one can hardly see a cloud. And look how bright the sun makes the water ; just as if it were full of diamonds. We shall have a great deal of pleasure, and be very happy to see our good nurse.

Mrs. D. And she will be very happy, I am sure, to see you.

Harriet. Pray, mamma, how far does Maria live from this place ?

Mrs. D. We shall be at least one hour upon the water ; and then we shall have almost an hour's walk ; for Maria's house is a good distance from the water.

Harriet. Charming ! charming ! we shall have a better appetite for breakfast. And when breakfast is over, tell us how shall we divert ourselves, mamma ?

Mrs. D. We will take a turn or two, if you think proper, in a grove that is near the house. And there you may amuse yourselves, and not be interrupted ; run about, catch butterflies, and let them go again.

Celia. Let me conduct you, sisters. I have been there before with my mamma ; and I will take you to a little pond, so clear that any one may see the gravel at the bottom.

Mrs. D. Right. I wonder that I forgot the pond. We will sit beside it in the shade, and read a little book that I have taken care to put into my pocket.

Harriet. What ! a story-book, mamma ? And will it make us laugh ?

Mrs. D. You shall see.

Celia. But pray, mamma, do not let us come from nurse's till the moon is up ; and then you will sing us that sweet song, you know, that makes one

cry so much. To be on the water by moonlight, and hear such a song, must be delightful surely !

Harriet. (*who has run a little forward during this last speech*) The boat ! the boat ! I see it coming. Where is Louisa ? At the bottom of the garden, when the boat stays for us !—Louisa, (*running towards her*) the boat ! the boat !

Louisa. (*coming up*) The boat ? that is charming !—However, give me each of you a six-pence ; there is a woman and poor old man, with four small children, at the garden gate, to whom I will take the money, with a six-pence of my own. I shall not detain you.

Mrs. D. Where did you meet with these poor people ?

Louisa. At the gate below : the gardener opened it to throw out some weeds that he had been raking up just before. I put my head out, to observe if any one was going by, and two poor children came up to me. O mamma, how tattered ! and how hungry they both seemed ; there were two other children, not far off, as little as my brother Paul.

Mrs. D. Come, we will go and see them.

Louisa. Yes, yes, that we will. I bade them wait till I returned with something for them.

They all go together towards the garden door, and enter into conversation with them. The old man is seated on a stone ; the woman leans against the pallisades, with a nursing infant in her arms. A girl of about ten years has one a little older

than the infant : and a boy is picking up the pebbles for amusement.

Mrs. D. (aside) What a piteous sight ! *(aloud)* Poor woman ! you can hardly stand. Sit down upon this stone. Whence come you, pray ?

Woman. From Portsmouth, my good lady. I was married to a fisherman. One night, they pressed him, and he served two years on board a man of war. He came home almost dying with the scurvy. He had lost his strength, and could not work. I was obliged to sell his nets, that I might buy him physic ; but his illness lasted very long. Our creditors laid hold of every thing that we had ; and as we could not pay our debts, our landlord turned us out of doors. A neighbour, very nearly as distressed as we were, took us in, and robbed his children of a part of what they had, that we might not perish. Being brought to such a distressed situation, I fell ill of grief ; and shortly after, my poor husband died. As soon as I was a little better, I resolved to be no further burthensome to my good benefactor, but set out to seek assistance from a worthy lady with whom I once lived as a servant, at Epsom. We are still a great way from it ; and I do not know how we shall be able to reach it. I am not able to go any further.

Mrs. D. And who may that poor man be ?

Woman. He is my father, madam. He has lived a great while with us ; and I thought I should have been in circumstances to have still provided for him, but I am disappointed in my hopes. Alas !

his situation adds to my affliction. Having neither shoes nor stockings, he was walking yesterday across a common, and unfortunately a thorn run into his foot. I took it out ; but his fatigue has grievously inflamed the wound ; his leg is now quite swelled, and he can hardly touch the ground, it gives him so much pain ; for heaven's sake, my good lady, have the charity to give me two or three old rags to wrap up the wound when I have washed it, and a bit of bread for these poor children.

Mrs. D. You shall have whatever you want. I will go into the house, and see what I have that I can give you. In the mean time come into the garden, and sit down on these four chairs.

She takes her daughters, who had been all the while listening to the woman's conversation, and goes up the garden with them. Celia had expressed her pity at the tale, by shedding tears : Louisa, by dividing into equal parts among the little ones a bit of cake that she had provided for her journey, as refreshment by the way : and Harriet, by relieving of her burthen the girl that had the infant, as she seemed quite exhausted.

Mrs. D. (in conversation with her daughters, while they were walking towards the house.) Well, children, what think you of these six poor people ? Run you, Celia, with your sister, to the cook, and help her to prepare them something for their breakfast. I will pay a visit to your father's wardrobe, and get linen, shoes, and stockings for the poor old man. I am sorry that I can be of no great service to them.

Celia. Indeed, it will be no great matter for them in their situation. Do not you recollect, they are still to walk as far as Epsom? They must go very slowly, as the old man is lame. If then they should be taken ill upon the road?—mamma, you are very charitable to the poor; suppose you were to let them have a little money that they may go by some waggon, and have a trifle over, to supply them when they come to Epsom, until they find the lady that they mention?

Mrs. D. Do you know me so little, my dear Celia, as to think I should not have done this myself, if I were able? But alas! it is not in my power; for you are sensible we are not rich. I cannot possibly afford them as much as would be necessary for their relief in that way.

Celia. If what we have were sufficient?

Harriet. We would give it to them with all our hearts.

Mrs. D. And how much have you?

Celia. I have—let me see—one, two, three, four, and sixpence, and these half pence, four and ten pence.

Harriet. I have half-a-crown.

Mrs. D. And you, Louisa?

Louisa. I have nothing left me; I had six-pence just this moment, but I slipt it into the poor man's hand.

Mrs. D. You have then, you two, but seven and six-pence nearly; which is half enough to pay their carriage. I can think of but one way to complete the money.

Celia. And what is that, mamma?

Mrs. D. I do not know how to mention it.

Harriet. Why not?

Louisa. Fear nothing; let us know it.

Mrs. D. The excursion that we intend to make to-day, I have promised you a long time: it is to recompense your good behaviour; and believe me, I have denied myself, this month past, many things, that I might save as much as it will cost us; for you know we must not only pay for the boat, but when we reach the town, we must lay out a little to give Maria, as a present, for the expense that we put her to in treating us. This money is in my purse; but I consider it belongs to you, and leave you to employ it at your pleasure. Should we add it to your pocket money, there would then be a sufficiency to have a cart for these poor people, and to procure them victuals until they reach Epsom; but the sacrifice, I must acknowledge, is too great. I dare not recommend it. Our wished-for day's excursion would be lost this year.

Louisa. Dear me!

Mrs. D. To say the truth, I shall myself be sorry it were lost. So run, Louisa, and tell the watermen that we are coming.

Louisa. Presently, mamma. (*she stops, and views her sisters with concern.*)

Harriet. What shall we do?

Celia. For my part, I know what I would do.

Harriet. And I too, were it not for poor Louisa.

Louisa. O do not pity me! I am only grieved

upon Maria's account : but I will write to her by the coach that goes at nine.

Celia. (*joyfully.*) Well, then, mamma, we are all of us agreed. So take our money, and let these poor people have it.

Mrs. D. But perhaps you have not thought enough. Reflect how fine a day it is; and what pleasure you would have.

Celia. But I shall have no pleasure when I think that I am sailing at my ease, while six poor people drag along the road, just ready to drop down with weariness, because I had no pity on them.

Harriet. Are they not the same as we are? They will certainly have enough to suffer before they die, and we should not grudge them the small assistance that we can give them.

Mrs. D. Do you say nothing, Louisa?

Louisa. I was thinking all the while, mamma, that our pleasure is not lost : for we shall follow them a mile or two, while they are riding in the cart, which will be still a walk for us, and very pleasant.

Mrs. D. (*embracing them*) O my lovely children! How rejoiced I am to find that you have such feeling and compassion! You will never want enjoyments in the world, since you can turn your disappointments into pleasures. Come then, we will not lose a moment's time in having this enjoyment.

Mrs. Darley now goes in, and sends a servant out to pay the watermen. The three young children go and come between the house and garden,

with assistance for the man, the woman, and her children ; Celia helps the woman, while she tends the old man's wound, and Harriet and Louisa give the children victuals ; after which they all return to their mamma.

Harriet. Ah, my dear mamma ! you should have seen with how much eagerness and joy the children looked at both Louisa and myself, when we were come with milk and bread to feed them ! They all crowded about their mother, looked up in her face, and were so glad that they did not know what to do !

Louisa. For my part, I began to be afraid they would eat me up, so famished were they, and desirous to be eating.

Celia. Sure, mamma, the elder girl must be a charming child. She would not touch a bit till she had made her little brother eat, who is too young as yet to feed himself.

Mrs. D. Poor thing ! she is greatly to be pitied. If the care of looking to the little ones be always laid upon her, she will have no opportunity of getting any thing like knowledge, and be very miserable all her life-time ; whereas, had she the means of learning some business, she might prove of service to her mother, and assist her in bringing up the others.

Louisa. Well, mamma, do one thing for her. Let her stay with us. I will teach her whatever I know myself. She will be able very soon to knit and sew, when she may sell her work, and send the money to her mother.

Harriet. No bad thought, mamma, I think.

Celia. Yes; do us this pleasure, pray, mamma; for what a pity that the poor girl should come to want, merely for not knowing how to work at any business, like the poor old woman that we all know. She would then turn beggar, and receive no benefit from what we are now doing for her.

Mrs. D. But do you know, my dear, what you would undertake? Reflect a little.

Celia. Why, mamma?

Mrs. D. I will tell you why. If we take this little girl into the house, we must give her clothes. I cannot go to the expense, unless you are willing that I shall take a little from *your* dress, and make up by that means what it will cost. And so, instead of those silk dresses that I meant to give you very shortly, you must be content with linen gowns, or perhaps stuff, and have no feathers or Italian flowers about your head; nothing but a riband round your hat.

Celia. And yet, mamma, I told Miss Raby and her sister Kitty that I should very shortly have a fine silk dress as good as theirs.

Harriet. A linen gown will never look so well as one of silk, will it, pray?

Mrs. D. Certainly it will not.

Harriet. (*having thought a little*) But if that will not become me so well as silk would, the poor girl will make a much worse figure in her rags.

Celia. And then if she continue thus half uncovered much longer, she may run the risk of being taken ill, besides the inconveniences that want of

clean clothing may bring upon her; for you know mamma, you have often told me how unwholesome dirty clothes are.

Mrs. D. Yes, indeed, I have: but you, Louisa, what say you to my proposal? Should you like to put a stuff gown on?

Louisa. O very much, mamma. One jump the better for it. I remember what the *Children's Friend* said lately in a story of poor Isabel, whose fine clothes occasioned her so much anxiety, when she was out a walking with her little friends, and sought to mortify them with the sight of her sil dress, embroidered shoes, and frizzled hair.

Mrs. D. Well then, we are likely, I perceive to fix on something; and yet this is not the whole. Louisa, it was you that first offered to instruct the little girl in sewing; and of course I ought to give the preference to you in such a charge; but then you must confess yourself a deal too giddy for it, and besides, not qualified entirely. Neither I nor Celia can pretend to undertake it, as the business of the house already takes up our attention. We then, Harriet, I give that employment to you.

Harriet. Thank you, dear mamma.

Mrs. D. Wait some few days, however, till you thank me. You can hardly think what patience you will need to go through the employ. I know you, Harriet; you are sometimes very hasty; and first you must expect that the little girl will hardly comprehend your meaning. You will scold her perhaps; if you do, I shall then be forced, against my will, to punish you. Well, dare you promise

me that you will never let your peevish disposition get the better of you?

Harriet. I must say the truth, mamma, that is what I cannot promise: I suppose, you recollect the other day when you reproved me. I could then have laid my life that I should never do the same again; but you had hardly left the room, when poor Louisa went to put her stockings on, and broke a stitch that ran from top to bottom. I had so much work to take it up again, I fell into a passion, and even scolded her. I was quite ashamed a moment after; but it was done, and could not be mended then.

Mrs. D. It is singular, indeed, that children who have need themselves of such indulgence, should have none for others! Truly, you would make a pretty figure in society if I were never to correct you for this fault.

Harriet. I wish for nothing half so much as to be cured of it.

Celia. For my part, dear mamma, I think no method can be half so good for such a purpose, as to trust her with this office.

Harriet. I may quarrel with my sister, since she is not my debtor: but depend upon it, I will be much more patient and good natured with my scholar, otherwise she might imagine that I was grieved for having been of service to her.

Mrs. D. And, dear Celia, you must have an eye to see that they do things properly.

Celia. Yes, yes, mamma, I will be the inspector general.

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Mrs. D. And, dear Celia, you must have an eye to see that they do things properly.

Celia. Yes, yes, mamma, I will be the inspector general.

Mrs. D. Come, then, let us make haste, and carry our poor people this good news. I hope their joy will both encourage and reward your kindness.

MATILDA.

You remember, my dear little friends, the raging heat that made last summer so remarkable. I recollect it, I assure you, to my sorrow! since, by having an effect upon my health, it hindered me, for many weeks from satisfying your impatience to hear from me. To indemnify you, therefore, for so tedious, though unwilling a delay, I shall relate an interesting circumstance that happened when that heat was at the greatest.

I went down to Windsor, on a visit to a lady, who with so much zeal and prudence educates the children entrusted to her care, that she gratifies the choice their gracious mother has made of her to direct them. We were all employed in innocent amusement, when a storm began to rise: the thunder rolled above us with a terrible noise, with which the house even shook to its foundation, while the lightning seemed as if it would consume the dwelling every moment. One young lady of the company could not refrain from being frightened. Cries and shrieks proceeded from a chambermaid in one of the apartments. In the midst of this confusion this young lady on a sudden disappeared. Her noble

mother, who was passing from one chamber to another, saw her kneeling in a corner.

Mother. What is the matter, my dear child?

Matilda. O, nothing, nothing.

Mother. Are you frightened at the storm?

Matilda. O, no, mamma. You have instructed me, if you remember, not to fear the thunder; and you saw just now I was not in the least afraid.

Mother. And why, then, are you kneeling?

Matilda. I observed Eliza tremble; I heard Kitty cry, and that made me unhappy. I was therefore praying for them, and for every one who is afraid of thunder.

THE DESERTER.



THE DESERTER.

A DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

MOORHOUSE, a Publican.

GRACE, his Wife.

GEORGE, their Son, a Corporal.

TRUNNION, his Comrade.

THOMAS, Moorhouse's Brother.

STEWARD.

CAPTAIN.

SERJEANT.

During the two first acts, the scene is in the Publican's house ; but changes to a prison in the last act.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Grace spinning with a distaff and spindle.

Enter Moorhouse.

Moorh. Here is a soldier coming, Grace.

Grace. (Letting fall her spindle.) A soldier !
What are we to do ? Our trade gone, and a soldier quartered on us !

Moorh. After all, perhaps, though it is not likely that he should help us, he will have more compassion on our poverty than richer folks. A soldier's character, my dear, is much misrepresented : he has far more conscience than a steward, who is harden-

ed to oppress the poor by dint of habit, while a soldier is thinking of another life, as often as he has death before him.

Enter Trunnion.

Trun. Save you ! I am come to be your guest.
• See here is the billet : it is for two. Another is on the road.

Moorh. We would entertain you, soldier, with all our hearts, but we really have not the means. Though we keep a public house, yet trade is so dead that we cannot renew our license, which is almost out. We signified as much to Justice Parsons in the neighbourhood, and begged that no soldiers might be sent us ; but he answered, till our license expired we must be looked upon as publicans, and take the consequence. Indeed, we have now hardly a single customer : the house is deserted, and our stock of liquor out to the very last drop.

Trun. But, for heaven's sake, my good people, tell me how you live without a bit of fire ?

Grace. When one has got no fuel, and no money to buy any—

Trun. For my part, I must have some to warm me, and a bit of dinner likewise. Have you any thing to give me ?

Grace. Nothing ; not so much as bread. We live from hand to mouth ; and when we get one meal, cannot tell when we shall have another. If you do not believe me, take a look about the house, and see if you discover any thing but poverty in it.

Trun. No, no ; I believe and pity you. I have a little money in my pocket, which I cannot do better

than share with you. My good friend, here is a shilling and some halfpence : go, buy us something good to eat ; you shall take a bit along with us ; but first, a little wood.

Moorh. You are very kind ; I will run immediately. *(He goes out.)*

SCENE II.

Trunnion, Grace.

Trun. And in the mean time, with your leave, good mother, I will examine my arms.

Grace. With my leave, my good friend ? Do what you please ; you are welcome.—*(Aside)* My husband is right ; soldiers are much better christians than too many gentlefolks.—*(To Trunnion)* My son is a soldier likewise.

Trun. In what regiment ?

Grace. Colonel Sheffield's.

Trun. What is his name ?

Grace. George Moorhouse.—Heaven knows if he be still alive. I have not heard of him these four years.

Trun. Do not be uneasy, good woman, he is still living.

Grace. Dear sir, do you know him then ?

Trun. *(embarrassed)* I can't tell that ; but I suppose he is living, as he came of such good folks.

Grace. Ah, that is no reason.

Trun. But I wish your husband were returned. If I had but the wood, I would make a fire. My comrade is rather boisterous, and will certainly be angry if he does not find all things ready when he comes.

Grace. O, you will excuse us. A good word from you will pacify him.

Trun. Words will not do with him, and besides he is a corporal. I must not speak to him as I please.

Enter Moorhouse.

Moorh. (*throwing down a faggot.*) Here is some wood, and a nice bit of meat ; and turnips that a gardener gave me. I have brought you back a little change too.

Trun. Keep that to buy us some small beer. I thought to have had a pint of porter ; but my family is increased, and so my liquor must be weaker.

Grace. Come, my dear, open the faggot, and I will make a fire : the gentleman says that his comrade is rather hasty.

Trun. Yes, and being besides a noncommissioned officer, he will expect things to be as they should be. He is giving orders in the company, otherwise he would have been here before now. Ah ! here he comes.

Enter George.

George. Well, is dinner ready ? Make haste, good people.

Moorh. It is not our fault, good sir, that matters are not forwarder. Your comrade will inform you.

Trun. (*in a whisper to George*) Come, finish this child's play, and tell them who you are.—(*To Grace*) Consider this young man, good mother.

Geo. Do not you recollect me ?

Grace. (*after having looked at George with attention.*) Heavens ! can it be George ?

Geo. Yes, yes, it is, dear mother. O, what pleasure to behold you after such long absence.

Moorh. Is it possible ? my son ! O welcome, dear, dear boy, a thousand times !

Grace, (embracing him.) I see you then once more before I die ? Heaven be praised !

Moorh. And how have you contrived to live ? so many, my dear son, are dead, but you in safety !

Geo. Yes, and yet I have never been deficient in my duty. I owe it certainly to your prayers, that I have escaped safe and sound from all dangers. I find I am quartered on you : Are you sorry for it ?

Moorh. Can you ask if we are sorry ! Since the day you left us, we have never been so happy.

Grace, (whispering to Trunnion.) My good friend, I think you told me something of a corporal ?

Trun. Why, George is a corporal. Don't you see it ?

Moorh. Then you are promoted ! how came that about ? You could not read.

Geo. My captain had me taught.

Moorh. O, what a charming man this captain must be !

Grace. Let them tell us now that soldiers are not special people !

Trun. I will answer for it, George will soon be higher than a corporal.—(To George) But how came you not to tell me, when you saw the billet, that you were quartered on your father ?

Geo. Comrade, I was so full of joy that I could not speak.

Grace. How long are you to stay with us ?

Geo. We halt here two days.

Moorh. I am glad of that, my dear boy ; we shall have time to talk of a few matters.

Trun. Well, well, I can see you have enough to talk of these three hours or more perhaps : so, mother, show me where to make the fire and dress the meat ; I will do the whole myself.

Grace. At least I will help you, my good sir.

Trun. No, no ; you have enough to do with George, so do but show me to your kitchen ; then you may come back, and talk together freely.

Grace. Since you will have it so. (*They go out.*)

SCENE III.

Moorhouse and George.

Geo. Then, father, you are not at your ease ?

Moorh. At our ease ! O, no. Our custom has fallen from us, and in short, for these two years past, it is wonderful how we have subsisted !

Geo. But how is that possible ? you that were formerly so well to live !

Moorh. You have reason to be surprised at it, knowing as you do, how laborious we always were, and that we did not manage like one half our neighbours, who do not know how to lay by any thing against a rainy day. However, we have had severe losses since you left us, and are now indebted to our landlord upwards of four pounds. We cannot pay it, and the steward threatens every day to turn us out of doors, in which case we must beg our bread.

Geo. Just heavens ! could I have thought to find you in so sad a situation !

Moorh. We should never have been in it, had not the steward contrived to make you, as he did, a soldier. It was wholly a contrivance on his part ; I will tell you the particulars some other opportunity. When he was nothing but a bailiff, and had scarce a coat to wear, I would not lend him money, and it was then that his enmity first began against us. And at length he has completed his revenge. Our house will be sold, and you will not inherit a groat belonging to your father.

Geo. If you had only something to subsist on, I should not regard myself. Here is all the money I possess. I give it you with tears, because I have no more to spare.

Moorh. May heaven repay it to you a hundred fold, my dear child ! This will keep us a few days.

Geo. Let me think a little. Cannot I speak with this same steward ?

Moorh. He will be here this very day.

Geo. Then I will be sure to tell him something that may do you good. The king is coming to review our regiment ; so you shall go and tell him your sad situation.

Moorh. I go tell him ! I should not be able to pronounce a word before him. I should stand stock still, or perhaps run away through fear and terror, were I forced into his presence.

Geo. Never fear : he would return you a kind answer. I was once a sentinel at Windsor, on the Terrace, when the king was walking there. I shall

never forget with what familiarity he spoke to people ; but that is nothing ; for he met one morning with a poor man's child as he was walking through the town, and entering into conversation, found him such a clever little fellow, that he ordered him a guinea ; when the father heard it, he was ever on the watch to fall in with his majesty, as he was walking out. He at last obtained a hearing, and thanked him for the guinea ; upon which the king, would you believe it, ordered him another guinea for his gratitude.

Moorh. That was very kind.

Geo. Believe me, I would much rather have to speak with him than many of our officers.

Moorh. What a gracious king !

Geo. There cannot be a better. So pray hear what I intend to do ; I will get our quarter-master to write me a petition ; and though possibly you should have twenty miles to walk, no matter.

M. And what, think you, will the king do for us ?

Geo. I cannot tell exactly, but we will talk further about it to-morrow. In the mean time, be assured, dear father, it is much more agreeable to have to do with great than little people. Come, let us take a turn or two together through the village.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Moorhouse, Grace, George, (standing near a table.)

Grace. We have but two plates.

George. No matter, mother. Our provider will be with us very shortly.

Moorh. What a deal of pains he takes on our account !

George. You do not know him yet: next to fighting, he likes nothing half so well as cooking: here he comes.

Enter Trunnion, with the meat and turnips dressed.

Trun. Here, my friends. Here is what will warm our stomachs this cold weather. I have made a little broth ; and take a soldier's word, you will find it excellent. So let us sit down ; but first say grace.—Come, help yourselves.—They say there is no such thing as eating broth without a spoon : and so here is mine. (*He takes a knife and spoon out of his pocket.*)

Moorhouse. I am very glad of that : we have but two. (*They help themselves.*)

Grace (to Moorhouse.) The broth is excellent !

Moorh. I have not eat so good these many years.

Geo. Do not spare it then. To say the truth, I have tasted worse.

Grace. We would never wish for better as long as we live : nay, nor yet so good, except on Sundays.

Geo. Well, let us now begin upon the meat.

Trun. (to Moorhouse.) But how is this, my friend, you have no plate ?

Grace. O, never mind : one plate will serve us both.

Trun. Here is mine.

Moorh. By no means.

Trun. I can make myself a plate. (*He cuts a*

slice of bread, and puts his meat upon it.) We should be finely off in camp, if we were forced to wait for plates !

George. But, father, you do not eat, what ails you ?

Moorh. Ah !

Trun. What makes you sigh ?

Moorh. I cannot help sighing, when I reflect, I should have treated George at my expense on his return, but was without a bit of bread to give him.

Geo. Pray do not talk at this rate, father.

Trun. No, no, do not even think about it. Come, your health ! *(he drinks.)* Now you, good friend.

Moorh. *(taking the mug.)* Come, here is our benefactor's health ; and many blessings on him for his kindness.

Grace. O, a thousand blessings !—*(Drinking.)*

George. Comrade, my hearty thanks to you for this day's friendship shown my parents.

Trun. Do you wish to make me proud ? You drink my health, as if I had won a battle !

Moorh. Ay, and you deserve we should. You have yourself but little, and part with it for our sakes. *(A knock without.)*

Grace. Who's there ?

Enter Captain and Serjeant.

George. Our captain !

Serjeant *(with a pocket-book in his hand.)* How many are you here ?

George, (rising.) Two. *(They all rise.)*

Captain. Very well. Do not stir : and you

too, my good people, keep your seats, make no ceremony. I am charmed to see so much harmony and cordiality amongst you. Have you (*to Moorhouse*) any complaint against these men?

Moorh. O, no, sir; if they are satisfied with us.

Captain, (to George.) Do you like your quarters?

George. Sir, I am quartered with my father: it is my comrade's part to answer.

Trua. We have every thing that we desire.

Captain (to Moorhouse.) What! is this young man your son? You are very happy then; for I can tell you all the regiment love him. (*He looks round about him.*) I am afraid your circumstances are not of the easiest: but you are rich in having such a son!

George. I thank you, captain, for reserving this favorable testimony of me for the ears of my parents, and shall so behave myself, I hope, that I may never lose the happiness it affords them.

Moorh. O, good sir! my bosom overflows with joy.

Grace. We should be happier, captain, could you let him stay with us.

Moorh. What, wife, to die of hunger? Would you think it, sir, this generous soldier, though a stranger to us, bought the dinner that we have been eating, otherwise we should not have had bread to give our son? We have lost our custom: and besides, our landlord, for about four pounds that we owe him—

Captain. Threatens perhaps to turn you out of doors? The case, alas, is far too common: and I

Grace. O, you will excuse us. A good word from you will pacify him.

Trun. Words will not do with him, and besides he is a corporal. I must not speak to him as I please.

Enter Moorhouse.

Moorh. (*throwing down a faggot.*) Here is some wood, and a nice bit of meat; and turnips that a gardener gave me. I have brought you back a little change too.

Trun. Keep that to buy us some small beer. I thought to have had a pint of porter; but my family is increased, and so my liquor must be weaker.

Grace. Come, my dear, open the faggot, and I will make a fire: the gentleman says that his comrade is rather hasty.

Trun. Yes, and being besides a noncommissioned officer, he will expect things to be as they should be. He is giving orders in the company, otherwise he would have been here before now. Ah! here he comes.

Enter George.

George. Well, is dinner ready? Make haste, good people.

Moorh. It is not our fault, good sir, that matters are not forwarder. Your comrade will inform you.

Trun. (*in a whisper to George*) Come, finish this child's play, and tell them who you are.—(*To Grace*) Consider this young man, good mother.

Geo. Do not you recollect me?

Grace. (*after having looked at George with attention.*) Heavens! can it be George?

Geo. Yes, yes, it is, dear mother. O, what pleasure to behold you after such long absence.

Moorh. Is it possible ? my son ! O welcome, dear, dear boy, a thousand times !

Grace, (embracing him.) I see you then once more before I die ? Heaven be praised !

Moorh. And how have you contrived to live ? so many, my dear son, are dead, but you in safety !

Geo. Yes, and yet I have never been deficient in my duty. I owe it certainly to your prayers, that I have escaped safe and sound from all dangers. I find I am quartered on you : Are you sorry for it ?

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George. Our captain!

Serjeant (*with a pocket-book in his hand.*) How many are you here?

George, (rising.) Two. (*They all rise.*)

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Captain. Threatens perhaps to turn you out of doors? The case, alas, is far too common: and I

pity you sincerely. Here is a piece of gold that I chance to have about me : it will be of some assistance to you. George, this is what your conduct deserved ; for it is on your account I give it to your parents.

George. Ah, my generous captain ! if you knew how serviceable such a gift is, you would say yourself that I never can repay you as I ought.

Moorh. God only can repay such bounty.

Grace. May he grant you many years of happiness ! If I had twenty children, I would let you have them every one with pleasure.

Captain. Good woman ! you repay my kindness very much indeed. One child is valuable to a parent, and you would give me twenty ! but I interrupt your diuner. Farewell, good people. I will come once again and see you, if I can, before we go.

Sergeant. Trunnion, be ready for the next relief : the guard will turn out very soon. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Moorhouse, George, Grace, Trunnion.

Trunnion, (drinking.) Long live our noble captain !

George. So I say indeed ; for he has saved us all from dying.

Moorh. He yet never saw us, and we get a piece of gold ! who could have thought that a stranger would compassionate our situation, when we are treated with so much barbarity by those that know us ?

Grace. O, the blessed gentleman ! but how much is it worth ? (*looking at the piece of gold*) It must be of pretty large value.

Moorh. Good heavens ! could I suppose that I should ever stand in such need of a single piece of money ! What is it ? Do you know its value, George ?

George. I never saw so large a piece.

Trun. It is more, I am certain, than a guinea : but I cannot tell how much.—Stay, let me see.—O, now I recollect. It is what they call a six-and-thirty : there are several now going about. . They come from Portugal : it is worth nearly two guineas.

Grace. What ! two guineas ! almost half our debt : if the steward would take this in part, it would make us easy.

Moorh. I hope he will give us a little time for the remainder.

Grace. Do you think that is likely ? I should be content to live upon dry bread till next winter, provided we were not obliged to leave our house.

George. Do not be uneasy, mother, I will try what I can do with him.

Grace. We stood so much in fear of soldiers, and a soldier is now our guardian angel ! God's good providence be praised for this repast, and the assistance that he has sent us. (*They all rise.*)

Trun. Well now, I will put every thing away.

Grace. Yes, truly, if I would let you. Rest yourself : I will do that myself.

Trun. No, no ; it is part of my employ. I will have you recollect the day we quartered in your little cot as long as you both live.

Grace. There is no resisting you. (*Trun. takes the things out.*) I am not surprised that the women are so fond of soldiers ; they must make such husbands ! they do all the work themselves, and with so much dexterity ! but I must follow, or he will wash the plates. (*She is going but returns.*) Ah ! here is brother Thomas. Let us observe if he will remember George.

Enter Thomas.

Grace (to Tho.) Look, brother, here is a young man come to see us. Don't take him for a common soldier though. Have you any knowledge of him ? or you, George, have you ? go to him it is your uncle Thomas.

George. Just as if I did not recollect him !

Thomas. I your uncle ?—let me see.—No—Yes—Yes, he himself. My nephew, as I live !—(*They embrace.*) One need not ask about your health ; you look so very well !

George. I hope, dear uncle, you are as well as I am.

Grace. I wish you knew how much his captain praises him ! I wish I could stay and tell you : but I am forced to go, or I believe our cook would set the house to rights from top to bottom.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Moorhouse, Thomas, George.

[*Thomas.* I rejoice, dear nephew, with all my

heart to see you safe come home : however, trust me if you have not heard the whole already, you could never have returned to find us more unhappy. We are all as poor as if the country had been pillaged.

Moorh. And our landlord's wicked steward would gladly, if he could, suck out the little blood that is left us.

Geo. You no longer need have any fear of him, as you can pay down half the sum that you owe him. He must needs be patient, till such time as you can pay the rest.

Moorh. See, brother ; see what George has got me.

Thomas, (to George.) Did you save it from your pay, or is it plunder ?

Geo. Neither one, nor the other ; it is a present from my captain, who was here just now.

Moorh. It is to George, however, that I am obliged for it : his captain gave it to me because he had behaved himself so well.

Thomas. In truth I am so much better pleased ; because a soldier, who would lay up such a deal of money from his slender pay, must certainly deprive himself of many little comforts in this life : and, as to plunder, justify it how you will, it is always villainously got, and never prospers.

Geo. That's what I always thought ; and therefore never would go pillaging : indeed with all the plunder that others got, I found that they were not richer than myself : but on the contrary, spent half their time in the black hole, being always guilty of

some crime or other, after they had been a robbing, for it was nothing else ; whereas my officers were never troubled with complaints against me.

Thomas. I easily believe you. All your family are honest people ; and you would not, I am sure, be the only good-for-nothing fellow of the number. We are poor indeed, but have the fear of God before our eyes, and that is much better than the greatest riches.

Moorhouse. Yes ; and if the steward—

Thomas. Softly, brother, here he comes.

Enter Steward.

Steward. Well, Moorhouse ; to-morrow is just at hand. You are ready, I suppose, to pay your rent, or else to quit your house ?

Moorhouse. I cannot, my good sir, pay more than half ; nor should I have been able to do that, if providence had not assisted me. Be so indulgent as to wait till harvest for the rest, and do not complete my ruin by distressing me still further than I am distressed already.

Steward. By distressing you ! the common cant : the more one does, the more one may, for such as you. How long, pray, has this same rent of yours been growing ? yet my lord distresses you ; and why ? because at last he tells you that he will have his money !

Moorh. But is half what we owe him nothing ? Take that half, let me beseech you, and entreat my lord in our behalf.

Steward. Yes, yes, entreat him to let you lead

him by the nose another twelvemonth? I shall hardly do so: therefore pay the whole; or else I seize, that's certain.

George. O, a little mercy, my good sir; and think that with a single word you have it in your power to make my father happy. If there's nothing goes unpunished in this world, it is no small matter to reduce an honest man to beggary.

Steward. Mind your musket, and not my affairs.

George. My musket, sir, belongs to the king, and I shall take care of it without you instructions; if the king were here present, he would not take it amiss that I should speak for my parents, and yet I think, there is some difference between you and him.

Steward. Mr. Soldier, you may have seen service, as they call it, but remember that you are not talking now to some boor whom you have plundered, and have at your mercy.

George. I never talked to any man as, I think, I should to you (*now I know your disposition,*) were I to meet you in an enemy's country.

Steward. You will never have that satisfaction.

Thomas. Excuse a soldier's bluntness, my good sir.

Steward. Hold your tongue likewise.—I have you down on my papers, I believe.

Thomas. I am sure you have; and not me only, but all honest people.

Steward. What do you mean by that?

Enter Grace and Trunnion.

Grace. The steward here!

Moorhouse. Be quiet, wife.—For heaven's sake, let me beg you, Mr Steward—

Steward. All your prayers are useless ; and to-morrow you shall set out on your travels.

Grace. You will surely have some pity on us. We shall soon get work. Here is half your money, and your house will still be standing for the other half, if we should break our word.

Steward. Still standing ! you may burn it : but if not, I must obey the orders of his lordship.

George. Has his lordship ordered you to ruin a whole family, for what my father owes him ? You are paid to take whatever care you can of his affairs ; and by proceeding as you would you do not earn your wages. Therefore take my counsel, and for once fulfil your duty.

Steward. Will you tell me what my duty is ? you may keep your counsel to yourself ; I tell you that.

George. And you, I tell you, may be civil.

Steward. Who taught you all this impudence ?

Trunnion. Suppose yourself a moment in this young man's situation. He is a soldier, and a soldier always knows what he is to say ; a thousand times better, at least, than any steward. You have dared before his face, to tell his father that he shall go upon his travels. We all know the meaning of that phrase : and would you have him stand there like a post before you, without having the spirit to open his lips ? Who could keep his temper if he saw his family on the point of being ruined by an ill-natured cur of your stamp ? We knew what

stewards are, and how they make fortunes. This young man spoke to you civilly at first, and you slighted him. He is in the right now to speak the truth to you.

Steward. This is past bearing. (*Turns in a violent rage to Moorhouse*) Are you disposed to pay? I ask you but once more.

Moorhouse. I have told you that it was not in my power.

Grace. And offered you the little that we have.

Steward. I will have the whole or nothing.—If it is not sent to-morrow, you shall hear from me.

George (stopping him.) Once more.

Steward. Let me go. I'll not have any thing to do with such a ragamuffin.

George (striking him.) Ragamuffin! You are speaking to a soldier, sir, take that: and out with you. Old rascal! get you gone! (*he pushes him out.*)

Steward. O, vengeance! vengeance! *Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Moorhouse, Grace, Thomas, George, Trunnion.

Grace. George, my dear George, what have you done!

Moorhouse. We are ruined.

George. Do not be frightened, father. Had you wept even blood, he would not have relaxed. I never struck a man before; but I was never called a ragamuffin in my life till now. Could I be a soldier had I borne it?

Trunnion. If you had not struck him, I was ready to strike you.

Moorhouse. Who knows what it may cost us ?

George. What, because I would not be insulted ?

Grace. It was very wrong in you ; for notwithstanding he insulted you, yet still you should have recollected that he was my lord's steward.

George. Pshaw ! he is not the first of his profession that has undergone a soldier's vengeance, I, for my part, think it perfect sympathy, that when a soldier sees a rogue, he naturally knocks him down.

Grace. I can't help thinking we should certainly have softened him at last.

George. No, trust me, never.

Grace (to Moorhouse.) What think you, my love ? It will be much better for us to go after him.

George. It will be useless.

Moorhouse. That may be ; but I am resolved, it shall not be said that I have left any means untried. So, Grace, let us go together.

George. Well, since you will go, let it be so : but if he yields, I'll eat my hat.

Moorhouse. Come, wifie, let us try this only method left us ; and Heaven's will be done, if it should fail,

Grace. Sure, since we have struggled through life thus far, Providence will not let us perish with hunger at last.

Trunnion. Your mother, I can see, has all her necessary consolations ready when she wants them,

I will go see on my part, what our comrades are doing.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

George and Thomas.

George. And do you think, uncle, that I have exposed my parents to the steward's malice more, by my behaviour, than they were already ?

Thomas. Trust me, so I fear, though it was bad enough before between them. And yet, nephew, they might certainly have mended their affairs last week, if they had only had a little less compassion.

George. How, dear uncle ?

Thomas. They discovered a deserter, but would not inform against him, notwithstanding the reward.

George. Indeed !

Thomas. The blacksmith here hard by was not so scrupulous and got the money.

George (to himself.) A deserter ! a thought strikes me.—(*To Thomas*) O uncle ! I can save my father, if I please ; but must have your assistance. May I trust you ?

Thomas. Certainly.

George. But can you keep a secret ?

Thomas. I have always thought I could.

George. Whatever happens ?

Thomas. Yes, provided there is no wickedness in the affair.

George. None, uncle.

Thomas. Well then, speak.

George. But were you to betray me !

Thomas. It must surely be some extraordinary matter !

George. Yes ; but you will have no reason to fear anything.

Thomas. Well, come then to the purpose.

George. I will desert this very night. You shall secure me, and get forty shillings by it, which will nearly pay my father's debt.

Thomas. I fancy you are turned fool ! What, I secure you ? I, your uncle ? Why not bid me take a musket at once, and shoot you ?

George. There is no musket in the case. A soldier is never shot the first time that he deserts.

Thomas. Well then at least he is flogged severely.

George. But I need not fear even that ; for all the officers of the regiment love me, and I am sure I shall get off.

Thomas. No, no, I cannot consent. Suppose your father was to know it ?

George. Can he know it, if we keep the secret ? For deserting, as I have told you, I shall not be shot : though, were there any room to fear it, I have often risked my life to benefit my country ; I can risk it surely then to benefit my father. Think too, he is your brother, and that by this way only we can save him and my mother from beggary, and perhaps from death.

Thomas. The devil surely has brought me into this temptation. I cannot tell what resolution I should take.

George. Remember, you have promised me; will you break your word? In my despair I shall desert, and then my father will get nothing by it: so that you have no affection for your family if you refuse me.

Thomas. No affection!—You hold out a knife before me, and are ready, as it were, to stab me to the heart.

George. Well, uncle, take your choice. Time presses.

Thomas. But should you deceive me, nephew! Should your sentence be—

George. Of death, I have told you, there is no fear. At worst, it will not exceed a whipping. I know how to suffer, and at every lash I shall bethink me that I have saved my father.

Thomas. Well then, I consent to do as you direct me; but should matters fall out otherwise—

George. How can they fall out otherwise? Give me your hand, and be secret. Our people call the Roll, as we term it, at six o'clock, and he that does not answer to his name is marked down as a deserter; now you shall conduct me to the guard-room to night, and inform them that you apprehended me ten miles out of town, as I was deserting from the regiment.

Thomas. It is the first deceit that I ever was concerned in.

George. Do not reproach yourself with it, dear uncle, since it will get us both a blessing. Let us embrace once more; and now go, find my father. But take care! let me conjure you not to cause sus-

picion. If I am doing wrong, God will assuredly forgive me. What should not a dutiful child do for the preservation of his parents ?

ACT III. SCENE I. *A prison.*

Drums and other music at a distance.

Trunnion (coming in.) O, my poor dear George ! He should have told us his distress about the cursed steward, and not thus deserted. Who would have imagined it last night ? to have gone off, been apprehended, and suffered his punishment, all within the compass of a night and morning ! But it is over, and I am glad of it. He has borne it like a hero ; never uttered a single groan ; the regiment that loved him so well hitherto, will, I am sure, not love him the less for it ; for my part I could have gone through half the punishment for him. But here he comes.

Enter George and Serjeant.

George (entering, and lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven.) Thank heaven ! it is over, and my father is safe !

Serjeant (in surprise.) His father is safe ! what does he mean by that ?

George. Dear Trunnion !

Trunnion (embracing him.) O my dearest friend ! how fares it with you ?

George. Do not shed tears for my sake, comrade ; I am much happier than you think.

Serjeant (aside.) What can all this mean ?— Shall I go fetch the surgeon ?

George. No, Serjeant, I thank you.

Serjeant (aside, shaking his head.) There is something of a mystery in all this. I will go and tell my captain what I think of the affair. (*goes out.*)

SCENE II.

George, Trunnion.

Trunnion. Well at least take something to support you. (*giving him a glass of liquor.*)

George (squeezing Trunnion by the hand.) Thank you heartily, good comrade. (*He drinks.*)

Trunnion. I am rejoiced that the court, in consequence of our request in your behalf, remitted so much of your sentence. But pray tell me, comrade, what possessed you to desert thus!

George. I am ashamed, dear Trunnion, to conceal the reason from you; so do not ask me; it is a secret that I never can mention.

Enter Thomas.

Thomas (violently agitated.) Well, now are you satisfied?—

Trunnion. Softly! softly! You seem agitated. Do not disturb your nephew; he wants rest. A man is not always the same.

George (whispering his uncle.) You are angry, uncle. Should you speak of the affair between us, you will undo me.

Thomas. I am undone already.

George. Are you serious?—(*To Trunnion*) Prithee, my good friend, leave us a moment to ourselves. (*Trunnion retires a little.*)

Thomas. Your father is in so great a passion

that he will not see me, on account of my having informed against you, and received the money. Besides, he will not accept a farthing of it. When I offered it to him, he rejected it with horror. God forbid ! cried he, it is the price of my son's blood. What then shall I do ? There is scarcely a boy in the village but will pelt me for my treachery, as they call it ; and all this through you.

George. Be pacified, dear uncle ! every thing will yet be well. The worst is past : and you have only to go back and tell my father that I desire to see him.

Thomas. No, not I ;--he won't permit me to approach him. I informed you so before. But how is this ! I see him coming with my sister.

Enter Moorhouse and Grace.

Grace. Where is my son ? Let me see him.

Truncheon. This way, good mother ; here he is.

Grace (running up to George.) What have you been doing, son ? How could you cause us so much sorrow ?

Moorhouse (in anger.) Are you here, unhappy wretch ? You have yourself converted all the joy that you gave me yesterday into distress and sorrow. I will never see you more.

George. Dear father, pray forgive me ! I have undergone my punishment.

Moorhouse. Yes, for flying from your colours ; but you have not suffered for disgracing us in our old age. Surely, sixty years, passed without a blot upon our character, entitled us to hope that

we should have died without one : and yet now you have covered us with infamy. But we renounce you !

George. Pardon, pardon me, dear father ! Heaven is my witness, I have not disgraced you, and was far from wishing to disgrace you.

Thomas (aside.) O, what torture to hear this, and yet be forced to stand thus silent !

George (following Moorh.) Do not, do not, father, leave me thus, without embracing me ! O, stay a moment ! And you, mother, can you show yourself as cruel ?

Grace. What can I do, son ?

Moorh. Never call him son. He has forfeited that name.

Grace. Forgive him, good man ! He is still our child.

Thomas. Yes, brother, let your heart be moved to pity his affliction.

Moorh. Hold your tongue ! You are full as bad as he is ; you that sell your nephew for the sake of money. I will no more be your brother, than his father.

Grace (having talked a little with George.) Hear me, husband ! He makes solemn promises. Do not make us both wretched ! After all, he is our child, the only one that we have, and can we then not love him ?

Moorh. Don't speak one word more, woman, but follow me ! (*He is going out, but Trunnion holds him.*)

Trun. Come, master Moorhouse ; enough !

You have vented your passion : let all be forgotten. The king accepts him again ; why should not you ? Give him, give him your hand. Do you think that I should continue to have a regard for him, if he did not deserve it.

Grace. Hear that, my love ! Do not be more hard-hearted towards him than strangers are. Besides, consider what his captain said yesterday in his behalf.

Moork. I see him coming : so I will speak to him before I answer.

Enter Captain and Serjeant.

Moork. Ah sir, does it not afflict you, when you recollect that yesterday you said so much in praise of my unworthy son ?

Captain. He had deserved it ; though indeed I could not have supposed my commendation would have had such bad effects. But (*to George*) tell me what could possibly induce you to desert ! You must have had some very urgent motive. Let me know the secrets of your heart, whatever be the consequence. You have been punished, and have therefore nothing now to fear.

George. My worthy captain, do not, I beseech you, take away your favour from me ! I will endeavour to deserve it.

Captain. If you tell the truth, I will not. For to fancy that you deserted for a quarrel, which I understand you had with the steward, is absurd.

George. And yet, your honour may be certain, there is no other reason. It is well known, I never was remarkable for quarrelling with any one. The

least offence appears enormous, when one has not been accustomed to it. I was so disturbed at the affair that it took away my reason; and besides, the unhappy situation of my father aided to distract me.

Captain. What then signified those words that you said on entering the prison with the serjeant? *Thank Heaven, it is over, and my father is safe!*

Moorh. (astonished.) Were those his words, sir? God forgive me, but satan surely must have turned his brain.

George (sighing.) I do not remember to have said those words.

Serjeant. I remember to have heard you say them, when you first entered this room.

Trun. Yes, yes, comrade, that you did. I myself heard you also, now I recollect.

George. They must then have certainly escaped me in my pain.

Captain. They might so; yet they are not without a meaning.

George (in great embarrassment.) I do not know what answer to make you.

Captain (taking him by the hand.) Do not, my honest fellow, study to deceive us. This desertion has some other reason than your quarrel. Your dissimulation very much displeases me; and you are likely to lose all my friendship. Was it not on account of your father——

George (eagerly.) How say you, sir? Do not believe——

Captain. I see, you are not worth the trouble

that I am taking for you, and no longer wish to be informed of any thing about you. You are more indifferent to me than the worst of men. You do not know, perhaps, how much you have lost by this prevarication.

Thomas. I must tell it then, at last.

George (interrupting him.) Dear uncle, would you wish to make us more unhappy than we are ?

Thomas (to the Captain.) I can explain the whole affair, sir ; but have reason to fear lest the mischief should become still greater.

Captain. No, you have nothing to fear ; I give you my promise.

Thomas. Well then, good sir, it was to save his parents that he deserted. He found means to make me turn informer, and get forty shillings, that his father might have wherewithal to pay his debts ; but now, his father will not hear a word about the money or his son. Let me beseech you therefore, sir, to rid me of this money, which I cannot keep, and interpose at least with your authority and kindness, that my brother may be profited by what his son has so affectionately done to benefit him ; for the affair is exactly as I relate it to you. (*Every one appears astonished.*)

Captain. George, what do you say to this ?

George (bursting into tears.) You have heard the truth. However, I beseech your honour to believe that nothing but my father's safety could induce me to desert my colours. I despised the danger, hoping to save him ; but, since every thing is

discovered, and my hopes all lost, I must suffer more severely.

Moorh. (embracing George.) What, dear George ! and was it for my sake you did all this ?

Grace (embracing him also.) Yes, now indeed we may embrace him ; though my heart informed me all along that he could not be so guilty.

Captain (taking George by the hand.) O, my generous youth ! what affection and what courage ! Yet, to say the truth, your filial piety has carried you too far ; for to desert is always blameable.

Moorh. Most certainly ! Heaven keep me from becoming richer by a penny of this money !

George. There now, uncle, see what comes of revealing the affair ! I have made myself a double criminal to get my father money, which you find he will not accept.

Thomas. Yes, yes, you have this to lay to my charge, I must acknowledge ; but his honour made me a promise first of all.

Captain (to Thomas.) Let your brother have the money. Take it, *(to Moorh.)* my good friend ; for George has deserved it richly.

Moorh. I can never bring myself to take such ill-gotten money.

Captain. I will have you take it ! and what is more, I will go and tell the matter to our colonel. *(to George)* You have not done your duty as a soldier, I acknowledge ; but have shown yourself a son in such manner, that he cannot but be moved when made acquainted with it. Wait for me : I will

return immediately. (*The Captain and Serjeant go out.*)

SCENE III.

Moorhouse, George, Thomas, Grace, Trunnion.

George. My consolation is, that I can now with greater confidence intreat you to forgive me, as I have finished your misfortunes, and the steward will not have it in his power to hurt you.

Trun. Yes, my good old man, forgive your son! He will be cured the sooner, if he has your blessing: and besides, you ought to consider that he is to possess your cottage after you.

Moorh. He is, and therefore I will preserve it for him. Come, my son, forgive your father, who has used you thus unkindly. Heaven can tell how much I suffered, from the thought that you had left your colours; and it seems, you were even then discharging your duty towards me. How shall I repay you for so much affection, in the little time that I have to live?

George. By loving me, as you have always done.

Grace. O, yes! and ten times more; for every bit of bread that we eat, we will say to one another it is our dear son's gift.

George. I am satisfied. And I thank you, uncle, for the service that you have done me.

Thomas. You thank me, do you? I am glad that matters have turned out as well as they have. But never make such a ticklish experiment again. And now, brother, have you still a grudge against

me ? Had it not been from a wish to serve you, I would never have been concerned in my nephew's scheme, no more than he would ; and since you pardon him, you may extend your liberality to me.

Moorh. What can excuse your conduct, brother ? I may throw myself into the flames, but he that lights them for me ought to be considered cruel. Yes, indeed. However, I will not hate you : there is my hand.

Trun. Comrade, hitherto I have loved, but now respect you. Let us embrace then, and be always friends.

SCENE IV.

George, Thomas, Moorhouse, Grace, Trunnion, Captain.

Capt. Good luck ! good luck ! You are a serjeant on the spot. The colonel, when I told him the affair between your father and yourself, was happy to promote you. Take this also from him (*giving him a purse of money*) as a witness how much he applauds your filial piety.

Moorh. and Grace. O, sir, may heaven reward you !

Captain. Nothing in all this is due to me : the colonel has done every thing. (*George embraces his parents, and then turning to the Captain, says*) I beg your honour's pardon !

Captain. You deserve the pleasure of embracing those that gave you birth, to whom you have so well discharged your duty.

Thomas. Well, could any one have thought that old Thomas, simple as he is, would come to make a serjeant, as, it is plain, I have ?

Trun. Yes, yes : and therefore, Mr. Serjeant—

George (embracing him.) Call me nothing but comrade and friend, as we have always been.

Trun. Well then, comrade, let us break off a little for the present : and as nothing like good cheer suits a joyous time, let us, as soon as we are able, make up for the sorrows of last night and this morning by a good breakfast. The captain and the colonel shall be remembered in our grace.

THE WATCH.

YOUNG Clara, on her return from a visit which she had just been making to an intimate acquaintance, appeared quite pensive and sad. She found her sisters entertaining themselves with that innocent and lively joy which seems highly delightful in the sports of infancy. Instead of making one among them with her usual playfulness, she moved to a corner of the room, sat there as if it vexed her to behold their gaiety, and when the little ones began to prattle, in hopes that she would join in their diversion, replied peevishly to what they asked her. When her father, who loved Clara exceedingly, beheld her thus dejected, which was but very seldom the case, he began to be uneasy, put her on his knee, and taking her affectionately by

the hand, inquired what ailed his little child, that she appeared so melancholy ? ‘ Nothing, nothing,’ answered Clara at first, to all his questions ; but at length, on being pressed more earnestly to tell him every thing, she replied, that all the little ladies whom she had seen that evening at her friend’s, where she had been visiting, had each received a very pretty present from their parents, or friends, by way of fairing ; though not one among them was so far advanced in learning as herself. She mentioned more particularly one Miss Richmond, whose uncle had, that very morning, purchased her a very fine gold watch. ‘ O what pleasure,’ added she, ‘ Miss Richmond must feel, in having such a handsome watch by her side !’

This then is the cause of your uneasiness, I find ? said Mr. Ford with a smile. Thank heaven, it is not so bad as I imagined ! I supposed that you might have met with some unhappy accident. And now what would you do with a watch, my dear sweet Clara ?

Clara. What others do, papa. I would have it fastened to my girdle, and look at it every moment of the day, that I might know what time it was.

Mr. Ford. What ! every moment, Clara ? Your moments then are very precious : or perhaps your hours of needle-work and study hang too heavy on you ?

Clara. No, papa ; for you have often told me that I am at present in the happiest season of my life.

Mr. Ford. Well then, my child, if you have no

occasion for a watch, but to know the hour, we have a clock here, in the hall, and that will always tell you.

Clara. Yes, papa ; but then I need not mention, that up stairs I cannot always hear it strike, and Bridget is very seldom there, to go down for me, and see what o'clock it is. Now, when I want to know, if I go myself, it takes up much time : whereas a watch at hand would let me know the time at once : nor should I need trouble any one, or lose a moment myself.

Mr. Ford. It is true, a watch must be exceedingly convenient, were it but to inform one's writing-master that he has staid his time out, if through friendship or politeness he should wish to sit a little longer with one.

Clara. Dear papa ! how pleased you are to vex me upon all occasions with your banter !

Mr. Ford. Well then, Clara, if you desire more serious conversation, tell me frankly, why you so much wish to have a watch ?

Clara. I have, papa, already.

Mr. Ford. But I wish to know your real motive. You are sensible, that words alone never satisfy me. You are afraid, perhaps, to tell me. Well then, I *will* for you ; and you will say yourself, that I deal more frankly with you, than you with me. The reason why you want a watch is this : that when folks pass you, they may say, ' O see what a charming watch that little lady has ! She must be vastly rich ! '—Now tell me do you not think it very pitiful to boast of being richer than other people, and to display fine things for the multitude to admire ?

Do you fancy any reasonable person will esteem a lady more, because her father has a great deal of money? Do you esteem those more who may be richer than you are? When you behold a handsome watch, and are not in the least acquainted with the wearer, far from saying, 'There is a worthy little lady with a pretty watch,' do not you rather say, 'What a charming watch that little lady wears!'—It is plain, that if a watch does honour to any body, it is to the workman; but the wearer of it, if she claims any merit from the possession of such a bauble, I should despise her for her vanity.

Clara You speak, papa, as if you were persuaded that I desire a watch from such a motive.

Mr. F. I must confess, I grievously suspect as much; but you will not allow it. Well then, I think, I shall compel you very soon to such a confession.

Clara. O do not tell me so, papa, for you must own, a watch is very useful, since you always have one—you that talk so much against my vanity.

Mr. Ford. It is true; but then, you know, I cannot do without one. What I have to do at home is often interrupted by my public avocations or employment; so that I must be exact and punctual in allowing each the necessary time.

Clara. And must not I attend, papa, to a dozen different studies in the day? What would any of my masters say, if when they came, I had prepared to sit down with another, knowing nothing of the hour?

Mr. Ford. You are right. You see, by this, I am not obstinate. Whenever I hear reason, I can

say, I love to be persuaded: and so, Clara, you may depend upon a watch. I will give you one.

Clara. Ah! now you joke, papa.

Mr. Ford. No, certainly; for you shall have one; but on this proviso, that you do not forget to take it with you when you go abroad.

Clara. Can you suppose that I shall forget it? O how glad I should have been of one this afternoon, when I was visiting at Miss Mills's!

Mr. F. You may go there again to-morrow morning.

Clara. So I may; and very probably Miss Richmond will still be there, so let me have it early in the morning.

Mr. Ford. You shall have it now. You know my little room up stairs? Beside my bed, you will find a watch: that shall be yours, Clara.

Clara. What! that great kettle of a watch, papa! as old, for aught I know, as King Harry the Eighth. The case of it would serve to hold my little Pompey's breakfast of bread and milk.

Mr. Ford. It is a very good one, I assure you; and was all the fashion at the time it was made, for so my father told me. When he died, I found it with the rest of his effects, and was resolved to keep it for myself. But since I put it into your possession, I consider that it will not leave the family; and, as I shall often see it at your side, it will still serve to remind me of my father.

Clara. Yes; but what will people say, who are but ten years younger than my grand-papa would be at present.

Mr. Ford. Just the thing I expected! You

perceive, the motive of utility which you insisted on just now with such importance, was merely a pretext to hide your vanity ; for this same watch would do you all the service that you could possibly derive from one enriched with diamonds. Why trouble your thoughts with what the world may say concerning you ? However, in this case they will applaud your judgement, which could choose a watch for real service, not for empty appearance.

Clara. But, papa, why hinder me from having such a watch, as will at once be strong and make a handsome appearance ?

Mr. Ford. You suppose, then, that would make you happy ?

Clara. Yes ; quite happy.

Mr. Ford. I could wish that my fortune were sufficient to convince you, by experience, how fallacious is the happiness proceeding from such trifles. I know very well, that before a fortnight were over, you would hardly cast a look upon your watch ; that in a month you would forget to wind it up ; and very quickly after, cease to keep it in a better state of order than your own ideas.

Clara. So then you think, papa, that a handsome watch would only make me miserable ?

Mr. Ford. Think so, Clara ? I am sure it would have that effect ; for all our happiness on earth consists in being satisfied with such a situation as the will of Providence has meant us. There is no condition, so humble or so elevated, but a vain ambition may induce us to imagine ourselves in want of every thing that our neighbour possesses. It is

ambition that torments the husbandman, however easy in his circumstances, and inclines him to behold his neighbour's field with envy ; while it stimulates the master of a mighty empire, and persuades him that some province bordering on his realm is wanting to complete the figure of its boundary. Thence spring those cruel wars which princes carry on to desolate their people ; and those law-suits, in which individuals are engaged ; or those quarrels that disgrace man's nature. What were your ideas with regard to that Miss Richmond that you mentioned just now, when you were looking at the handsome watch that she displayed at her side ? Did you feel within your bosom that alacrity of friendship, still subsisting in her favour, which you once cherished ? Think, would you have done her, at that moment, any service, or at least done it with equal joy as yesterday ? That secret enmity against her, which her watch created, would also inspire your friend, or very possibly your sisters against you if you owned such a watch. Think then, for how despicable an enjoyment you would break the dearest ties of friendship and alliance, and the affection which nature plants within us ! Who would think herself happy upon such conditions ?

Clara. O, papa, you make me shudder !

Mr. Ford. Then, my sweet Clara, entertain no more of these unreasonable wishes ; they cannot but destroy your happiness. What is there wanting, that you can find really useful, in the situation which Providence allots you ? Have you not good food in plenty ? and convenient raiment for the

various seasons of the year? Does not my love provide you masters to improve your understanding, while I form your heart, and do my utmost to endue you with those several accomplishments that will in future make you welcome to all decent company? You want, it seems a gold watch enriched with diamonds! Should I get you such a watch, how would you look tomorrow upon your false pearl ear-rings? Would you leave off teasing me, till I had bought you real pearls? Nor would this be all; for you would then want lace, fine silks, and waiting-women to attend you. People cannot go on foot, through the streets, when they are pompously set out from head to foot; but must have footmen, fashionable carriages, and high-bred horses. You would want all these, and having once obtained them, would be fit to go to operas and assemblies, or pay visits at the houses of our first-rate gentry; but to receive them in your turn, you must possess a splendid habitation, and give sumptuous entertainments. Consider then, if I should satisfy your first caprice, how many wants would follow! They would every day go increasing, till in consequence of having wished to rise above your station in one article of luxury, you would, perhaps, come to want the necessary things of life. Look round you, and observe how many suffer real indigence at present, who so lately, as I may say, yesterday, were wasting an estate sufficient for their happiness. Reflect what very probably would be your case, and that too of your sisters, if my great affection for you did not, as it does at present, turn these sad examples

instantly goes up to the balcony, with a string suspended from a fishing-rod, and at the end of it a hook, with which he jerks the poor man's wig off. Then he runs and ties it to a dog he has provided for the purpose; after which he drives the creature into the street, and off he sets that instant, so that the poor perriwig has frequently been dragged for twenty minutes through the mud, before its owner can lay hold of it again.

Alfred. But this is more than mere amusement.

Elder Danby. And yet this is nothing to the stories I could tell you. Why, he lames and bruises all the dogs and cats he can get hold of. Neither is it long ago, when one of his relations broke a leg, by slipping down upon the stairs where Martin had been scattering peas on purpose. Aye, it is so; or else our name is not Danby. And for his servants, I'm sure his father would not get one to attend him if he did not pay extraordinary wages.

Alfred. Shall I tell you now? I long to see him. I like boys a little merry.

Elder Danby. Nothing is more natural: but Martin's mirth is not like other children's. You, I know, love laughing at your heart; but would not, for the world, hurt any one; whereas this wicked fellow laughs at bumps and bruises.

Alfred. O that does not fright me in the least. I shall be much more pleased in paying him as he deserves.

Elder Danby. If he should come, my brother won't offend you by withdrawing: He would do him some fresh mischief.

Younger Danby. Ye-e-es, I'll go.

Alfred. No, no : we're old friends, and no new comer shall divide us. I'll take care and manage him, I warrant you. But I hear a noise upon the stairs.—It is Martin.—No, I see my sister and her company.

SCENE III.

Alfred, the two Danbys, Viola, Clara, Rosamond, Beatrice, Laura.

Viola. Your humble servant, my good friends ! But why not seated, brother ? you might easily have got the gentlemen chairs since they have been with you. There has surely been time enough.

Alfred. As if we did not know it is usual to receive the ladies standing.

Viola. I am charmed to find you know your duty ; but where's master Martin ? (*To the Danbys.*) I supposed you would have brought him with you.

Elder Danby. It is a long time now, thank heaven, since we have been separated from him.

Rosamond. Is he more unlucky than Viola's brother ?

Clara. (*archly.*) He would be certainly unlucky then, indeed !

Beatrice. Viola's brother ? He's a very lamb to Martin ; we have known him for a long time. Have we not, dear sister ?

Laura. That we have, and he has played me many a trick,

Beatrice. He was very thick with Anthony my

BLINDMAN'S BUFF.



Roberts. Pardon me, and I will do so no more.

THE BLINDMAN'S BUFF.

A DRAMA, IN TWO ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

MR. MILNER.

ALFRED, his Son.

VIOLA, CLARA, . . . his Daughters.

ROSAMOND,
BEATRICE, } their Friends.
LAURA, a little lame, }

The two Masters DANBY, Friends to Alfred.

MARTIN, their Acquaintance.

ROGER, Mr. Milner's Groom.

SCENE, an apartment in the house of Mr. Milner ;
a table, with books and papers upon it, and a
speaking-trumpet in the corner.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

*Alfred, speaking to his father as he goes down
stairs.*

No, no, papa, don't be afraid : I'll take the greatest care that no accident shall happen to your papers. I'll put up your books too in the closet. (*He comes forward, jumping for joy.*) We shall have some fine diversion ; When the cat's away, the mice will play.

Enter Viola.

Well, Viola, is mother gone out, and all our little friends arrived ?

Viola. My three friends are all come ; but none of your companions yet.

Alfred. O, I can easily believe you, sister. We don't go gadding like you girls : and so we are not the first to keep appointments of this nature. You must force us from our study, if you would have us. Look ! I'd lay any wager the Danbys at least are hard at work, while we are speaking.

Viola. Yes, to contrive what fine tricks they can put upon us.—But pray, Alfred, is it true that papa will let us pass this evening here ? Our chamber above is so very small, we could not find room to turn ourselves round.

Alfred. Could my papa refuse you any thing, when I undertook to ask it?—Softly, little girl, don't discompose the papers.—Let them lie.

Viola. Keep that advice, sir, to yourself : I meant to lay them smooth.

Alfred (with an air of importance.) No, no, you can't, miss ; I am charged with that commission.

Viola. Truly, my papa could not have given it to so orderly a gentleman ! Let me, at least, assist you, then ; and afterwards I'll put the chairs in order. These great books I'll remove first.

Alfred. Don't think of touching them ! At most, I can permit you only to take one by one, and pile them up upon my hands. (*She does so, till they reach his chin.*)

Viola. There's full enough.

Alfred (leaning backward.) One more only.—So.—I've now sufficient for one turn. (*He takes a step or two, when all the books fall down.*)

Viola (bursting into a laugh.) Ha, ha, ha! there, there they go! Those handsome books, papa would never let us touch! I fancy he'll be greatly pleased to see them tumbled thus all together!

Alfred. I had lost the centre of gravity, as my tutor says, and you know he is gravity itself. (*He picks up the books, but they tumble down as fast.*) Deuce take it! They have been at Sadler's Wells I think, and learned to tumble surely!

Viola. You'll never finish, if I don't assist you. So, d'ye see, I'll spread my apron and do you stoop down and pile them in it.

Alfred (rising out of breath.) Bless me! I should never do to live in that country where men go upon all-fours like monkies. (*He fans himself with his hat.*)

Viola (re-entering.) Could you see how neatly I have ranged them on the chimney, you'd be charm'd! So let me have the rest. (*Alfred puts the other books, and all the papers, in his sister's lap, who says, when she receives them,*) Well, every body must acknowledge that girls are cleverer than boys.

Alfred. O yes, and you particularly. Clara is constantly employed in putting by your shreds and rags.

Viola. And if your tutor had not constantly his eye upon you, you would never know where to find your exercises and translations. (*She looks about her.*) But I fancy I've now got them all!

Alfred. Yes, yes; there's nothing left; so you may go. (*Viola goes out.*)

Alfred. (*putting the chairs and table in their places.*) There, so that's done, and we shall now have elbow-room enough. I can't help thinking what fine work we shall be sure to make. However, I'm surprised they're not yet come. For my part, I can say, I hardly ever make any one wait for me when a visit is in the case.

Re-enter Viola, and looking round.

Viola. Aye, very well: but, brother, you must hide this speaking-trumpet. If your friends should happen to perceive it, they'll be sure to stun us with their noise.

Alfred. Stay, stay; I'll put it behind the door, as very likely I shall want it. Let your little friends come now and din me with their chattering, as they used to do, and we shall see who'll cry out loudest.

Viola. Stuff! we need but join together; we should very shortly get the upper hand of such a little thing as you.

Alfred. O no; for if you ladies have your clappers so well hung, we gentlemen possess a fine clear manly voice, that every one respects: as thus—
You hear me?

Viola, (shrugging up her shoulders.) Yes; and have so much respect for you, as you say, that I'll take myself off. Farewell. I'll run and join my friends.

Alfred. And bid the servant send me up my visitors, when they arrive.

Viola. Yes, yes. (*She withdraws.*)

SCENE II.

Alfred (taking up the speaking trumpet.) Here's what has often brought me from the farthest corner of the garden much against my inclination ; and I think I hear it still—So ho ! there ! Alfred ! Alfred !—My young friends live only at the corner of the street. Let's see if I can hasten them. (*He puts the trumpet to his mouth, throws up the window, and cries out,*)

Girls and boys come out to play,
The moon does shine as bright as day :
Come with a whoop, and come with a call,
Come with a good will, or not at all.

(*He leaves the window, and draws near the door.*) Well, is not this surprising ! 'Tis like Harlequin's enchanted horn. I think I hear them talking to each other on the stairs. (*He listens.*) Yes, yes ! the two Danbys indeed. (*He puts the trumpet by.*) Suppose I were to jump now on the table, and receive them sitting on my throne ! (*He runs to bring a stool, that he may put it on the table ; and prepares to take a spring, but the arrival of the two Danbys prevents him.*)

Enter the two Danbys.

Alfred. Could not you have staid a little at the door till I was mounted on my throne, that I might give you audience, as they say, in all my glory ?

Elder Danby. Good indeed ! you've no occasion for a throne, to look exactly like a king. And active as you are, the throne might very likely cause your majesty a tumble.

Alfred. Why, to say the truth, I've read of many tumbles of that nature in my ancient history.

Elder Danb. And in some sort such an accident has happened to my brother's; though he's no great prince. He fell down stairs last week and hurt his nose considerably.

Younger Danby. (*stuttering.*) Yes, in-dee-ee-eeed! It pains me sti-i-ill a little, and that ma-a-aster Martin is a very nau-au-aughty boy.

Alfred. Does he intend to come to-night?

Elder Danby. I hope he don't: if we had thought he would be here, we should not have stirred out.

Younger Danby. He o-o-only thinks of mischief.

Alfred. What has he done?

Elder Danby. We were both going out last Saturday. I stopped to get a handkerchief; my brother went down stairs alone, and, as it happened, Martin hearing some one, came out sily, jumped at once upon my brother, who was frightened, lost his footing, and rolled down the stairs from top to bottom.

Alfred. Poor Danby! I'm sorry for you. Martin looks for all the world as if he loved such mischief. We shall have his company this evening for the first time in our lives: his father begged papa would let him come and see us.

Elder Danby. I am sorry for it. We don't speak together any longer.

Alfred. My papa supposed you all good friends,

because you lodged together, and considered you would have the greater pleasure, if he came.

Elder Danby. The greater pleasure ! We would like to have him ten miles off. Since he has been our neighbour, we have been continually uneasy. He has frequently amused himself with breaking windows and then tries to lay the blame on us.

Alfred. Does no one make complaint about him to his father ?

Elder Danby. O, I don't know what to make of him ; he's such an odd sort of a man ! He scolds a little, pays the damage, and that's all.

Alfred. If I were your father I'd quit my lodging, and live somewhere else.

Elder Danby. Yes, so he means to do, and therefore yesterday gave warning ; and we're now forbid all manner of connexion with this Martin, he's so wicked ! Would you think it, very few go by the house, without expecting he will put some trick upon them. Sometimes he diverts himself by squirting puddle-water at them, or else pelting them with rotten apples. Nay, he'll sometimes fasten rabbits' tails, or bits of rags behind their back, at which the people, when they see it all burst out a laughing. Then too, he has what he calls his *caxen fishery*.

Alfred. Caxen fishery !

Elder Danby. Yes : he'll take people's wigs off, as they pass him, with a hook, as you would a carp. When some poor man stops before his window to converse with any one he may meet with, Martin

instantly goes up to the balcony, with a string suspended from a fishing-rod, and at the end of it a hook, with which he jerks the poor man's wig off. Then he runs and ties it to a dog he has provided for the purpose; after which he drives the creature into the street, and off he sets that instant, so that the poor perriwig has frequently been dragged for twenty minutes through the mud, before its owner can lay hold of it again.

Alfred. But this is more than mere amusement.

Elder Danby. And yet this is nothing to the stories I could tell you. Why, he lames and bruises all the dogs and cats he can get hold of. Neither is it long ago, when one of his relations broke a leg, by slipping down upon the stairs where Martin had been scattering peas on purpose. Aye, it is so; or else our name is not Danby. And for his servants, I'm sure his father would not get one to attend him if he did not pay extraordinary wages.

Alfred. Shall I tell you now? I long to see him. I like boys a little merry.

Elder Danby. Nothing is more natural: but Martin's mirth is not like other children's. You, I know, love laughing at your heart; but would not, for the world, hurt any one; whereas this wicked fellow laughs at bumps and bruises.

Alfred. O that does not fright me in the least. I shall be much more pleased in paying him as he deserves.

Elder Danby. If he should come, my brother won't offend you by withdrawing: He would do him some fresh mischief.

Younger Danby. Ye-e-es, I'll go.

Alfred. No, no : we're old friends, and no new comer shall divide us. I'll take care and manage him, I warrant you. But I hear a noise upon the stairs.—It is Martin.—No, I see my sister and her company.

SCENE III.

Alfred, the two Danbys, Viola, Clara, Rosamond, Beatrice, Laura.

Viola. Your humble servant, my good friends ! But why not seated, brother ? you might easily have got the gentlemen chairs since they have been with you. There has surely been time enough.

Alfred. As if we did not know it is usual to receive the ladies standing.

Viola. I am charmed to find you know your duty ; but where's master Martin ? (*To the Danbys.*) I supposed you would have brought him with you.

Elder Danby. It is a long time now, thank heaven, since we have been separated from him.

Rosamond. Is he more unlucky than Viola's brother ?

Clara. (*archly.*) He would be certainly unlucky then, indeed !

Beatrice. Viola's brother ? He's a very lamb to Martin ; we have known him for a long time. Have we not, dear sister ?

Laura. That we have, and he has played me many a trick,

Beatrice. He was very thick with Anthony my

brother ; but he's rid entirely of him now : why, he's the sorriest fellow in the world !

Viola. O, as for that, my brother is even with him there.

Rosamond. But to do mischief merely for the pleasure of it—there's the evil.

Viola. No, no, my brother is better than that comes to.

Alfred (with an air of irony.) Do you think so truly ? I'm obliged to you !

Rosamond. Well, well, my dear Viola, we'll be under your protection ; you are the biggest of us ; and besides, at present you are mistress of the house, and may command him.

Viola. Don't you be afraid. I'll keep him perfectly in bounds.

Alfred. Yes, yes, Viola : you shall take care of the ladies, and for you, (*to the Danbys*) I'll take you under my protection.

Elder Danby. O, he'll hardly think of playing tricks with me. He knows me, I assure you. All I fear for is my brother.

Younger Danby. He makes ga-a-ame of me ! yes, a-a-always !

Laura. That's his way ; the least are the ones he has to do with. He would never vex my sister, —none but me.

Viola. I can believe you : such as he are always cowards ; I think I see a puppy following close upon a cat as long as she keeps running : but if once the cat turns round, and shows her wiskers. then the puppy scampers for it.

Alfred. Well then, sister you shall be the cat.

Laura. And let him see your whiskers.

Viola. But methinks it would not be amiss if we sat down. Though we expect this Mr. Mischief-maker, we've no need, I fancy, to keep standing till he chooses to appear.

Alfred. Hush ! here he is.

Enter Martin.

Martin (to Alfred and his sister, making them a bow.) Your papa was pleased to invite me to wait upon you : so I'm come to spend the evening with you.

Viola. We are glad to see you, and shall have a deal of pleasure in your company ; at least my brother.

Clara. Yes, indeed ; he wants some good example.

Alfred. Do I ? So your good example, you would have the gentlemen suppose, is not sufficient.

Viola. Well, a truce to compliments. As mistress of the house, it is necessary I should let you know who's who. This tall young lady, in the first place, is Miss Rosamond Ducane.

Martin (with a banter.) I'm charmed you tell me so.

Viola. And these are the Misses——

Martin. O, I know them very well. 'This here (*pointing to Beatrice*) is my lady what's her name ?—Pentweazle, that will take off the company, as simple as she seems : And there (*pointing to Laura, and limping round the room*) is Miss Up-and-down, who broke her leg by running from the rod.

This gentleman, (*the elder Danby*) observe him, he's a grave, wise Grecian, that looks straight before him as he walks, as if he pitied us poor silly children. And this Peter Grievous, my good little friend (*showing the younger Danby and letting fall his hat*) is 'Squire A-a-atkinson, whose dear mamma forgot, poor creature! to untie his tongue when he was born. (*The children seem surprised and gaze at each other.*)

Alfred. And who am I, sir? for methinks you seem quite clever at this sort of portrait painting.

Martin. O, I'm not sufficiently acquainted with you yet to take your likeness: but I'll let you have it soon.

Viola. For you, sir, I could draw you at a glance, and I must tell you, the similitude would not be very pleasing. I could never have supposed it possible that any well-bred gentleman, as I imagine you^a affect to be, should think of turning natural defects into a theme for banter. If my little friends were not sincerely such, they would have reason to reproach me for exposing them to your indecency. But they can see I could not have expected half so much myself.

Martin. Why, Mr. Alfred, I protest your sister's mighty eloquent. You need not go to church on Sundays, having such a charming preacher in the house.

Alfred. She's tolerably skill'd, whe...
to be told the truth; and it is on that acc
love her, both my sister and myself, with ...
hearts.

Martin. Well, well, you see I'm likewise tolerably skilled in telling truth; and therefore you'll love me too, with all your heart. (*He bows to Viola.*) I ask your pardon, miss, for having taken your employment off your hands, who are so clever at it.

Viola. Your excuses and your bows are both an insult; but an insult, such as I despise. Though were they sincere, they'd hardly make atonement for so coarse an incivility. If I had not considered every word you said as meant in joke, however gross I must suppose it, I should know what suited me to do, and should have done it likewise. Let me therefore beg, sir, you would indulge in no more freedoms of this nature, if you mean we should remain together.

Martin (somewhat embarrassed.) Well, but I can see you do not understand a little harmless piece of banter. Let's be friends. (*He holds out his hand.*)

Viola (giving hers.) With all my heart, sir; but, provided——

Martin (turning suddenly his back upon Viola, and addressing young Danby.) You too are an honest little fellow; and I'll shake hands with you. (*He hesitates to give his hand, Martin therefore seizes it and shakes his arm so rudely, that he cries.*)

Elder Danby. Mr. Martin!

Alfred (laying hold of Martin's arm.) Pray, sir, let this child alone; or——

Martin. Well—or what?—my little Jack-a-dandy.

Alfred (boldly.) I am little, I acknowledge, but yet strong enough ; and so you'll find me, when my friends require to be defended.

Martin. Say you so ? In that case I should like to be among them. But beforehand if you please, we'll have a tustle, just to see how you'll be able to defend them.

Martin on a sudden tries to fling him down ; but Alfred stands upon his ground, and Martin falls. The company rush to part them.

Alfred. But one moment, if you please, young ladies. I'll not do him any harm. Well, Mr Martin how do you find yourself ? I fancy I am your master.

Martin (struggling.) Take your knee off—or you'll stifle me.

Alfred. No, no ; you must not think of getting up, unless you first ask pardon.

Martin. (furiously.) Pardon !

Alfred. Yes, sir, and of all the company, as you have certainly offended all the company.

Martin. Well, well ; I do ask pardon.

Alfred. If again you should insult us, be assured we'll send you down into the cellar till to-morrow morning, which will surely cool your courage. That's much better than to hurt you. We don't think you worth the trouble—Rise. (*He gets off of him, and when both are up continues.*) You have no right to be offended ; for remember it was yourself began the contest. (*Martin seems ashamed and remains silent.*)

Rosamond. (*aside to Clara.*) I could never have supposed your brother half so valiant !

Clara. O, a lion is hardly bolder ! and yet he never quarrels. He is in short, although I say it, the best tempered little fellow in the world. But what are we about ? We ought to think of some amusement for the evening.

Alfred. Certainly we ought, or why are we all come together ? Well, what play shall we make choice of ? Something funny ? what say you, Danby ?

Elder Danby. We will let the ladies choose. (*Martin makes mouths at Alfred and Danby : the rest pretend not to see him.*)

Viola. There, Alfred ; there's a lesson for you : we may choose ! Well then, suppose we play at questions and commands ? or possibly you like a game at cards much better ?

Laura. I should rather play at something with the younger Danby. If you've picture-books, we'll turn them over : won't we ?

Younger Danby. O-o-o-oh, yes, yes.

Viola. With all my heart, sweet dears. I'll carry you up stairs. You'll neither want for pictures nor play-things there.

(*Laura and the lesser Danby take hands and jump for joy.*)

Viola (*to the misses.*) My friends, will you go with me for amusement into my apartment ? I've a charming bonnet you'll be pleased to look at !

All together. Yes, yes, yes ; let's go.

Elder Danby. Will you accept my hand as far as your apartment, Miss Viola?

Viola. Rather let Miss Rosamond or Miss Beatrice, if they think proper, have it.

(The elder Danby presents his hand to Beatrice who happens to stand next him.)

Martin. What then, do you mean to leave me by myself here?

Alfred. No, sir; these young ladies will excuse me. So I'll stay: but I'm obliged to leave you for a moment.

Martin. Are you? Then I'll follow you. I don't like to be left alone by night, and in a house to which I am such a stranger.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Alfred and Martin.

Martin. The truth is, I was apprehensive you might think of playing me some trick; so I accompanied you. But we are now returned; and being alone, we may devise some mirth between us.

Alfred. Very willingly; I ask no better: so let us think a little.

Martin. We must have some fun, I fancy, with little Danby.

Alfred. If by fun you mean some trick to hurt him, I say no: I will not be in a joking humour: so pray leave him out if you are bent on mischief.

Martin. They informed me you were always merry, and loved something funny at your heart.

Alfred. And so I do: but, notwithstanding,

without hurt to any one. However, let me know what sort of fun you had resolved on.

Martin. Look here : here are two large needles. I will stick them with the points upward in the bottom of two chairs, that common eyes would not discern them. You shall next offer two of these young ladies the two chairs, for very likely they'd suspect I meant them mischief of some sort or other, and they will naturally both sit down : but figure to yourself what strange grimaces they'll both make : Ha ! ha ! ha ! It makes me laugh only to think what faces we shall have to look at ! Aye ! aye ! and your prudish sister too will find the matter quite diverting.

Alfred. But suppose I were to treat you in the same manner, would you like it ?

Martin. O, treat me ! that's different ; but those little idiots——

Alfred. So you call them idiots, do you, since they are not mischievous ?

Martin. You're mighty formal and precise. Shall I mention something else ?

Alfred. Yes, do.

Martin. Then I've some thread as strong as whip-cord in my pocket. I'll thread one of these great needles with a little of it ; and as soon as they are all come down, one of us shall go up politely towards them, make a deal of scraping, and wry faces, while the other, keeping still behind, shall sew their gowns together. They'll all want to dance, as you may guess ; so up we'll come, and take them

out. Ha ! ha ! you know the rest : ha ! ha ! ha !
ha ! ha !

Alfred. Yes, to tear their gowns, and anger their parents when they find it out ?

Martin. Why, there's the pleasure !

Alfred. What ! have you no pleasure in anything but mischief ?

Martin. But it does not injure me.

Alfred. O ho ! I understand : you think of no one but yourself, and all the world is nothing to you !

Martin. Well : but we are come together to divert ourselves, and we must positively have some laughing. So suppose we frighten Laura and the lesser Danby.

Alfred. But that's quite wrong. Suppose any one should frighten you ?

Martin. With all my heart, if any one is able. I'm afraid of nothing.

Alfred. (*aside.*) Say you so ? That we shall see perhaps.—(*Aloud*) Well, about this frightening.

Martin. I've an ugly mask at home. I'll run and fetch it. And do you, when I am gone, contrive to bring the little children down, and you shall see—I'll not be absent half a minute.

Alfred. (*aside.*) Good !—the mask shall be for you—(*To Martin, calling him back*) But, Martin ! Martin !

Martin. What's the matter ?

Alfred. It will be better to come upon them where we are, if I can bring the others down ! for

when there are but two or three in this part of the house, there sometimes comes a spirit ; and in that case, we ourselves should be but badly off.

Martin. What is it you tell me of your spirits ?

Alfred. Yes ; it is true. At first you hear a noise, and then a phantom with a lighted torch glides by, and then the room seems all on fire. (*He draws back as if afraid.*) Methinks I see it now.

Martin (a little frightened.) See what !—O Lord !—What can bring the phantom here ?

Alfred. (drawing Martin toward a corner and whispering to him.) The reason as we are told, is this : there was a miser lived here formerly, and he was robbed one night of all his money. In despair he cut his throat, and now, from time to time, his ghost goes up and down.

Martin (in a tremble.) O ho, I'll stay no longer here, unless you get more company.

Alfred. But recollect how brave you were just now.

Martin. You must not fancy I'm afraid :—but—but—but—but I'll go fetch my mask.

Alfred. Do, do : I will prepare things here. What pleasure we shall have !

Martin (with a grin.) O, enough to make one die with laughing.

Alfred. They'll be finely frightened !

Martin. That they will ! and therefore I'll make haste. I'm home and back again—You'll see how soon. (*He goes out.*)

SCENE II.

Alfred. Ah! ah! you want to frighten others, and are not afraid yourself! Well, well! I've thought of something that will frighten you, or I much mistake.

Enter Viola, Clara, Rosamond, Beatrice, and the elder Danby.

Viola. We saw Martin run across the street this moment! what's the matter? Have you quarrelled?

Alfred. Quite the contrary; he thinks I am his best friend. I have seemed disposed to go shares with him in a trick he wants to put on the little ones above: but it is himself he will trick, and never wish to come here a third time.

Viola. Well, what's your project?

Alfred. You shall know before long. At present I have no time to lose, for every thing must be in readiness against his coming back; so ladies, I will request permission to be absent for about five minutes.

Rosamond. Yes, go, go: but don't stay longer. We are all impatient to be told your design.

Alfred. I shall consider it my duty to inform you when I have done without. So once more with your leave. I'll come again in less than five minutes. *(He goes out.)*

Viola. Ah! ah! ah!—Two pretty fellows got together! We shall see what good comes out between them! one's well worth the other.

Elder Danby. O, Miss Viola, don't do such

dishonour to my friend your brother, as to name him and this wicked Martin thus together.

Beatrice. You are in the right, Danby. One is all politeness, and the other truly savage.

Clara. Savage as he is, however, I would wager that Alfred will be found his master.

Rosumond. What a piece of service would Alfred do us, could he clear the house of such a fellow! We shall have no pleasure all the evening, if he stay among us.

Viola. I am afraid, however, Alfred will proceed too far, and think himself permitted to do any thing against this Martin.

Elder Danby. He can never do enough; and though this scheme should be a little hard on Martin, there will be instruction in it: it is the greatest service one can do him: and his father, I am persuaded, will be pleased with Alfred when he hears what pains he has taken to teach his son. Alas! he would part with half his fortune, to have Martin like him.

Beatrice. So, Viola, do not you attempt to thwart your brother's good intentions.

Viola. But, my dear Miss Beatrice, I am very delicately placed: I am now instead of my mamma, and cannot possibly let any thing go forward she would not approve.

Beatrice. Let him have his own way. We will take the blame of what he does upon ourselves.

Clara. Yes, let him, sister. War, I say, war, war forever with the wicked!

Alfred (returning, joyfully.) I have settled

every thing, and Martin may appear whenever he thinks proper. We'll receive him.

Viola. But I hope you'll tell me—

Rosamond. Yes, we'll be in the plot too; and more than that, assist you, if we can.

Alfred. No, ladies, that's not necessary. There's a little violence, I must acknowledge, in my plot, and therefore I'll not make you parties. I've been settling everything with Roger in the stable. He conceives my meaning clearly, and will second it with great dexterity.

Viola. But still, you do not acquaint me——

Alfred. This is all you need know of the contrivance. We'll go to Blindman's Buff, that Martin may suspect no harm on his return. I'll let myself be caught, and he or she who blinds me must take care that I may have an opportunity of seeing through the handkerchief and fixing upon Martin. After he is blinded, you shall steal into the closet, take away the lights, and leave us together. When I want your aid, I'll call you.

Elder Danby. But if Martin should proceed to thresh you in your tete-a-tete?

Alfred. Proceed to thresh me! You observed how easily I flung him. I am not afraid of such as he, for I have found he is nothing but a coward. So that is fixed: but first, we must have both the little ones down stairs, or Martin might go up and frighten them while we are talking here together. So pray, sister, (to Clara) go and bring them down.

Clara. Yes, yes. (*She goes out.*)

Viola. But, brother, I'm not clear I should permit you—

Beatrice. What is the matter ? Let him do as he pleases, I tell you.

Alfred. Yes, yes, sister ; and rely on my discretion. You are sensible I do not like mischief for the sake of mischief : therefore he shall not have half the punishment he merits, but come off when I have frightened him a little : and that is all the harm I mean to do him.

Viola. Well then, Alfred, on your promise of discretion—

Alfred. Yes, I promise you no less. So let us make haste and put the things to rights, that all may be in order here too when he comes. (*They put away the chairs and table. Clara in the interim comes down with Laura and Danby.*)

Alfred (*going up to Laura and Danby.*) Come, come, my little friends, into this closet ; but take care and do not make any noise, or Martin very possibly will hear you.

Clara. I will conduct them. There is a book of pictures in it : and I'll stay to show them any thing they like.

Laura. I thought the tea was ready : May we not stay here with you till it comes in ?

Alfred. I'll call you when the servant brings it : but at present you must go into the closet : Martin wants to frighten you, and I'll not let him.

Younger Danby. Ye-e-e-e-es ; let's go, my de-e-e-e-ar. (*Clara takes up a candle, and goes in with them.*)

Alfred. We comprehend, I fancy, what we are to do. My eyes are not to be wholly covered, and, whenever I may give the signal, you must take away the lights, and get into the closet; but particularly have perfect silence.

Rosamond. Yes, we understand you.

Alfred. I believe I hear a noise! Hush! hush! hush! (*He listens at the door.*)

Rosamond. I'll begin; who takes my handkerchief? (*Beatrice blinds Rosamond, and they begin to run about.*)

SCENE III.

Alfred, Viola, Rosamond, Beatrice, and Martin.

(*Martin, as he enters, pinches Rosamond, on which she throws her hands out, and lays hold of Martin.*)

Rosamond. It is Mr. Martin. I well know him by his pinching me.

Alfred. It is Mr. Martin; but he was not in the play. You must begin again.

Martin. Undoubtedly, and Alfred is in the right.

Rosamond. Well, be it so: but if again I catch you, it shall all be fair. Remember, I have warned you.

Martin. O yes, yes. (*He takes Alfred aside, and lets him see a little of the mask.*) What think you of it?

Alfred. (*feigning to be frightened.*) O how frightful! I should certainly be terrified at seeing it

myself. Well, hide it carefully : we'll play a little, and then slip away.

Martin (whispering Alfred.) Yes, yes, we will : but I must, first of all, do something that may vex the ladies.

Alfred (whispering Martin.) I'll go up to Rosamond, and turn her round : if she should catch me, she'll believe it is you, and must set out again.

Martin (whispering Alfred.) Good ! good ! I'll have a little sport with her.

Beatrice. Well ; and when will you have told each other all your secrets ? Two fine gentlemen ! don't you see the game stands still ?

Martin. You need not stay for us : we're ready.

Alfred (keeping near Miss Rosamond, as if he wished to pull her by the gown, and seeing Martin go to fetch a chair, says aside) Now, Miss Rosamond, I'll put myself in your way.

Martin brings a chair, and puts it so that Rosamond may tumble over it : but Alfred takes the chair away, and puts himself instead, upon his hands and feet, with much shuffling, that Rosamond may hear him. As she slides along as if at hazard, she encounters Alfred, stoops and seizes him.)

Rosamond (after having felt about his cape and wrists and seeming doubtful.) It is master Alfred.

Alfred (in appearance disconcerted.) Yes, indeed ; I am taken. What ill luck, so soon !

Rosamond. (pulling off the bandage.) O, ho !

you wanted then to throw me down ! I thought such tricks were Martin's only ; but it shall not be long before I take revenge. (*She covers Alfred's eyes, so that he can see a little, leads him toward the middle of the room, and then, as is the custom of the game, asks Alfred*) How many horses has your father in his stable ?

Alfred. Three ; black, white and grey.

Rosamond. Turn about three times and catch whom you may.

Alfred gropes his way from place to place, and lets himself be jostled as they please. Miss Rosamond particularly plagues him ; he pretends to follow her, but all at once turns round and falls on Martin.

Alfred. Ah ! ha ! I've got you ! have I ? It's a boy. It's Martin ! (*Pulling off the handkerchief.*) Yes, yes ; I'm not mistaken.

Martin (whispering Alfred.) Why lay hold of me ?

Alfred (whispering Martin.) Don't mind it. You shall catch Danby. I'll push him towards you.

Martin (whispering Alfred.) Do ; and you shall see I'll make him squeak : I'll pinch him till the very blood spins out.

Alfred begins to cover Martin's eyes, and gives his company a nod, as he had planned it. Danby, assisted by the ladies, takes away the lights, and all together run into an adjoining closet, without noise.

Elder Danby. (*just before he steps into the closet.*) Well ; and have you finish'd ? O make

haste. You take a deal of time. What mischief are you whispering to each other ?

At this instant the groom presents himself at the door ; he has a lighted torch in one hand, and a stick in the other, with a large full wig upon it. He is covered head and all, with Mr. Milner's gown, which trails along upon the ground behind him. Alfred beckons him to stay a little at the entrance, while he is blinding Martin.

Alfred (putting Martin in the middle of the room) How many horses has your father in his stable ?

Martin. Three ; black, white and grey.

Alfred. Turn about—(*Pretending to be angry with the others*) Be quiet, pray, young ladies, and don't quit your places till the game's begun—Turn about three times, and catch whom you may.

While Martin turns about, Alfred runs to get the speaking-trumpet, bids the groom untie a chain he has about his waist, which falling, makes a hideous noise, and then cries out lustily himself, The ghost ! the ghost ! Run, Martin, for your life.

He claps the door violently to, hides himself behind the ghost, and speaking through the trumpet, says, 'Tis you who come to steal my treasure, then !

Martin (in a shiver and without sufficient courage to pull off the bandage.) Fire ! fire ! Danby ! Where are you, Alfred ? Murder ! murder ! Rosamond !

Alfred (speaking through the trumpet.) I've scared them all away.—Pull off your bandage and look at me.

Martin, without pulling off the bandage, puts both

hands before his face, retiring as the ghost advances on him.

Alfred. Pull it off, I say —

Martin upon this pulls the bandage down, which falls about his neck. He dares not lift his eyes ; but at last, when he observes the ghost, he gives a cry, and has not power to move.

Alfred. I know you well : your name is Martin.

Martin hearing this, runs up and down to get away : he finds the door shut fast, falls upon his knees, holds out his hands, and turns away his head.

Alfred. What, you think to escape me, do you ?

Martin (after several efforts.) I have done nothing to you. You were never robbed by me.

Alfred. Never robbed by you ? You're capable of any villainy ! Who is it squirts at people in the street ? who fastens rabbits' tails behind their backs ? Who fishes for their wigs ? Who lames poor dogs and cats ? Who sticks pins in chairs to prick his friends when they sit down ? And who has in his pocket even now a mask, with which to frighten two poor little children ?

Martin. I have done all this ! indeed I own it ! but for heaven's sake pardon me, and I'll do so no more.

Alfred. Who will answer for you ?

Martin. Those you've scared away, if you'll but call them.

Alfred. Do you promise me ?

Martin. Yes, yes ; upon my honour.

Alfred. Well then, I take pity on you : but remember, had it been my pleasure, I might easily fly away with you through the window.

Here the phantom shakes his torch, that gives a glare like lightning, and then goes out. The frightened Martin falls face downward on the floor.

SCENE THE LAST.

Martin, Alfred, the Groom, and Mr. Milner.

Mr. Milner (entering with a candle in his hand.)
What's all this disturbance ?

Martin (without looking up.) Is it I who make it ? Pray, pray, don't come near me ?

Mr. Milner, (perceiving Martin on the ground.)
Who can this be on the ground ?

Martin. You know me well enough, and have already taken pity on me.

Mr. Milner. I already taken pity on you !

Martin. It was not I robbed you.

Mr. Milner. Robbed me ! What does all this mean, Master Martin ?

Martin. Yes, yes ; that's my name, good ghost : so pray don't hurt me.

Mr. Milner. I'm astonished ! Why in such a posture ? *(He puts down the light, holds out his hand, and lifts him up.)*

Martin (struggling at first, but knowing Mr. Milner afterwards.) Mr. Milner, is it you ? *(His*

features brighten.) He's gone then ! is he ? (*He looks round about him, sees the ghost, and turns away again.*) There, there he stands !—the phantom ! don't you see him ?

Alfred brings the children from the closet. Laura and Danby are frightened at the phantom ; but the rest burst into a laugh.)

Mr. Milner. Well ! what means all this ?

Alfred (coming forward.) Let me explain the whole, papa. This phantom is your groom ; and we have put upon him your wig and gown.

Groom (letting fall his disguise.) Yes, sir, it is I.

Mr. Milner. A sorry sort of sport this, Alfred !

Alfred. True ; but ask the company if master Martin has not well deserved to be thus frightened. He designed to frighten Laura and Danby : I only wished to hinder him. Let him but show the frightful mask he has about him.

Mr. Milner (to Martin.) Is this true ?

Martin (giving him the mask.) I can't deny it : here it is, sir.

Mr. Milner. You have nothing then but what you merit.

Rosamond. It was we that persuaded Miss Viola to permit her brother to make use of this device to punish Martin.

Beatrice. If you knew besides, sir, all the other tricks he meant to play us !

Mr. Milner. What, sir, is it thus then you announce yourself, the first time you set foot within my doors ? You have been disrespectful to me in the person of my children, who were pleased to

think you would become their guest. You have been disrespectful to these ladies, whom I need not say you should have honored and regarded. So be gone ! Your father, when he comes to know you have been thus turned out of doors, will see how necessary it is to correct the vices of your heart. I will not permit your detestable example to corrupt my children. Go, and never let me see you here again ! (*Martin is confounded, and withdraws.*)
—And you, my friends, although the circumstances of the case may very possibly excuse what you have done, yet never, for the future indulge yourselves in such sport. The fears, with which children are affected in such a tender age as yours, may possibly be followed by the worst of consequences during their whole life. Avenge yourselves upon the wicked by behaving better ; and remember, after the wicked example Martin has afforded you, that by intending harm to others, you will oftener bring it upon yourselves.

THE RUFFLES AND GARTERS.

Jane and Letitia.

Jane. WHAT a charming day is Christmas Monday, when one has such handsome presents ! how I long to see it.

Let. O, don't speak about it, sister. The first five and twenty days of this dull, gloomy month, appear much longer than all the rest put together.

What fine things we are to have! I dream about them every night, and wake a dozen times, when Christmas Monday is the first thing I think of.

Jane. Do you recollect, last year, how all mamma's acquaintance brought us play things and confectionery? We had really so much we knew not where to put them.

Let. They were spread upon a large square table, and mamma came out to call us with her charming voice. Come, come, said she, and take these presents. She embraced us, and shed tears. I never saw her half so happy as that day, when she beheld us jump about the room for joy.

Jane. I think, indeed, she seemed much happier than ourselves.

Let. One would have thought 'twas she who had received the Christmas-boxes.

Jane. There must consequently be a pleasure, I suppose, in giving: so I'll tell you what we ought to do, Letitia. We are very little, and of course have little we can give. But still we have it in our power to get this pleasure.

Let. How, pray, Jane?

Jane. Why, it wants a fortnight now, you know, of Christmas Monday; and we have both money in our pockets.

Let. Yes; I've upwards of a crown. What therefore shall we do?

Jane. You recollect our fair comes on to-morrow. Well then, we must get up early, and work hard, and study diligently, and do every thing we ought to do, that in the afternoon we may get leave to go

and see the fair. Now I have considerably more than nine shillings. We will each take half our money, and buy the prettiest things we meet with. We will bring them home all cleverly wrapped up, and early upon Christmas Monday, give them to our gardener's children.

Let. Yes ; but then, Jane, the poor woman's children who comes here to work occasionally, must have something likewise.

Jane. Right ; I did not think of them. O, how delighted they will be ! I fancy the poor little children in their joy, will say they never had a Christmas-box before.

Let. In that case, we shall be the first to cause them such a deal of pleasure.—O, my dear, dear sister ! I must hug you for that thought !

Jane. Yes, but stay a little. I've another in my head. This money we designed to spend—

Let. Is ours ; and we may lay it out as we think proper.

Jane. Yes, that's true ; but—

Let. Well, but what ?

Jane. We had it from mamma, you know ; it was her present to us, as in general all our money is. Now, sister, if we lay this money out in presents to the children, it will then be mamma has made these presents, and not we.

Let. That's true indeed ; and yet we have no other money.

Jane. We can, notwithstanding, hit on some expedient for the purpose, I dare say. For in the

first place, I can work pretty well at my needle, and you knit with tolerable ease.

Let. Of what use will this be ?

Jane. You will not be long before you have knit a pair of garters for papa : and I have been this fortnight at a pair of ruffles, which he does not know of. What then hinders, pray, our finishing these two articles a day or two before Christmas Monday ?

Let. Well, and if we do, what then ?

Jane. In that case, we can present the garters and ruffles to papa, who will be glad to buy them of us, and pay thrice as much as they are worth.

Let. Yes, yes ; I'm sure of that. But still the fair will be to-morrow ; and we can't before that finish what you know is to procure the money we would lay out at the fair.

Jane. Nor is it necessary ; for the money we shall want to make our purchase with to-morrow, we may borrow of ourselves ; and afterwards repay it upwards of two days before we make our presents. Thus then we shall have it in our power to say, indeed, it was we alone gave Christmas-boxes to these poor children.

Let. A good scheme indeed ! It is always you who are the readiest at these matters : but it is likewise true, that you are the eldest.

Jane. Bless me ! how rejoiced we both shall be, in being able to afford them so much pleasure !

Let. I could wish to-morrow were the day.

Jane. Do not wish ; it will soon come now ; and we shall still be pleased in waiting its arrival.



THE CONJURING BIRD.



THE MAGIC CIRCLE, WITH THE BIRD IN THE BASKET.

THE CONJURING BIRD.

A DRAMA, IN ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS. ●

COUNTRESS OF GLENALVON.

AUGUSTUS, *her Son.*

JULIA, *her Daughter.*

GEORGE ODDLY, *a Nobleman's Son.*

ELIZA, *his Sister.*

GABRIEL,

LUCIUS,

SOPHIA,

JENNY,

ROBERT,

} *Friends of Julia and Augustus.*

} *Servants to the Countess.*

The SCENE is at the country-house of the Countess, in two rooms that open into the garden.

SCENE I.

Jenny, (reckoning up counters on a table.)

It is all lost labour to stand counting thus. I cannot make more than ninety-four; and yet there should be a hundred. Well, I think, there never was a house like our's for hair-brained children; for wherever they once put their foot, one may be sure, they will jumble everything together, if they do not lose something or another. I must look about for them in every corner of the room.

Enter the Countess.

Countess. You seem uneasy, Jenny! What are you seeking?

Jenny. Your ladyship's best counters.

Countess. Do not you see them on the table?

Jenny. Yes, my lady; but the number is not complete.

Countess. That should not be.

Jenny. That should not be, indeed; and yet there are no less than six wanting. Were there not a hundred?

Countess. Yes; you know it as well as I.

Jenny. Well then, there are but ninety-four.

Countess, (after having counted them.) There are indeed no more; and yet last night the number was complete. I put them up myself, when we had finished playing. But what caused you to come now, and count them.

Jenny. Because, as I passed by the door, I saw that the children had been playing with them.

Countess. Yet I absolutely ordered them not to be touched. They have ivory ones to play with: who could give them these?

Jenny. Themselves.

Countess. Themselves! Where are they?

Jenny. In the garden, madam, with their little company.

Countess. Call Julia here.—But stay, have none been here but Julia and Augustus?

Jenny. Yes, their friends: and who can tell—

Countess. What, Jenny! can you possibly suspect—

Jenny. I will answer for your children, please your ladyship, and likewise the three young Davenports, as if they were myself.

Countess. And not the others?

Jenny. I do not know them well enough.

Countess. What, Jenny, two such children as the Hon. Mr. Oddly and his sister?

Jenny. If your ladyship thinks fit I'll call miss Julia in: but here she comes.

Enter Julia.

Countess (to Julia coming in.) Who told you, miss, to use my silver counters? Did not I forbid you to use them?

Julia. It was not my fault, mamma.

Countess. Whose then, pray?

Julia. George Oddly's and his sister's. I had got the ivory counters, when they asked me if I meant to play with them, as they never had such at home, and must have better; upon which they opened all the drawers and closets till they met with these.

Countess. Why did not you mention that I would never let you use them?

Julia. Good! as if they would hear me: I believe they would have beat us, had we not surrendered them.

Jenny. Upon my word! These children, as it seems, are charmingly brought up!

Countess. You should at least have counted them when you left off playing.

Julia. That was what I wished to do. But after I had got to twenty-four, or thereabouts, George

Oddly snatched them from me, put them up pell-mell, and dragged us out into the garden with him.

Countess. Do you know that six are missing?

Julia. Surely not, mamma!

Countess. How! surely! when I have told you! See now whether I can trust you in the least! You know, it was your duty to take care of them.

Julia. I was confounded, dear mamma; these children are so mischievous! I was obliged to have my eye continually on them, as I thought they would have broken your china. I was obliged frequently to follow them about the room: they may have flung the counters into some corner or other.

Countess. I must have them found.

Jenny. I know but one way, madam. Were I you, I would turn the little masters' pockets inside out before they left the house.

Countess. Fie, Jenny! would you have me affront their parents?

Julia. O, I am sure, mamma, not one among them can have stolen the counters.

Countess. So I think; but children of their age may be a little giddy-headed. So go to them, Julia, and politely ask if any one among them may not, by mistake, have put them into his pocket. Your commission is a nice one, and requires a little management. Take care not to offend them by insinuating that you think any one capable of taking them purposely.

Julia. I shall take care, mamma.

Countess. Accuse yourself of negligence, and tell

them that I shall blame you, if they are not soon found.

Julia. I understand you.

Countess. And bid Robert, as you pass, come here.

Julia. I will, mamma.

SCENE II.

Countess and Jenny.

Jenny, (who has been employed in looking round the room.) I will answer for it, they are not here : there is not a corner but I have searched.

Countess. This should not have happened in my house. I dread, yet long to know, by what means they have vanished.

Enter Robert.

Robert. Here I am, my lady : what is your pleasure ?

Countess. To inform you, Robert, that I have lost since yesterday six counters.

Robert. Does your ladyship suspect me of taking them ?

Countess. No, Robert ! I am too well acquainted with your honesty for that. But I suppose, if you had crossed the room, you might have seen them on some chair or elsewhere.

Robert. Counters on a chair ?

Countess. I know, that is not a proper place for counters ; but the children have been playing where they were, and might have inconsiderately left them in some corner, and you have seen them.

Robert. No, my lady, I have not.

Countess. I am sorry for it, and do not know what method to pursue. They must have certainly been lost since morning, as I counted them myself last night.—But look about.

Jenny. Your ladyship has seen how I have been searching for them. Servants are but badly off, when any thing is lost about a house. However honest they may be, they are constantly suspected.

Countess. Very likely ; but the honest servant will on this occasion, pardon me, if I include her in my search of the dishonest.

Robert. You may first of all examine me, my lady. Rogues are constantly the first to be displeased when they are suspected.

Jenny. Thank heaven, I have no fear of that sort ! but it cannot be a matter of indifference to the honest servant, when a thief is in the house.

Countess. But put yourself into my place ; what would you do ? Think, Robert.

Robert. Do, my lady ?—A thought this moment strikes me ; and provided I have leave to put it into execution, I will engage to find the counters.

Countess. But you must not think of giving any one occasion to suppose himself suspected.—What is your design ?

Robert. I cannot at present tell your ladyship. A single syllable might spoil the business. Do but bring together all the children in the adjoining room. I promise you, the thief, if there is any thief among them, shall betray himself.

Countess. I cannot tell whether I should let—

Robert. You may trust me, madam. Be assured that no one but the guilty person shall have reason to complain; and him, I dare believe, you would not wish to spare.

Countess. Well, Robert, as I know your prudence, I rely upon it.

Robert. Good! my lady. Therefore I will go and begin conjuring. Do not be afraid, it is quite simple. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Countess and Jenny.

Jenny. My lady—did not he say something about conjuring? But that I know myself innocent I should be frightened out of my wits.

Countess. Peace, simpleton!

Enter Augustus.

Countess. What now, Augustus? You seem big with something or other! Have you brought the counters with you?

Augustus. No, mamma: I have only learned that six are lost. My sister told us so just this moment.

Count. And how was the intelligence received?

Augustus. We were exceedingly surprised. The two Davenports particularly, and their sister, want to come and plead their innocence before you.

Countess. Plead! they are the last that I should suspect of such a deed. And master Oddly—

Aug. O, he is furious; and told Julia, that to look upon him as a thief was but a poor reception.

Countess. Julia was not rude, I hope, in telling them my message.

Augustus. No, mamma, quite otherwise. She spoke with great politeness.

Countess. Then pray why was Mr. Oddly angry? There was nothing personal in what your sister said.

Augustus. I cannot well tell the reason; but Eliza drew him privately aside; he would not condescend to hear her. He is determined to be gone: his cap is fortunately here; he will come for it, and declares that he will not remain a minute in the house. He threatens to complain to his papa.

Countess. Positively he must not go. I will tell his lordship the whole affair myself when he comes to take him home.

Augustus. The rest wish greatly for permission to appear and justify themselves.

Countess. There is no need of that. I only wished to know if they could give me any information of the counters. They are all of them so well brought up, I could not venture to accuse them of a theft. But I am well acquainted with the whims of children. They will see every thing, and finger every thing; and, from a want of thought, might easily put a thing into their pocket, without any criminal intention.

Augustus. Certainly they might, mamma: as I did, you remember, when I took up my sister's purse by mistake, and would have carried it away.

Countess. But softly! here they are. Go, Jenny, and inquire if Robert is preparing matters.

SCENE IV.

Countess, Augustus, Julia, George Oddly, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucius, Sophia.

Countess. Well, how fares it with you all, my little friends ? I am glad to see you here.

George. Miss Julia has just now informed us, that your ladyship has lost six counters of the number with which, unluckily, we were playing. I am sorry for it ; but could never think that your ladyship would have suspected any one of us of having taken them. At least I can assure you, for my sister and myself, that we know nothing of them.

Countess. O, forbid that I should suspect such well-bred children as I look upon you all to be. Surely Julia did not tell you that I supposed you to have the counters ?

Eliza. No, my lady ; all that she said, was to inquire if we had brought them out through inattention, or to play a little longer with them in the garden.

Countess. Which you might very innocently have done. It is she alone that I blame in the affair, because she did not let you have *her* counters.

Gabriel. She intended, I think, to use them.

Lucius. I should never dare to show my face again, if I had taken even a pin.

Sophia (emptying her pockets.) See, my lady, I have nothing here.

Countess. My dear children, I have already told you that I am far from suspecting any of you to have them, when you say that you have not. They

are certainly of no great value ; yet I cannot but confess, that their loss affects me.

George. Were they only worth a straw, they are your ladyship's, and should not now be missing. But you know there are such things as servants ; and they are not always very honest. It is not the first time that we have suspected them at home.

Julia. But it is the first time that any thing of the kind has happened in our house, dear Mr. Oddly, I assure you.

Augustus. I would answer for our servants, men and women.

Countess. I have trusted them this long time ; but if you, sir, (to *George*,) have made any observations, I request you to let me know them.

George. O, no, no !—but when we went into the garden, did not—what is her name—the housemaid enter ?

Countess. Jenny ! O, I do not fear her. These six years past that I have had her, she might easily have made way with things of value had she been dishonest.

George. Did not your old footman come in likewise ? I do not like his looks ; and should not choose to meet him in a lane at night.

Countess. Fie, sir ! what makes you thus suspect the honest Robert ? He was my father-in-law's confidential servant, and has been much longer in the family than even I myself. If he could possibly turn pilferer, neither you nor I could know what living creature we might trust.

George. It is not unlikely then, but some one may have got into the room when we were gone.

Countess. That is not at all unlikely ; and I am going to inquire. Amuse yourselves till I come back.

George. No, madam ; after what has passed, I cannot stay longer here. Augustus, can you tell me where they have put my cap ?

Augustus. It is taken to be brushed ; you will have it brought you.

George. I must have it instantly.

Eliza. But won't you stay a little for papa ? You know he means to come for us.

Countess. I cannot possibly let you go home on foot. You would have upwards of three miles to walk. Stay here till I return : I will not detain you long. [Exit.

SCENE V.

Augustus, Julia, George Oddly, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucius, Sophia.

George. I am very much astonished that your mamma should have such thoughts of us ! We steal her counters !

Julia. Sir, she never had such a thought. She might have fancied that we had put them, without thought, into our pockets. I might as easily have taken them in this way, as yourself, or any other : but to *steal* ! she did not mention the word, or any thing like it.

George. Had there been none here but commoner's children, she might well have entertained suspicions ; but she should make some difference now.

Gabriel. You speak of us, sir, I can see : your looks inform me so. But let me tell you, in my turn, that it is one's manners and principles, and not birth, that makes one truly noble.

George. How these tradesmen talk about their manners ! You are very happy that there are so few children hereabout, and that Augustus and myself are forced to make you our companions, or have no diversion. Did you live in London, you would not have such honour, notwithstanding your fine manners.

Augustus. Speak, sir, for yourself alone ; for, just as here, in London too, I should be proud to entertain my little friends.

Julia. Yes, certainly. They give us, to the full, as good examples as such whipper-snapper noblemen as you.

Eliza. This, brother, you have deserved. Why attack them first ?

George. And you too upon me ? You think certainly as I do, though you will not confess it. Have you forgot mamma's lesson on the subject of familiarity with those beneath us ? "Never mix with tradesmen's children : in the lower ranks of life you will always have low thoughts."

Augustus. And can you possibly suspect that my friends are capable of being thieves ?

Gabriel. Did we approach the table ?

Sophia. No : whereas we saw you take the counters, and look at them I suppose half a dozen times. (*George attempts to strike her. Augustus and Gabriel hold his hand.*)

Augustus. Softly ! You will have to deal with me else.

Gabriel. No, no, my friend. I thank you, but I can take care of my sister. Let him even threaten her. I am not a bit more frightened at his size than his title.

George. O, it is far beneath me to dispute with traders.

Julia. Very well : I hope then it is far beneath you likewise to attack a little girl.

George. I shall not permit her to insult me.

Eliza. She would certainly have done much better, had she held her tongue.

Julia. But being such a child, she might be pardoned : and particularly when she spoke the truth.

George. The truth ? What do you mean by that ?

Gabriel. She said that you took the counters and looked at them : that is all. Did she say any more ? And this certainly is true.

George. I shall not even condescend to answer.

Gabriel. You cannot take a better resolution, when you have nothing but such answers for us.

Enter Countess.

Countess. What is the meaning of all this ? I will not have any quarrels here !

George. My lady, I expect you will do me justice on these little folks !

Countess. Folks ! folks ! who are they ? I am not accustomed to have such as visit here called so.

Augustus. He is angry, because we were not in a humour to endure his airs.

Julia. He thought he should have had a company of dukes at least for playfellows.

Gabriel. And imagines that we should be suspected of this theft, much rather than a nobleman.

Lucius. As if we had not a character to support as well as himself !

Sophia. Ay, and would have beaten me, had not Gabriel taught him better.

Countess. Why, surely ! it is not possible !

Eliza. To say the truth, my brother is too hasty.

Countess. Vivacity becomes his age very well ; but no one should be proud, quarrelsome, or rash. Here is Robert.

Enter Robert, with a basket covered with a napkin.

Robert. There is no more to be said, my lady. Every body in this house is innocent, as sure as my name is Robert ; but however, for the satisfaction of the company, I will introduce my cock, who, you must know beforehand, is a conjurer. (*Putting the basket on the table.*)

Sophia (jumping for joy.) O, a cock ! a cock !

Robert. Yes, nothing more ; for look here ! (*He lifts up a napkin in the basket, so that Sophia and the rest discern the bird's neck and crest.*) Just like others, saving that my cock has not his equal in the world for knowledge : why, he will tell me things which no other person can possibly know. If a single straw, and nothing else, is missing, I

need only run and have a consultation with him : he will be sure to know who stole it.

Julia. You can then find out our counters, can you ?

Robert. Can I ? Why last Christmas, at the alehouse, I lost my pipe ; so what did I do but away and fetch my cock, who let me know that the groom had got it : and I think, you recollect, he broke his leg about a fortnight after.

Sophia. He can talk then ?

Robert. Yes, like other cocks : *Cock-a-raw.* On which, I understand him just as if it were you that spoke to me.

Julia. You never told us this before.

Robert. Because we never lost any thing before.

Countess. Well, a truce to all this conversation, and begin.

Robert. Not quite so fast, my lady. I must perform my conjuring in the dark.

Countess. A very easy matter. You need only close the shutters.

Julia. I will go out and push them to.

Countess. You are much too short : you cannot reach them. Robert will do that himself.

Robert. Yes, madam. (*He goes out.*)

SCENE VI.

Countess, Augustus, Julia, George Oddly, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucius, Sophia.

(*The children lift up the napkin, excepting George, who appears embarrassed.*)

Augustus (looking at him earnestly.) This same

cock seems supernatural, I fancy. How his eyes shine !

Julia. And his comb, how red it looks ! my patience ! how it shakes upon his head !

Sophia. Do you imagine, then, that it has so much knowledge as Robert says ?

Lucius. Papa has often told us, what we ought to think of such strange stories.

Gabriel. Robert is a cunning sportsman, and I am sure can make birds hold their tongue much better with his fowling piece, than to teach a cock to talk by virtue of his wand.

Eliza. Who knows ! my governess has told me many wondrous things of conjuration, and all that.

George. I wonder, sister, you can listen to such stories !

Countess. I am glad you have these notions of the matter, and should like to laugh at Robert for his folly. What simplicity ! a cock discover thieves !

George (forcing a smile.) I fancy we shall have a deal of laughing very shortly. (*The shutters are closed all at once.*) But why close the shutters ? (*with uneasiness.*) I do not love darkness.

Julia. If the cock cannot see, he will never find out the thief.—Will he, pray, mamma ?

Countess. Well asked : for I cannot tell you.

Sophia. I should like, if I knew how, to make him speak. Come, pretty little cock, say something.—See how dark it is.—Look out a little.—He does not speak a word !

Julia. The reason is, I suppose, he will obey his master only.

Enter Robert.

Countess. Well, you are satisfied now, Robert, since you have thus shut out the day-light?

Robert. Yes, my lady, every thing is as it should be. And so now, let those remain that have not stolen the counters, but if any one is guilty, let that one go out.—What, all remain!

George. How cunning!

Robert. I see clearly then that I must employ my art. (*He waves his hand, and draws a circle on the floor; pronouncing something unintelligible.*)

That's well! So now, my cock, take heed;

And tell us, who are rogues indeed.

Come now, my little gentlemen and ladies, and let every one of you in turn, lift up the napkin here, and with his right hand, do you see, stroke Chanticleer upon the back. You will hear his music, when the thief once puts his hand upon him: but do not lift the cloth too high; just high enough to let your hand pass under it.

So now, my pretty cock, take heed;

And tell us who are rogues indeed.

Well! will none of you begin?

Countess. What, every one afraid? Why one would think you all guilty, at this rate!

Sophia. I am the youngest, but I will set the example. (*She lifts up the cloth, and strokes the cock twice over in the basket.*) Do you see,

the cock does not speak. It is not I that have stolen the counters.

Robert. Very well. Stand now in this place, with your hand behind you.—Is it so?

Sophia. Feel, feel.

Robert. That is right. Now, you, sir. (*To Augustus.*)

Augustus. O, I fear as little as Miss Sophia—There—He has not spoke.—Must I too hold my hand behind me?

Robert. Certainly; and every one.—Come here by this young lady.—Well, another.

Julia. I will go next.—(*She strokes him.*) If he had said a word, he would have been a storyteller.

Robert. By your brother here.—Who is next!

Eliza. It is my turn now. (*She strokes him.*) Mute as any mackerel.—Yet I stroked him four times over.

Robert. Are your right hands all behind you? Do not forget that part.

Gabriel (to George.) I will follow you.

George. As if I would have to do with such child's play!

Countess. You would not surely spoil our sport. A little complaisance, pray, Mr. Oddly.

George. If that is all, I have no objection.—(*He puts his hand under the cloth.*) There—I do not find he has spoke for me, though I have stroked him more than others.

Robert. Here, sir; with the rest; and keep your hand behind you.

Sophia. There are none left but my brothers, who have not stroked him. It is one of them!—O, no; I do not think so. (*Gabriel and Lucius imitate the others; upon which the children burst into a laugh.*)

Lucius. And where is the thief?—Why no where.

Countess. Robert, you should send your cock to Norwood; he is not cunning enough: and all this while my counters are not found.

Robert. I must acknowledge this confounds me. For a little while, however, patience; do not stir.—Stand still, I say.—They are just like so much quicksilver!—My circle, as I think, must be imperfect. I will bring a light, and examine. I pray your ladyship, let no one quit his place. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.

Countess, Augustus, Julia, George Oddly, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucius, Sophia.

George. I knew beforehand how all this would end.—Stupid nonsense!

Sophia. Why, this cock is no wiser than his master.

Eliza. Truly I am glad to see him caught.

Julia. And what does he design to do, when he has brought a light?

Countess. He will show us.

Sophia. I should like to see the cock now.—He will scarcely hold up his head, I suppose, for shame.

Enter Robert, with a lamp.

Robert (going up to Sophia.) Come, let me see your little hand. (*She holds out the left.*) Not this, but that behind you. Good!

Sophia (looking at her hand and crying out) O, what a hand I have! as black as any coal! And will it always be so?

Robert. Do not be frightened, little miss! I will speak about it to my cock, and you shall have both hands as white as snow.

(*The children have not patience, but all look together at their hands, and instantly cry out.*)

Augustus. How black my fingers are too!

Julia. And mine likewise! What does Robert mean by this?

Eliza. I would twist the creature's neck off, if I had him.

Gabriel. Fegs; my wristbands are come in for a little of it!

Lucius. It is as if my hand were painted!

George (lifting up his hand in triumph.) But see mine! There is none of the company that has a hand fit to look at, except me.

Robert (taking hold of George by the arm.) Very likely! Then, sir, you have stolen the counters.—Give them up, young gentleman, this instant, or I will search your pockets, and then blacken you all over!

Eliza. Blacken him! O, brother! if you have got the counters, give them up this moment.

Countess. Take care, Robert, what you say!

Robert. I am sure he has them. So quit the

counters, or expect to have a countenance as grimy as the blackest negro's.

George (turning pale, and trembling.) Is it possible that I should have put them in my pocket, and not thought what I was about? (*He feels about him.*) I recollect, indeed, I had them in my hand. (*He seems surprised at finding them thrust into a corner of his waistcoat pocket.*) Dear me! they are here indeed! Who would have thought it? (*All the children look at one another with surprise, while George stands confounded.*)

Countess. Robert, take away your cock and candle, and open the shutters. Take care (*in a whisper*) not to tell your fellow-servants how you found the counters.

Robert. I will, my lady. (*He goes out.*)

Countess. Go, my little friends, into the other room: you will find water there to wash your hands. Take care, and do not wet your clothes.

Sophia. No, no:—but if this black should not come off?

Countess. It is nothing but a little ivory black, and water will remove it. You, sir, (*to George.*) as your hands are clean, may stay with me.

[*Exit children.*]

SCENE VIII.

Countess and George.

Countess. Well then, my haughty little gentleman! and is it possible you could be guilty of so scandalous an action? You, that scarcely a quarter of an hour ago, looked down with so much scorn

upon the children of a reputable worthy tradesman, and supposed your quality disgraced by being in their company. They have at present their revenge, since they may call you, and with justice, a thief!

George. Pray pardon me, my lady!—I was playing with the counters—and without considering at the moment, must have put them into my pocket. I have no other method of accounting for their being found upon me.

Countess. Pitiful excuse! that aggravates your fault! At such a tender age as yours, could I possibly have imagined one with so much effrontery?

George. Believe me, madam, I had certainly no bad design!—I took them without meaning so to do, and afterwards concealed the matter, from my dread of being taken for a thief.

Countess. But after I had bid my daughter make inquiry for them with such delicacy, you might easily have seemed to search your pockets, and restored them without blushing. Your proceeding would then have been looked upon as nothing but inadvertency.

George. I did not think of that, my lady.

Countess. What then did you think, when you durst drop hints that possibly my honest servants might have taken them? or that my children's little friends were objects of suspicion? What were your ideas when you made believe to stroke the cock?

George. But, madam, I *did* stroke him.

Countess. Silence, you wicked wretch!—for that name is not too bad for your deservings. Hap-

pily, as yet, you have not sufficient cunning to conceal your wicked actions. *You did stroke the cock!* Is that then your assertion? Do not you see, that if you had, you would have blacked your hands as well as all the others, Robert having smeared him over with a certain composition! Your companions were not in the least afraid to stroke him, as their consciences did not reproach them for the theft; but as for you, the apprehension lest the servant's artifice might really be conjuration, awed you, and the means that you chose to avoid detection have betrayed you. O, how politic you thought yourself, I warrant, in only pretending, as you did, to stroke the cock; but you would have found honesty much better policy. You deserve that I should tell your father of your laudable behaviour, when he comes to take you.

George (falling on his knees.) O, no! Pray, my lady, I beseech you! He would beat me: he would tread me under foot.

Countess. And it would be better that he should do so, than bring up a monster to disgrace him at some future period; for of what will you not be capable hereafter, when in the season of infancy, as I may call it, you can perpetrate so great a crime?

George. Ah, madam, pardon me for pity's sake, and never——

Countess. Doubtless you have often made these promises to others; for this is hardly your first transgression. Every circumstance confirms it. So much falsity and impudence——

George. Then hear me, my good lady ! if you ever learn in future, that I make free with any thing whatever that is not mine——

Countess. Inform me, in the first place, what did you intend to do with these six counters ? You could hardly think that you would have an opportunity of using them, but they must instantly be known. You meant to sell them, then, for money ?

George. No, believe me ! I was pleased with looking at them. I supposed that no one would remember having seen them elsewhere, and on that account secreted them, my lady.

Countess. And how could you desire to have another's property ? Confess ! Is this your first offence ?

George (hiding his face.) O, no, indeed, my lady. I have often been a thief at home ; but never having been suspected there, I hoped to have the same good fortune here.

Countess. A very wicked sort of reasoning this ! For, granting that no one upon earth suspected you, do not you know that God sees and punishes whatever people do amiss ? Perhaps, however, this event is for your benefit ; and you will prove more likely to amend, when you have once been punished as you merit.

George. Let it be by you, my lady, or by any one, rather than by my papa. Let him know nothing of the matter, I conjure you. Tell it, if you please, to my mamma, but keep the matter from his knowledge.

Countess. There again ! You would not have

your father know it, as you fear the punishment he might bestow upon you. Thus, it is nothing but an abject spirit that guides you, even in the work of repentance; neither is it for his peace of mind that you would conceal it from him; for you are not afraid your mamma should know it, because she would not punish you. It is not your wish to consult her peace of mind.

George. Then tell it my preceptor.

Countess. I am sensible, indeed, how much the knowledge of your fault would mortally afflict your parents, and from that consideration, not on your own account, consent to spare you; but on this condition, that you come with your preceptor hither, and before him let me have your solemn promise of amendment. I will request him to keep watch upon your conduct; but if you should break your word, I will not only mention this adventure of the counters to his lordship, but let every body else know it.

George. I consent you should do so, my lady.

Countess. You might think, that after this I should forbid your keeping company with Julia and Augustus; but I have at heart your reformation, and will judge of your future conduct myself. You may therefore continue coming here.

George. But how shall I dare to face your servants?

Countess. You have nothing to fear on that account, for I have had more care and forethought for your reputation than yourself, by telling Robert

not to speak about it in the kitchen, that they might not suppose you guilty.

George. Ah, my lady, how much am I indebted to your bounty; I shall never forget the service that you have done me. But your children? - and the little company now with them?

Countess. I am well acquainted with their goodness, and am sure that they will forgive you. Call them. (*George with a downcast look goes slowly toward the door and bids them enter.*)

Enter Augustus, Julia, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucius, Sophia.

Eliza. Go, sir, you are a disgrace to me; I will never call you brother again.

Countess. No, my dear Eliza, he is not so guilty as you think him. He has told me every thing. It was to play a little with the counters out of doors that he took them; but when once the matter seemed considered as a theft, he was terrified at the idea of incurring my suspicion. This apparent guilt has sprung from a mistaken shame, which I am very willing to excuse; but not (*to the little Davenports*) his scandalous endeavours to make you, my little dears, seem guilty.

Gabriel. O, my lady, we do not wish him any harm at present for it, as we know that we should forgive even such as wrong us, and particularly when we see them unhappy.

Countess. Do you mark that, Mr. Oddly? Such conduct ought to show you how much nobler it is to have an elevated way of thinking, than to boast

an elevated birth. You find yourself entirely at the mercy even of those whom you have insulted; and, with all the boast of your nobility, you are an object of their pity.

George. O, what shame! but I submit to undergo it.

Gabriel. We will never again introduce the mention of this matter. It shall be a secret for the time to come between us; shall it not, brother?

Lucius. Yes, he may rely on my silence.

Gabriel. And you, sister?

Sophia. I will not have him flogged. I know what pain it gives one. (*Mr. Oddly in the transports of his gratitude embraces them.*)

George. I desire, but dare not ask, to become acquainted with you for the future.

Gabriel. It will be doing us an honour, if you will still continue upon terms of friendship with us.

Augustus and Julia. And, for our part, we shall be no less delighted with your company, as long as you regard our friends.

Eliza. You are all of you too good. He does not merit such indulgence, and papa must be informed of every thing.

Countess. You will lose my friendship and esteem entirely, I must tell you, Miss Eliza, could you possibly be unaffected with your brother's laudable repentance, when even strangers overlook his error. Do not employ the advantage that his offence affords you, to undo him in his parents' good opinion; but, for the future, let your counsel show him how to act, that he may merit their affection.

I dare answer, you need never be ashamed of any action of his hereafter.

George. I should be unworthy of such bounty, if this lesson could be blotted from my remembrance.

Sophia. Take due care it be not, or *Beware of the Conjuring Bird.*

THE LITTLE PRISONER.

LETTER I.

From Dorothea Justamond, to Honoria Clancy.

My dear Honoria,

You would never guess what has lately happened to my brother, to that upright and respected Daniel, whose good heart and prudent conduct made friends of his acquaintance! You remember, I suppose, the purse that mamma presented him when you were by, with three new guineas in it. Well, those three new guineas with the purse are gone, and to increase your wonder, the poor boy will not, or cannot tell which way. As it is supposed that he makes a secret of it through obstinacy, he was shut up in a little room this morning, where he is not to be visited by any one, and whence he must not hope to be delivered but by making known the whole affair. I lament sincerely this severity of punishment! He has nev-

er been considered of an obstinate or headstrong disposition. On the contrary, he has been always commended for his docility and frankness. I would willingly have pleaded in his favour, but could not obtain a hearing. Nevertheless, I am very sure, he has not to reproach himself with any crime or meanness. Come this afternoon and see me, if you have liberty. You may comfort me in my dejected situation. The misfortune of my brother hurts me no less than it would do, had it happened to myself. Adieu ! I am, in expectation of your visit or reply,
Dear Honoria, your faithful and sincere

DOROTHEA.

....

LETTER II.

From Honoria Clancy to Dorothea Justamond.

My dear Dorothea,

I CANNOT but confess that I entertain some pity for your *upright* and *respected* Daniel ; but so little, that he need not largely tax his grateful nature to repay me. I could never pardon him for always finding something or other to advance against me. Not that he has ever gone so far as publicly to tell his notions of me. If he had, I should have known very well how to answer him : but it is an easy matter, by his looks, to be convinced he thinks me trifling, vain, capricious, and I know not what beside. Whenever I have been censuring other people's imperfections in their absence, for the instruction of my friends, to hear his manner of defending them,

one would imagine I were only venting slander. Well, at present then, my little judge himself is under condemnation ; and indeed he must be highly guilty since his very parents have forgotten all the silly fondness that they had for him. I am charmed that they have come to know him at last ; and would lay a wager that he deserves much greater punishment than he receives. Obstinacy is a frightful vice alone ; but in addition, he is an awkward spendthrift. All the money that he can get out of his father, he disperses foolishly among a tribe of raggamuffins, and has never had the spirit to employ it in a manner honourable to himself. If he had spent those guineas in silk stockings, fashionable safety chains and the like, one might excuse him. Did I say excuse him ? one might certainly applaud his judgement in that case. However, as I said before, I pity him a little, being your brother ; but, Dorothea, you I pity most sincerely, being his sister. I cannot possibly wait upon you this evening, it is such charming weather for a walk : and I have the prettiest dress that ever you saw just come home, which I must certainly put on. Adieu, and think me always your sincerest

HONORIA.

....

LETTER III.

From Dorothea Justamond to Honoria Clancy.

Miss,

I AM as penetrated as I ought to be with the avowal made me in your last, of that sincere friendship which it professes. I should only have been

glad, had it wrought upon you to express yourself a little more respectfully concerning the affection of my parents toward Daniel, and to speak with more consideration of him, particularly now that he is so unhappy. I admit not your condolence for my misfortune, as you intimate, in being sister to the prisoner : I consider it my pride and glory, and persuade myself, you will acknowledge that I have reason so to do when you have perused the letter that I received from him this evening, and which I now send you. Though it does not throw light on the affair, I cannot look upon it as the language of a criminal. I heartily congratulate you on your pretty dress, and wish you a delightful walk.

DOROTHEA.

....

LETTER IV.

From Daniel Justamond to Dorothea his sister.

(Inclosed in the preceding.)

My dear Sister,

I CAN easily persuade myself how much you are afflicted at my situation, and sit down to write this letter, that your grief, on my account, may be in some sort lightened. Think not that I am a criminal, or at least that I do not believe myself such. The three guineas are at present in good hands, in much better hands than mine. But you will reply, why therefore should I make a secret of the matter to my dearest parents, who must think me either very obstinate, or very hypocritical, in thus refusing them the confidence which they have a right to ex-

pect. This, indeed, is what embarrasses me ; and I do not know how to answer. I must think maturely of it. I have, here in my solitude, all the time that I can wish for that purpose. If I perceive that I am wrong, I will tell them so and frankly own the whole affair. I am sure, they will excuse me, having frequently before excused me, on confession of my faults. I suffer more to think on their uneasiness, than my imprisonment. Adieu, dear sister ! Let a poor recluse preserve his place in your affection ; and believe me, with the like affection,

Yours, &c.

DANIEL.

....

LETTER V.

From Dorothea Justamond to Honoria Clancy.

My dearest Honoria,

I MIGHT express myself a little harshly, when I sent you, half an hour ago, the letter that I had just received from Daniel. I request you to overlook my fault, ascribing my ill humour to the grief that I felt in finding you so ready to suspect my poor brother ; and at present, as he cannot but be re-established in your good opinion, I hope that you will, for his sake, overlook it the more readily. However, I must tell you, his affairs take now a very gloomy turn, at least to all appearances. One of our servants has made a discovery of the purse at a confectioner's hard by. It seems he went into the shop for change, and what should the confectioner take out among his gold and silver, but the very purse, which the servant instantly recollected !

Yet he did not speak a word about it there, but came directly home, and told my father, who is now going to the confectioner's to make inquiry how he got the purse. It is not probable that my brother laid out three guineas on sweetmeats, when he deprives himself of every thing by indulging his extreme generosity. Papa himself is of the same opinion : but by what means could the purse be where it is ? He has not lost it, since he knows (as he informed us) where it is ; which certainly he meant to say, by this expression, *it is at present in good hands*. Why therefore should he make a secret of it ? Truly, I cannot tell what to think on the subject : be it notwithstanding what it will, I am entirely at ease on his account, and have a sort of confidence that the affair will only terminate to his advantage. I conclude; and once more beg you to overlook the harshness of my last, believing me,

Your faithful friend,

DOROTHEA.

....

LETTER VI.

From Honoria Clancy to Dorothea Justamond.

Dear Dorothea,

I AM no less at my ease than you, on account of Daniel, and as much persuaded that his affair will turn out to his advantage. He has already learnt in his solitude, I make no doubt, that he is far from being quite exempt from such defects as he has frequently ascribed to me ; and the severe correction which he will certainly receive, will be revenge enough for me. On these considerations, I am en-

tirely at my ease on his account, because by this means the affair will end to his advantage. It is indeed quite necessary to his growing perfection, that on this occasion he should undergo the severest punishment. How, my sanctimonious Mr. Daniel! you would persuade your parents that you give every thing away in charity, and thus cunningly gain money, which you afterwards lay out, three guineas at a time, in sweetmeats! Truly, I do not wonder that he should be so backward in revealing the affair. It would be very honourable to him. Obstinate! a cheat! and a glutton! three good qualities indeed, and all at once discoverable in him! Mighty fine! He calls the hands of a confectioner good hands, because, as I suppose, they make good things. There is charming logic for you! But adieu, my dear Dorothea! I sincerely mourn your blindness to this good-for-nothing brother's faults, and burn with absolute impatience, till you have told me how your hero will get clear of this adventure. After all my criticising comments, I am so deeply interested in his welfare, as to beg that you would send me the first news possible concerning him. I hope, you will not refuse this mark of friendship to your faithful

HONORIA.

....

LETTER VII.

From Dorothea Justamond to Honoria Clancy.

Miss,

I TAKE the earliest opportunity in my power to satisfy your generous curiosity. My hero's grand

adventure has terminated in a way that gives satisfaction to every body—every body indeed, except the wicked. And this last circumstance magnifies the pleasure that I enjoy from this communication.

Here follow the particulars of the affair at length. My brother late last night was standing at the door, and saw a poor old man go by him, followed by three children that were crying bitterly. He stopped them, and inquired the reason of their sadness. The old man was so ashamed, he could not answer; but the eldest of the children told him, that they had not had any thing to eat that day. "Alas! my little master," added he, "we are greatly to be pitied. We had formerly, as you have, a fine house; but now are left without a shed to cover us. Our parents are both dead of broken hearts, and we have no friend to help us but our grandfather, and he is far too old and weak to work for our support." The poor old man, while this was saying, hid his face, and sighed most lamentably. Daniel, who it seems was very much affected at the scone, had not time to take advice, but ran up stairs immediately to bring his purse, and gave it to the poor old man. He wept afresh at my little brother's generosity, but was unwilling to take the money. Daniel, however, persuaded him to accept the purse; but as he judged the charity that he had received to be too considerable for a child like my brother to bestow, he resolved to bring it back next day. With this view he went to leave it at the shop of the confectioner, and asked to have a shilling only to provide his little family a supper. I cannot tell you how he

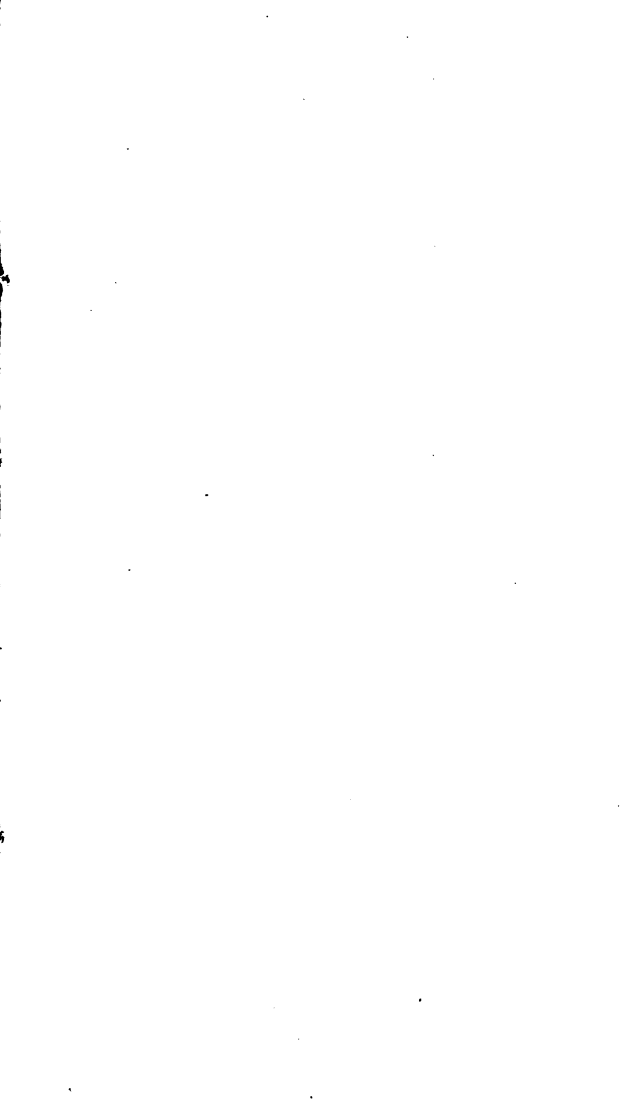
made the money up again, but not a quarter of an hour ago, and just before my father could set out to speak with the confectioner, he brought the purse with all the money in it to our house. I could have wished, miss, that you had been present at this scene ; you would then have been taught to entertain a different notion of my brother's generous heart. His noble sacrifice, together with the old man's honest scruples affected us much. The children and himself have had twice the value of the purse, and Daniel too has been paid for what he did, with fifty prayers and blessings. The concealment of this bounteous action, which my brother thought was nothing but his duty, puts a greater value on it in the eyes of my papa, and merits at my hand a measure of additional affection.

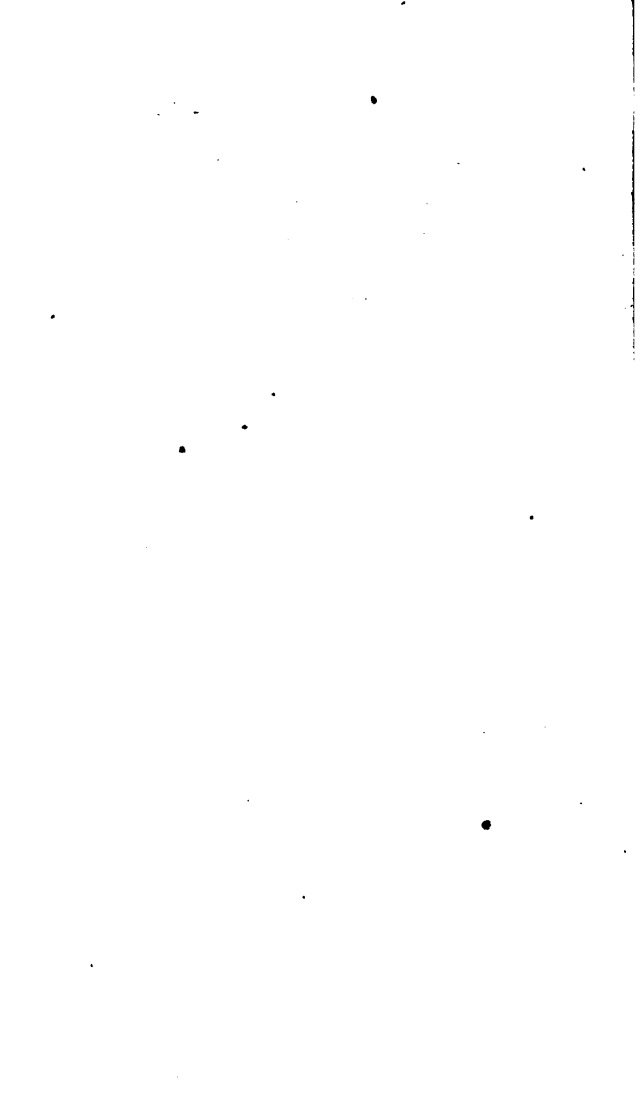
As this letter is the last I ever mean to send you, I have now the honour to subscribe myself, as ceremoniously as pen can do it,

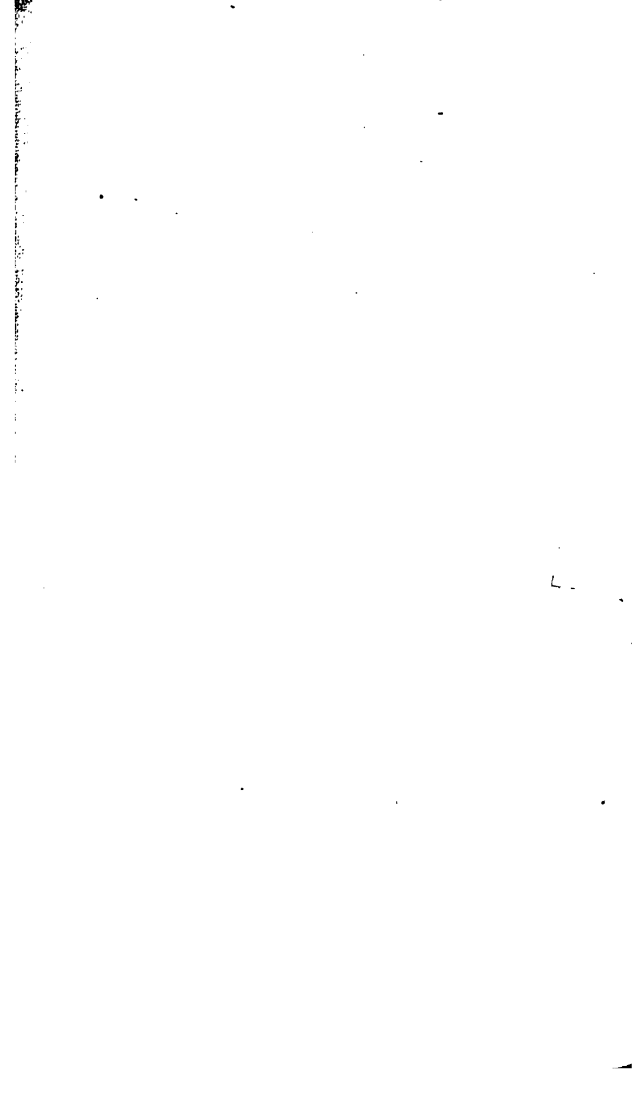
Miss, your most obedient,

And most humble servant,

DOROTHEA JUSTAMOND.







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From Dorothea Justamond to Honoria Clancy.

Miss,

I TAKE the earliest opportunity in my power to satisfy your generous curiosity. My hero's grand

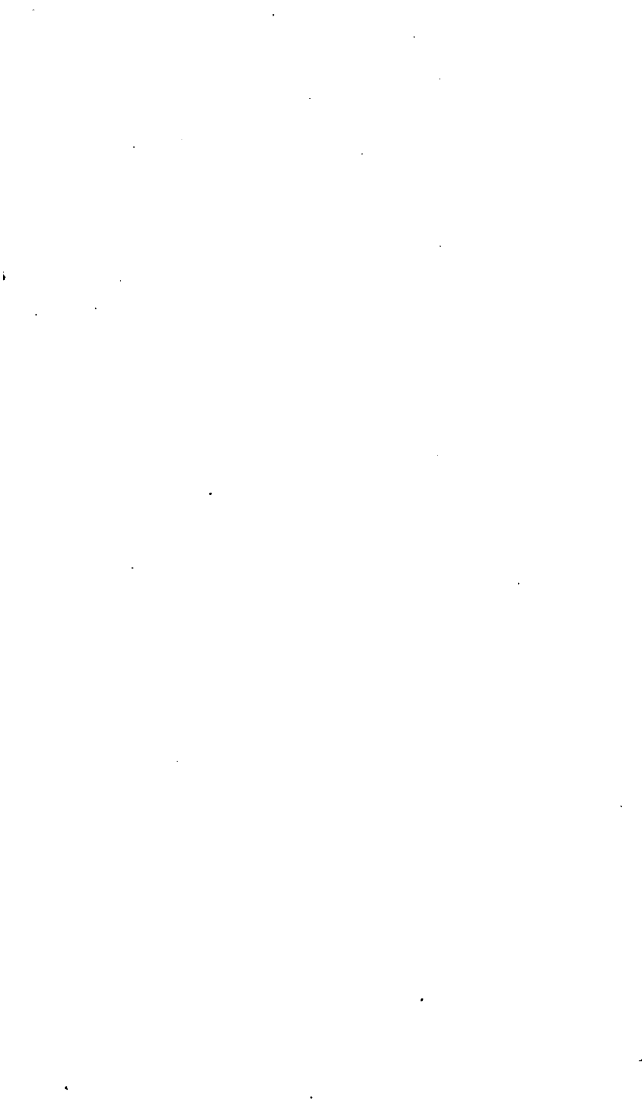
made the money up again, but not a quarter of an hour ago, and just before my father could set out to speak with the confectioner, he brought the purse with all the money in it to our house. I could have wished, miss, that you had been present at this scene; you would then have been taught to entertain a different notion of my brother's generous heart. His noble sacrifice, together with the old man's honest scruples affected us much. The children and himself have had twice the value of the purse, and Daniel too has been paid for what he did, with fifty prayers and blessings. The concealment of this bounteous action, which my brother thought was nothing but his duty, puts a greater value on it in the eyes of my papa, and merits at my hand a measure of additional affection.

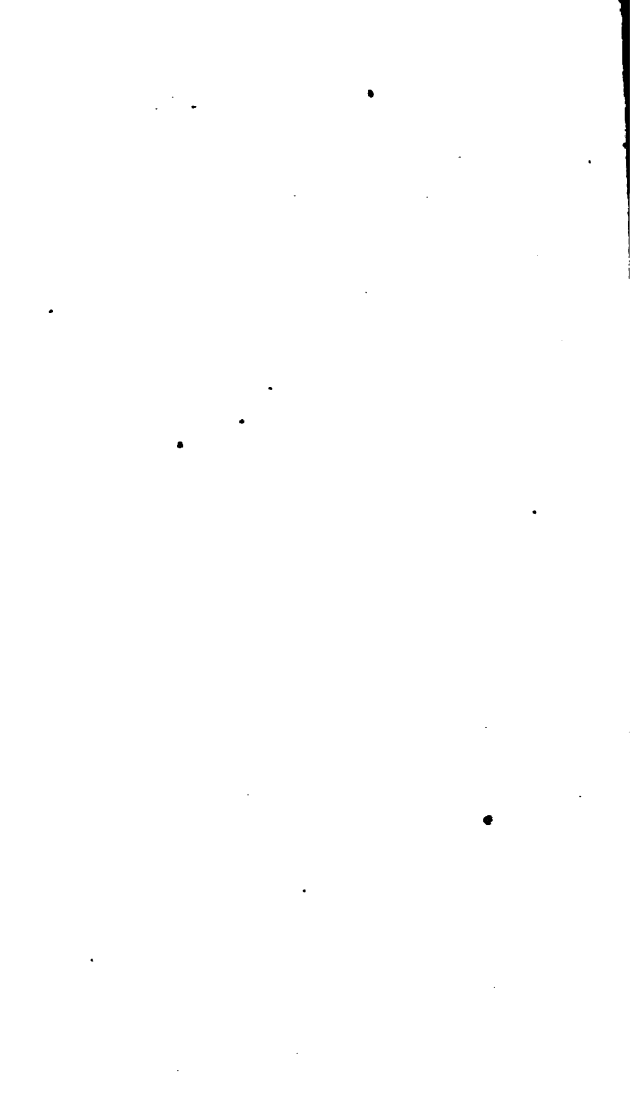
As this letter is the last I ever mean to send you, I have now the honour to subscribe myself, as ceremoniously as pen can do it,

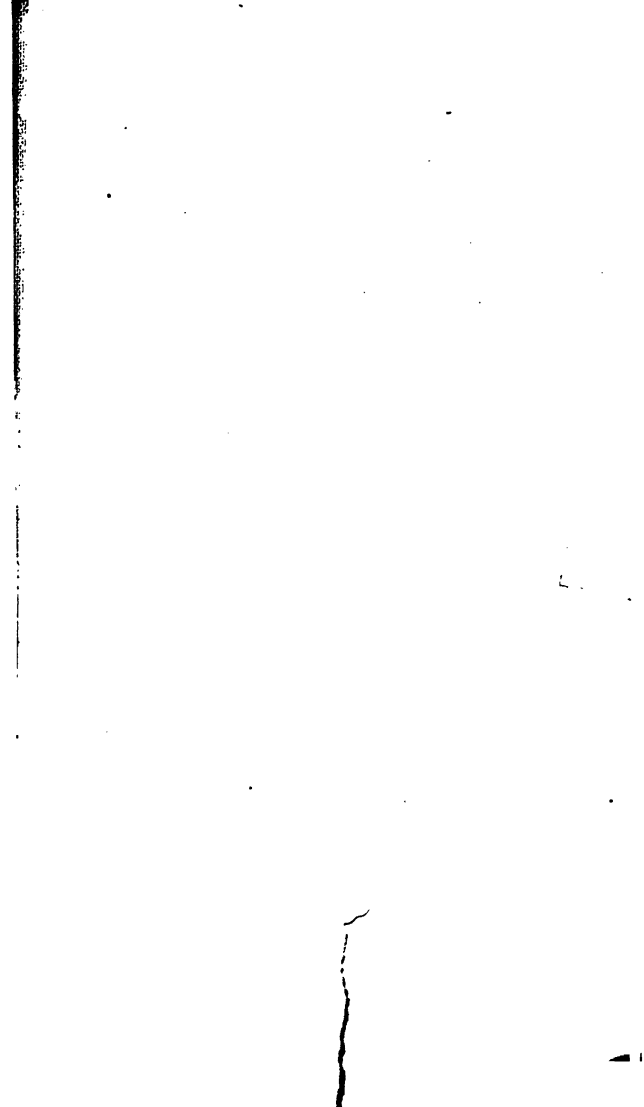
Miss, your most obedient,

And most humble servant,

DOROTHEA JUSTAMOND.







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